

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXI.

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 1.

THE WISTARIA.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

When comes the fragrant South Wind
And all along the ways,
Along the meads and brooklets,
Sweet flowers deftly lays.

A vine leaps into glory,
In purple's bright array,
As fair as a rare-ripe maiden,
In church on Easter day.

O, hasten, catch its beauty !
It bides not summer's sun,
One short, glad season of brilliance,
And then a year of dun.

The maiden that plants and waters
So loves the day of the bloom
As to wait with plaintless patience
Through its long, dull months of gloom.

Though He mingle our joys with sorrow,
Our Father that sitteth above,
A life is worth the living,
If it have sweet moments of love.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

H. B. FOWLER.

In studying the character of Hamlet, one is struck with the activity of his mind. His ready wit, quick repartee, and pregnant replies, are sources of wonder and confusion to the attendants at the Danish court. This celerity of thought rendered him effective in the use of irony. To Horatio's intimation that the King's marriage followed rather hard upon the death of his brother, he replies with a sarcastic smile :

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

This mental impetuosity is sometimes exhibited in impassioned outbursts. For example, when his mother asks why, since death is common to all, he seems so deeply grieved for the loss of his father, the prince flashes back :

"Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not 'seems.'"

Hamlet's coolness in the utmost extremities is admirable. When he meets an emergency and pauses to think, he loses self-control, but when precipitated into danger he is usually calm. Though the spies of the king seek to entrap him, he always has presence of mind to keep the secret of his strange conduct. Dark and mysterious yet significant answers are skillfully employed to throw the courtiers off the scent. With vague forebodings concerning the result of his contest with Laertes, he goes to his fate as one impelled by an unseen force; for, as he says:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

With his dying breath he prevents Horatio from taking his own life, charges him to set forth the whole history of the tragedy, and confers the kingdom on Fortinbras. Then, without a shudder or tremor, he faces death, and "the rest is silence."

Hamlet cannot adapt himself to his environment. He is a young man living in an atmosphere totally foreign to his thought and feeling. His mental and moral fibres are strained to the snapping point in looking on the scenes of murder and debauchery around him. When he deprecates the drunken banquets which were common and popular among the sturdy Danes of that period, he is far in advance of the age, but, as he wisely reflects,

"Nature cannot choose his origin."

He was born out of season. He belongs to a generation cherishing higher ideals and broader conceptions of life. His lofty mind chafes under the restriction of the material world. He would pass away like "the baseless fabric of a vision," for his soul cries from the depths of its corporeal prison:

"O, that this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!"

The brilliance, self-possession, and exalted personal integrity of the prince win the affection of the whole people. The king recognizes this when he says:

"Yet must we not put the strong law on him;
He's loved of the distracted multitude."

The soldiers are attached to him. Immediately after their encounter with the ghost they resolve with Horatio to inform, not the king, but Hamlet. Ophelia, beholding him apparently bereft of reason, exclaims:

"O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

For love of him, her reason topples from its throne, and her life is cut short in the bloom of youth. Horatio, school-mate and bosom friend, devoted in life and faithful in death, as his lord expires, pays a fitting tribute in the words:

"Now cracks a noble heart."

But Hamlet has his faults. Strangely enough, he thinks but does not act, plans but does not execute, resolves but does not accomplish. Convinced of the righteousness of his meditated vengeance on the murderer of his father, urged by the irresistible current of circumstances, and "prompted to revenge by heaven and hell," he still cannot "screw his courage to the sticking point." In disgust at his own weakness he declares that

"it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter."

Yet he does not know

"whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event."

Is Hamlet's madness real or feigned? On this point there is a wide divergence of opinion. He does not desire to act the madman. He speaks of the sneaking conduct as a humiliation not to be endured outside of the absolute necessity of the situation. But at the grave of Ophelia his mind is unbalanced—temporarily at least. The sudden discovery of the maiden's death, and the thought that any one should display grief in the presence of a lover's sorrow puts him "into a towering passion." One is constrained to believe that his madness, though generally feigned, is, at times, real; but the

point where feigning ceases and reality begins can not be determined. The two conditions overlap.

Study his character as we may, there is a mystery surrounding the sad life of the young prince, which is absolutely impenetrable. Almost with the last breath he exclaims, "O, I could tell;" but it is too late. He has his weakness, but for these we love him all the more; for he is essentially human, and so must always enlist our sympathy.

A NIGHT OF ERRORS.

BY CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The campus, bedecked in the attire of Spring, looked like some mystic flower-garden, where elves and fairies played. It was commencement, and an air of hilarity filled the place. Students, freed from the long strain of examinations, gave themselves up to every manner of amusement. Grouped here and there under the giant oaks, they sang some rollicking college melody or lustily cheered some new-born hero. Near by, the windows of the dormitory twinkled like the lights of a fire-fly on a summer night.

In a corner room on the fourth floor sat a young man, tall in stature, athletic in figure, and with a face of such strange attractiveness that he would have been called handsome. There was a shadow on his face which told that he was unhappy. In his hand he held a letter, and every time he looked at it—which he did quite often—his face grew a shade more gloomy. The letter was addressed to the President of the College, written in such a scrawling hand that the characters strongly resembled Egyptian hieroglyphics. On close examination it was found to read like this:

WHALE HOLLOW, N. C., April 21, 1895.

DEAR DOCTER: We iz en nede uv a skule teecher an' we 'lowed thet ye could tell we uns whar we could git er good un at. Ef yer kin drap me er line.

Yores truley,

JEEMS SMITH.

"The idea that Dr.—— should give me such a school, when I am valedictorian of my class!" said the young man between his teeth, and he began to pace up and down the room.

Ralph Holt was a poor boy. It had been a great sacrifice, both to himself and to his parents, for him to come to college. But notwithstanding these difficulties he had applied himself to his work with such earnest effort and faithfulness, that, at the end of his college course, he not only was valedictorian of his class, but valedictorian with the highest average that any man had ever made in the history of the College. It had been a great pleasure for his gray-haired father and mother to attend the commencement and see their son carry off such high honors; but they had returned home, and to-night was the last night that he would spend within the kindly walls of his dear old *Alma Mater*. He longed to begin to pay back the debt he owed his parents for their sacrifices, and he rejoiced, for the first time, that he had made such a record, for he knew that he could fill with credit the position to which he aspired—a college professorship. But oh! what could this letter mean?

It was a time-honored custom of the institution that the President should, when it was possible, give to each member of the graduating class who intended to teach, the offer of a position, together with a recommendation. This year the President had received an unusually large number of applications for teachers, and all members, especially those who had made the best records, were expecting lucrative positions.

The blow that Ralph Holt received was a heavy one. In addition to his desire for his mother and father's sake, he had wanted a good position for *her* sake. She had come all the way from her country home to see him

graduate, and she had always taken such an interest in him that he felt she returned his unspoken love. And to-night he had intended to tell her how sweet she was, how he loved her, how he wanted her for his very own; and doubtless he would have done so had it not been for this letter. But instead, he had sent his room-mate to tell her that he was unwell and to stroll with her in the moonlight through the verdant campus.

His face wore a look of agony as he ceased pacing the floor and sat down. He lighted a cigar and attempted to smoke, but it was useless. He had never liked cigars and to-night they were unbearable.

Now and then faint strains of his class song, "Here's to *Alma Mater*," were wafted to his room, and he felt his heart swell with patriotic love and keen regret for the ties he must sever on the morrow.

He pulled his chair to the window and gazed longingly down on the festal scene before him. Throngs of gaily dressed students trooped to and fro, and then sometimes a young woman dressed in white, holding the arm of a young man, walked lover-like around the broad walks or sat on some shadowy rustic.

The night was too much for him, and before he realized what he was doing his hat was on his head and he was reaching for his cane. He ran hurriedly down the narrow stairway and passed out into the night. The path he took led directly behind a rustic, and as he walked with noiseless tread he heard the familiar voice of his room-mate pouring forth a lover's heart in Romeo tones.

The words fell on Ralph Holt's ear like the voice of doom. He felt the blood surge to his head, and it seemed that the air had grown suddenly very heavy. He almost staggered to his room and, when the door was shut,

threw himself down on the bed and wept. There was naught he had to live for now—insulted by the President, betrayed by his room-mate, and cruelly forsaken by the one he loved—his heart was nigh to breaking.

Early the next morning he hastily finished packing his trunk, and set out for the station. In spite of the early hour, quite a large number were out to bid their friends good-bye. He felt a pang as he began to bid his comrades farewell, and, in spite of himself, a tear stole furtively down his cheek.

He was standing on the edge of the crowd when he heard the high-pitched voice of the President, directly behind him.

"Mr. Holt," he said, "I gave you the wrong letter yesterday. This is the one I should have given you," and he handed him a letter offering him a position in the faculty of B—— College.

A half light-hearted feeling swept over him, but the wound of the previous night still pained him.

He had carefully avoided his room-mate, but just as the big black locomotive came heading round the curve he felt his familiar clutch on his shoulder and heard him say:

"Miss Minnie was sick last night too, but she sent you her regards and said—." The roar of the train drowned the rest of the sentence, and in a moment the scenes of his college life were behind him.

Again the moonlight bathed the world in light. Again a couple sat on a rustic underneath the spreading boughs, but this time in an orchard of an old-time country home.

"It is just a month ago to-night since I thought you loved another," said the man.

"Yes," said the woman, "that night was indeed a night of errors."

LAST WORDS OF McKINLEY.

"God's will be done—not ours;"
Can we say, "Thy will be done,"
When the death pall grimly lowers,
And our lingering hopes are gone?

"God's will be done—not ours;"
Torn in heart and filled with fear,
How can we in these dark hours
All resign without a tear?

"God's will be done—not ours;"
But we pray for help divine
To avert these evil powers,
And the glory shall be thine.

"God's will be done—not ours;"
Though we may not understand,
Yet our God transplants his flowers
In a lovely spirit land.

"God's will be done—not ours;"
Surely then we must resign
To the source of all the powers,
Saying, "Lord, thy will, not mine."

A SUNSET SCENE.

THEO. B. DAVIS.

After a long climb one autumn evening, I reached the summit of one of North Carolina's highest mountain peaks, just as the king of day was slowly passing to rest into a gorgeous and brilliant bed of vapory down, colored by his own lovely hues. What an inexpressible and incomparable scene lay on all sides! The whole western sky was a flood of the most brilliant shades of colors. After the sun had refreshed the whole earth with his heat and light, it seemed that all nature's children had come forth to do the last act of love to the wearied old king as he sank gently into the fleecy folds of his couch.

Away to the north rose a giant and majestic peak, a sentinel to the sleeping king through the night. All around many smaller mountains and hills nestled, as if they were little guards on picket duty.

Southward rose the mountain ranges one above another, making a great stairway whose flight seemed to end in heaven itself. Each step was covered with a carpet of the most wonderful and luxuriant colors from mother Nature's loom. It was woven into a marvelous and exquisite pattern of green, red, and gold. As it neared the topmost step it gradually faded into a hazy blue. As I gazed on that sublime scene, I could almost see the angels standing on the threshold ready to go out on their nightly missions of mercy.

Far below to the east lay a beautiful valley nestling between the great protecting arms of the Balsam mountains. A sparkling, silvery brook was wending its way

through the valley towards the distant Mississippi. Its babbles and chatters, as they were borne upward to me by the evening breeze, sounded like a gentle voice hushing all nature to sleep and quiet. With the sounds of the brook came those of squealing pigs and lowing cattle as they were fed and sheltered for the night. I could see the smoke rise from the mountain home where the evening meal was preparing, and curl into beautiful ringlets, finally to spread out into a pall over the valley below. To add to the charm and sublimity, came the melody of a mountain lass as she climbed the rough path to her cabin home. I felt their meaning as never before, when I heard the words of her song, "Nearer, my God to thee."

From those sounds and that scene of rural peace and happiness, my eyes returned to the west. While eyes and thoughts wandered away from the setting sun to less mysterious things, he waited not for my return; but had sunk from sight. Yet, like the dying hero on the field of battle, he left the whole heavens of the western horizon bathed in a flood of crimson.

How much like the dying of a noble man was the setting and dying of the fatherly sun. After sacrificing himself to give us his light and heat, he passed away; but, in that passing, his true beauty was reflected in its greatest loveliness. At his setting, mother earth wept dew-drops of sorrow; the twilight breeze moaned its sadness; while the little stars came out as funeral lights.

I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by the distant roar of thunder. Lifting my eyes, I realized that it was rapidly darkening and that a threatening cloud was rising where so soon before I saw only the beauty of sunset. How like life was that scene! Oftimes, where

only beauty and innocence seem to be, some hidden, lurking danger will suddenly appear.

All around me was stillness, save the occasional distant growl of the coming storm. Down in the valley where, only a short time before, life seemed to be so full, now all was quiet and dark, except here and there a stray beam found its way through some settler's door ajar. Overhead "the silent watchers of the night" were taking their places one by one. In the far east "the Queen of night" was lifting her head above the summit of the Blue Ridge, as if afraid the sun's bright beams would disappear before her soft rays reached the earth and leave all in darkness.

But I could linger no longer to drink in the glories of that sublime scene; for the thunder's roar was no longer distant and occasional, but continuous. The whole heavens were on fire with the flashes of lightning, and big drops of rain began to give warning of the nearness of the raging storm. Rapidly I descended the mountain side, feeling many times over repaid for my ramble, and having a greater love and appreciation than ever before for nature and nature's God.

COLONEL GREY'S STORY.

A. J. BETHRA.

It was a typical winter day. The air was heavy and chilly, and every now and then the rain came down in showers. Altogether it was a day suited to stories, experiences, and reminiscences.

Under the shadow of the forest, in the midst of a cluster of pines, was a double log cabin, out of the chimney of which a long unbroken mass of smoke was rolling. Around the broad fireside of this neat and chubby home, sat George Grey, a bachelor of 60 years, his nephew, a boy of some 16 years, and Tom and Preston Price, the twin sons of a neighboring farmer.

Colonel Grey, as they called him, was seated near a rustic table, upon which lay an open book full of war scenes. As he perused its pages and observed the striking illustrations, the countenance of this old soldier indicated that he was suffering mental agony. He turned another leaf and, as he did so, gazed for a moment at a portrait in the book, then said, in a tone intermingled with sorrow and anger, "That's the pitiless brute—the wretch that stole my sweetheart!"

"What's the matter, Colonel Grey? What troubles you? Who is the man in the picture? Tell us about him, please," were the excited words of the boys.

At this point the aged bachelor arose abruptly from his seat, lighted his pipe, and after a few preliminary puffs dropped again into his cozy chair and proceeded to relate the following story:

"When I was a boy 40-odd years ago, my father took me quite often on a visit down South. The place at which

we visited was an ideal old home of the *ante-bellum* type. To be sure, the house itself was a plain, unpainted building, with low roof. Yet uncommon comfort was to be found there, for it was built more for service than for beauty. From this there extended on one side a veritable ocean of rich and rustling grain, on the other broad fields of ribbon-colored corn, and cotton. At some distance lay an equally extensive forest in which hundreds of hogs, sheep, and cattle glutted their greed, and from this a winding path led to the barnyard. There, too, was a meadow which sloped for a mile away toward a lake of clear and still water, where, each evening, the fat and thirsty beasts drank their fill. Near this was a spring from which a limpid stream ran through the orchard of nameless varieties of fruits and flowers.

"The evening scenes, I ever said, on this old place were the most beautiful, and I remember them as well as if I had seen them but yesterday. How the anxious flock ran pell-mell and helter-skelter with a troop of little negroes behind them; how the lake was whitened with merry geese and ducks; how the adjacent woods echoed with the far-off barking of a squirrel dog; and how the spring, the common retreat of all, rang with the loud laughter of gay lads and thoughtless lassies! Then, too, I have not forgotten how, after we had spent the day hunting, fishing, and swimming, we returned at night to find the broad dining-table loaded with rich and palatable food and four-year-old wine from the cellar; and finally, how, after the evening meal, the negroes amused us youngsters by telling stories of Jack-o'-the-Lantern, Will-o'-the-Wisp, hobgoblins, and ghosts."

"It's no wonder, Colonel Grey, it's no wonder that you became attached to such a place," remarked one of the boys as he rose to punch the dying fire.

"No, my child, it was not these enchantments that wedded me to that place. It was something more enrapturing, more magnetic, and more enticing which captured and caged my heart—it was the caprices of a woman that enchained me and forced me into obedience. Bessie was the name of this only daughter of the farmer; she was in her teens, and I but two years her senior.

"She was more beautiful than Cimon's sister, who lived in the day of myths, could have been, for in her were blended the completest combination of charms. Beauty of form, grace of manner, kindness of heart, tenderness of soul, modest refinement, were the elements which nature made prominent in her. To this might be added, 'She was as wise as she was beautiful.' Great heavens, how I loved her! Yet I loved her more by instinct than by practice. Thus year after year I continued to visit at the old farmer's, and with each visit the little web of love grew stronger and stronger. Oh, that I could have then unveiled the future and seen the heart-rending trouble that awaited me! But perhaps 'tis a blessing in disguise to man, that he is ignorant of the gulfs of misery in his path." At this point, the Colonel drew his handkerchief across his eyes.

"Two years later many changes were wrought, sectional prejudice, secession, and war—all these, and, what is more, I was ordered to enlist. On the eve of my departure, Bessie and I sat where nature vied with nature to crown the hour with divine bliss. The water from the spring ran with a monotonous splash over the rocks near by, the gentle zephyrs came dancing over the bosom of the lake, the stars lent a silent and varied charm to the scene, and the full moon blazed forth with a lustre that I had never before known her to wear. 'She

lighted up everything with the greatest distinctness—but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!’ Thus at a time so befitting we pledged undying love to each other; then with heavy, heaving hearts we parted,—she going her way and I mine.

“After this I heard nothing more from her for a long time. Finally, one day a letter and a package came. The package was a souvenir, and the letter informed me that she had another suitor. The thought of a rival filled me with jealousy and hate, and it seemed to me that this feeling would run me mad. How could I allow another to win the girl I had loved from early childhood! ‘I’ll not do it. I’ll sharpen my sword again, and, if needs be, I’ll run it through that coward’s heart.’ Next morning I got a furlough, and two days later I was at the old plantation again. But when I got there, I found my rival there also. He glared at me as though he would like to cut my throats, and with equal resentment I glared at him. When he had gone, I sought an opportunity to talk to my sweetheart.

“‘Dear Bessie, why have you encouraged this man in his suit?’

“‘George, I am shocked and stunned to think that you would even question my love for you. I have only respected and admired the man, but to you I have been as true as the truest.’

“Assured again of her love, I returned to the army, hoping to be soon promoted to the rank of colonel on account of some deed of daring. No sooner had I gone, than my rival, who afterwards proved a spy and an officer of the Union army, began to push his suit. Bessie had repeatedly rejected him, but he persisted in making appeals to her. He tried to enter her heart by every

possible means. He besieged, he stormed, he bombarded; but, finding that all these were in vain, he threatened to coerce her. She remained still unmoved, and the self-idolized scoundrel, foaming with rage at the loss of his cause, stabbed her and fled.

"On the bank of the lake beneath the hawthorn they buried her. Since then I have always put the earliest and sweetest flowers of spring upon her grave."

With these words the old man sobbed bitterly, and tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks. The boys wept with him, as they thought of the incidents of his pathetic story.

When Colonel Grey had come to himself again, he looked at his nephew and said, "I wonder if those violets in the pit are in bloom?" His nephew said nothing but went out to see, guessing what the old bachelor wished to do.

NATURE IN SHAKESPEARE.

It is very probable that had Shakespeare not been a constant observer of natural things, his could never have been the greatest name in English Literature. His early surroundings were such as genius appropriates to its use. Warwickshire was then, as it is now, full of the beauties of nature. Mr. Pancoast tells us that in Shakespeare's day its northern part was overgrown by the great forest of Arden, while south of the Avon stretched an open region of fertile farm-land. Here were green sunny slopes, covered with clover and scented with fragrant apple blossoms. In his beloved Warwick, he must have often enjoyed such scenes as he thus describes in *Merchant of Venice*:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank:
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

It is said that he was, in youth, wild and reckless, often becoming over-heated with wine and giving himself up to mad carousals. However true this may be, he certainly had a tender heart, as is shown by his sensibility to music:

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

And further thus:

"The man that has no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

His tender heart seems to be full, almost to the bursting, in that touching scene between Arthur and Hubert, in *King John*. Here the reader, saddened and grieved, is made to almost shed tears. Who could have expressed it more sadly? He seems to know the very heart of man. Nothing could touch us thus, although it is only the prattle of an innocent child.

Shakespeare seems to know human nature perfectly. The very movement of the eyes, the very tone of the voice—he knows them all. What could be more natural, more expressive of human nature than the following:

“I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.”

And again, what could better express observance of every-day life than this:

“As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.”

Not only has Shakespeare been a teacher of the beauties of life, but he has been a teacher of all that is wise, good, and pure. Coleridge says of him, “He is an author, of all others, calculated to make his readers better as well as wiser.” Yet with all his morality, his condemnation of sin, he pours out over the faults and frailties of the creatures he has made, a marvelous tenderness and pity. *Shylock*, although determined to wreak his cruel vengeance, appeals to the pity of the reader in his fatherly love for his unfaithful daughter. *King John* is the most hateful of English rulers, yet he appeals to our sympathy in his love for his mother.

And so it is. Here we have a mixture of poet, scholar, philosopher, teacher—all combined in his wonderful words, which one may study all his days, and yet not tire of them.

THE ONION.

BY DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM.

Scorn not the onion, lady, it has the power
To draw down tears from tender eyes like thine;
For it the erring Jews did yearn and pine
In Sinai's desert 'mid withering leaf and flower,
And to this day its fumes of incense shower
From every Jewish household's inmost shrine;
To Gentile 'tis not therefore less divine,
Though stealthier he to feed in secret hour.

Oft hath thy mother with this bulbous fruit
Lent savor to the tasteless morning hash,
Or set a sweet-perfumed Hamburger steak
To wake the drowsy appetite afresh.
Oh, dearest, be not wroth nor spurn my suit!
Should eating onions plighted troth e'er break?

WHY WILLIS DECIDED TO MARRY.

Willis Bray was a bachelor farmer living alone, and a fierce bachelor he was, too. He stood six feet two in his brogan boots, was sinewy and strong, and his heavy bristling moustache, firm mouth and chin, heavy eyebrows, penetrating eyes, large nose and sanguine complexion succeeded in giving him an air of more than ordinary fierceness. When he visited the neighbors the children always sought a safe retreat behind the mother's chair, where they clung and peeped at him with big eyes of timorous wonder. There was never a girl yet in her teens who did not tremble in his presence.

Yet, for all this, he had many recommendations. Under his rough exterior beat a heart of much tenderness. His horses and dogs showed signs of good treatment, and he was devoted to them. He often sent presents to his sister and carried her behind his sleek horse to the various country gatherings. Again, he was a good farmer. He could do more work in a day than any other man in the neighborhood—his cradle-and-scythe was six inches longer than ordinary, and he often cut five acres of good wheat in a day. Then, he was a good manager. Starting when he was twenty-one with only a horse and bridle, in four years' time he had enough to buy at auction an excellent farm, on which was a rather pretentious house of *ante-bellum* type. In this he had lived for two years, had put it in good repair and made his farm the best in that section. Besides, he had given the preacher five dollars a year, and kept his sister in Sunday shoes.

Now all these good things to Willis' credit did not go unnoticed. There were mothers in that neighborhood—

farmers' wives are like other mothers—who had carefully inventoried all his assets and often rehearsed them to their daughters.

But Willis was stolid. He had never been known to hold a conversation of any length with a girl; he only said "Good-morning" and did all his talking to the older people. Occasionally he had passed a few words on the weather with Winnie Cheek. Strange that people do not recognize that with young people this talk about the weather is very often the language of love. When a young man says "It is a fine morning" in a certain tone it means "My darling, you are the finest woman I ever saw; I am desperately in love with you; look at me kindly." Mrs. Cheek knew all this, and she had seen the love-light in Willis's eyes, as he gazed upon her daughter. Winnie, though a buxom country girl, had only once succeeded in raising her eyes to meet his. Then she recognized instinctively that he loved her. Her glance fell and she trembled in all her being.

To make sure of the matter she tested him with mistletoe leaves on Christmas day and found that he was to marry her within a year. This is an infallible test; apple seed and daisy leaves are not to be compared to it. That my lady friends may be able to try it for themselves, I give them the method of it: On next Christmas day get two fresh mistletoe leaves, name one for yourself the other for some young man, lay them three or four inches apart on a shovel and place all on a bed of coals. As the shovel gets hot the leaves will swell and finally will bounce up. Now if they both bounce at the same time and towards one another he will as certainly marry you willy-nilly before another Christmas as I am telling a true story. In Winnie's case the leaves straightened and fell together.

Meanwhile Willis was unconscious of any love. He saw Winnie only once or twice a month, and then in the presence of other people. So the strange feelings that came over him on those occasions were soon lost in his bustling farming life. He was "keeping bach" in his new-bought house and had no time to think of love.

And his life seemed pleasant enough. It was no trouble to cook. An hour sufficed for him to get up, build a fire, put on water, feed the stock, milk, wring a chicken's head, get off the feathers in some manner, fry it, make bread and coffee, eat his breakfast and wash dishes and pots. He rather believed that he could show some women a few things about cooking. His coffee was conceded to be the best in the neighborhood. True his pots and kettles had a greasy, grimy look on the outside, but they were clean on the inside, and that is the main thing. Again, although he cleaned up his house and made his bed but once a week, he took no newspapers to litter up everything; and a bed is just as comfortable for not being made too often. An old bachelor friend of mine, member of Congress and president of a bank, slept in one for seventeen years without its being made, and resigned it only after a hard fight, when the Government condemned the place for a post-office.

Besides, Willis thought a wife might object to his keeping his corn in the parlor. This assured him a great number of rats, and rats are very convenient in a house that is said to be haunted, as his was; all noises made by ghosts could be laid to them. The truth is, that rats are a blessing to humanity. A faint-hearted woman awakes at night with a start. She has heard a noise! It may be a burglar, it may be a spook, but, oh glorious thought, it may, it may be a rat. So she quiets her jumping heart

and is soon asleep again. Rats have to bear a great deal that is really the fault of spooks and burglars, and deserve credit for it. Willis knew their value; a wife might not.

So he was satisfied, and Winnie Cheek's charm might have proved ineffectual but for a series of events which one night in wheat-sowing time changed his whole life.

He had plowed all day. Still he was not tired; he was only restless and lonely. He had often had that feeling, and who that has come to manhood has not? It comes over the student as he sits in his room, and his book might as well be Chinese for all he gets out of it. A few, however, continue doggedly to read; some find relief with idle and rollicking companions; some lay their heads on the table and dream of a fresh young girl far away; others go forth to look one of beauty's daughters in the eye.

When this feeling came over Willis he usually went to bed and was soon asleep. But to-night he took a different course. About a quarter of a mile away on a little branch Mr. Little Mathias had set up a blockade still, and Willis decided to go, drink some still beer, and chat Mr. Mathias awhile. For you must know that Mr. Mathias was in no bad favor with Willis. A "blockader" in Willis's district is, in his own and other people's eyes, a public benefactor and a martyr.

When Willis got to the still the owner was just getting ready for a doubling. The cap was already on, the right temperature reached and the worm running to a merry tune. There was nothing to do but to keep the fire right and to make tests for "backings." So the two men sat and talked, the stiller urging Willis "to marry and go to living," and drank hot whiskey until a late hour. In consequence, when Willis started home he

found it difficult to place his feet firmly, and all the way seemed up-hill to him. For all this he blamed the moon, now riding high in the heavens.

But what was his surprise when he reached home! His house was occupied! It was transformed! A number of carriages were in the yard; negro servants were running everywhere; lights were shining from every window, his cornsheller and plows were gone from the front porch; in the place of harness and gears an old-fashioned clock was ticking in the hall; all the floors were carpeted, and at the door stood a strangely dressed old gentleman and his wife receiving company as strangely dressed as they.

None of this set well with Willis. In a dumbfounded way he demanded of several what right they had in his house, and threatened to kill some of the negro servants, but was wholly disregarded. Even when he stepped on a lady's train she nor any one else noticed him. It was too bad to get no recognition in one's own house, but what gave him most concern was that his pile of corn was gone from the parlor. This so maddened him that he only remembers in a confused way the other events of the night. There was a grand supper, at which he drank some mighty bitter wine; swarms of young people bustling around, a marriage by a minister whom he remembers very well, a tall, slender, middle-aged fellow with sallow face set off by scant side-whiskers. Before marrying the couple he made a long speech on the beauty of married life, which made Willis think of Winnie. Then when the ceremony was over he began to preach against bachelors, and Willis got scared. The preacher cried "Where is the bachelor? Where is the wretched old bachelor?" Willis became conscious that all the company

were demons gibbering, laughing strangely, and making gestures at himself, with snow-balls in their hands. Then he who had been minister screamed in a thin voice "Hit him!" And they did. Willis was knocked down, his head and back pelted with snow-balls till he was almost insensible. Still, at intervals, he could feel the pelt of a ball and hear a yell in consequence, until finally he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself the sun was shining into the room. The strange company were gone but his head and back were still sore, and there! another snow-ball hit him. With a leap he was standing upright, glaring fiercely around. After awhile he took in the situation. Before him was the pile of corn, against which he must have fallen the night before. The snow-balls were the heavy ears which, in the chill of the night, rolled down upon him as he moved. But what a feeling he had! Either that goblin wine or Mathias' whiskey had affected him strangely. He felt of himself to make certain that his stomach was still in place. Assured of this, he next thought that he must have eaten a gallon of clay. Certainly his mouth was dry and there was a clayish taste in it. Some water that he drank stopped its chill course in the right place, and revealed the fact that his stomach was empty. Soon he had made and drunk a quart of extra strong coffee and was himself again.

That was Sunday morning. Only one thing from last night's experience remained with him. Those cries of "bachelor" continued to din in his ears. So in the afternoon he got on his best clothes and was soon at Mrs. Cheek's. He now knew that he loved Winnie. Mrs. Cheek discerned his purpose and left the young people alone. Then a pretty love scene was enacted.

There he sat, the big, fierce fellow, his eyes aflame with the glory of love, unable to say a word, but looking with burning intensity on the girl who breathed all atreimble. Finally he uttered her name, and something constrained her to look up. Her eyes met his, which were so tender and assuring that she continued to look and gave herself to him.

There is no longer any corn in Willis' parlor, no plow gear in his hall, his bed is made regularly every day, his meals are set at a cleanly table; he has never tasted whiskey again, nor been visited by unwelcome guests. However, he does not regret his experience of them, for they were the means of bringing to his home her who now sweetens and, all unknown to him, guides and rules his life.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

W. L. VAUGHAN Editor
T. E. BROWNE Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

J. A. McMILLAN Editor
P. R. ALDERMAN Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. L. VAUGHAN, Editor.

With this issue THE STUDENT enters upon its twenty-first year. THE STUDENT is not intended as a means by which the editors may air their opinions, but as a channel for the cultivation of the art of writing among the students and for the development of their latent powers. We, the incoming board of editors, make no boasts of what we are going to do. Without the aid and co-operation of our fellow-students, we can do nothing. Therefore we appeal to you to write for THE STUDENT. It is yours. It will be whatever you make it. Aid us, then, in making this one of its most successful years. The magazine is a part of the College; as the College advances, let it not be left behind. This will depend in a large measure upon the Alumni. The magazine is also theirs; let them aid us.

We say the "new" dormitory, for, in truth, it is a new dormitory. The visitor at Wake Forest now sees, instead of "The Old Dormitory Building," something new and handsome. It is true that it is the old building, but

The New
Dormitory.

only its bricks and mortar remain. In addition to the completion of the centre about a year ago, the wings have been newly remodeled. New windows have been put in place of the old, the window-sills are now stone, and each window is adorned with a handsome pediment. Throughout the building new floors have been laid, the rooms newly plastered and ceiled, and new doors hung. The hearths are no longer brick but cement. The rooms are now clean and cosy, and are furnished with handsome oak furniture. They are provided with janitor service, under the direct supervision of the matron, Mrs. Vann. All of this, together with their location, makes them the most desirable rooms in Wake Forest.

Every two or three years the Literary Mr. Moody. World is startled from its dozings by the heralding of some new poet. Then for months, and sometimes years, there is no end to the eulogy, pomp, and praise bestowed upon him. But too often he suffers the fate of the *novae*, known to astronomers, and is afterwards known only as "a thing of the past." We do not mean to say that Mr. Moody is going to suffer the fate of the *novae*, but generally the poet who catches the popular ear is the one to have a short and brilliant career, followed by a quick decline. It is to be hoped that Mr. Moody will hold his own, and that time may prove him even greater than recent criticisms have done. "The Masque of Judgment" has been variously criticised. It has been alternately condemned and praised. Some have termed it a failure, while others have given it a place in literature. Whatever may be said of it, it was a noble effort, and if it is a failure, it is a noble failure. And

now that he has recently followed "The Masque of Judgment," with the publication of his "Poems," his poetry has been more fully commented upon than before. Among the poems that have attracted most attention in Mr. Moody's latest volume are "Gloucester Moors," "An Ode in Time of Hestitation," "On a Soldier Fallen in the Phillippines," and "The Daguerreotype." Mr. Moody is a young man and has the better part of life yet before him.

President
McKinley
Dead.

It was indeed a shock to the American people when over the wires flashed the sad news of our President's assassination.

The whole country stood aghast at the awfulness of the deed. For several days there was hope, and, when the physicians announced that the danger was almost past, the silence of hope gave place to exclamations of joy,—but vain hope! "It is God's way. His will be done, not ours." Man's aid was of no avail; he died on September 14. For the third time has our Chief Executive been stricken down at the hands of the assassin.

Lincoln was shot down in 1865, just at the close of a bloody civil war, when the country was torn by sectional strife. Booth, the assassin, thought he was ridding the country of its greatest enemy. Garfield was killed by Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker. Of course Guiteau's motive was bad, but he had a personal reason for his crime. But what reason had Czolgosz for his dreadful crime? Mr. McKinley was shot, not because he was William McKinley, but because he represented the American Commonwealth. For this reason it seems the most disastrous of all.

It is useless to speak of Mr. McKinley's virtues. They are known to the world. At peace with all mankind, he had no personal enemy. His life is a noble example for all public men. He was not our greatest president, but the most beloved of them all.

Anarchism
and Its
Prevention

The deep humiliation of our people over Mr. McKinley's assassination came very near deepening into anarchism to avenge the crime. The demands for the mob law became alarming, and even received some sanction from the pulpit. This anarchistic cry became more and more prevalent, when it became known that, should the President live, Czolgosz's punishment would be only ten years' imprisonment. Then came demands for more adequate laws, for the punishment of an attempt on the life of a president, and for stringent anarchistic laws. Many of our magazines and dailies have taken a very serious view of the causes leading to the assassination. Of course, most of the press blames such anarchists as Emma Goldman, but some have gone so far as to trace the blame back to cartoons and criticisms of Mr. McKinley and his administration. To such they apply the term "Yellow Journalism." It is true the above term may be applied to some of our dailies; but, we would like to ask, when we come to discriminate, where will the line fall? It seems foolish to think that journalism in any way influenced Czolgosz, unless, perhaps, he was influenced by some journal of anarchy. And even if it were true that criticism led to Mr. McKinley's assassination, are we to revive the unpopular Sedition Act of John Adams! But the press generally has taken a better

view of the affair and discussed the need of special laws applying to anarchists. Some hold that we need new immigration laws; others, that we should expel all anarchists. What is best, we cannot tell, but evidently we need some safeguard for the prevention of such crimes in the future.

The steel strike, declared by the Amalgamated Association, seems now to be at an end, and yet we have heard of no official announcement of the terms of surrender. It is said that an officer of the corporation stated that the matter had been arranged "satisfactorily to both sides," and that it had been agreed "that the terms of the agreement should be kept secret." Whatever the agreement may be, it is generally conceded that the Amalgamated Association has suffered great losses. In the first place, many of the strikers are dissatisfied, and have disregarded President Shaffer's orders declaring the strike over, and refused to return to work. The actual loss is estimated at \$150,000, in funds, and 3,000 men, reducing the membership from 13,800 to 10,800. Besides this, the estimated loss of the Steel Corporation is about \$7,500,000. The Corporation has paid a great price for its victory! When we think of the inestimable loss to commerce generally, we can not but see the grave results of the strike.

A strike is to be deplored even when there are grounds for it, but, in this case, it seems that President Shaffer ordered the strike without any grounds whatever. And by doing so, the Association has greatly weakened its power, for, in breaking their contracts, the strikers have lost many of their most sympathetic supporters, and

proved that their contracts are not made in good faith. Although the strike has failed in every conceivable way, there are some lessons to be gained from it. It has reversed the old established belief that, in America, labor is more mobile than capital. The affairs at McKeesport, when the Mayor refused to protect the Steel Works, proved that capital is not wedded to the soil. This is a great change in American economics, and will affect such disputes no little in the future. In the second place, we have learned that the time is not far distant when strikes must be settled by forced arbitration, and thus prevent so much danger to life and property.

BOOK REVIEWS.

By P. R. ALDERMAN.

A Chaplain's Experience Ashore and Afloat. The "Texas" Under Fire. By Rev. Harry W. Jones, A.M., D.D., Chaplain of the United States Navy. New York: A. G. Sherwood & Co., No. 47, Lafayette Place.

The first chapter relates the incidents connected with the first sermon of Dr. Jones, the author. While sitting in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association at Saugerties, New York, he received a request from the pastor of the Baptist church to come to his home. When he arrived at his pastor's home, he found him sick, and to his astonishment he was asked to preach to-morrow, both morning and evening. After much persuasion Dr. Jones accepted and went to his room to prepare his next day's work.

Saturday night he spent in preparation, and when Sunday came he preached such good sermons that his hearers expressed themselves as highly pleased. The Church, a day or two after, most willingly granted him a license to preach; two or three months later he decided to enter the ministry.

He attended the Theological Seminary at Rochester, where he paid his way through college by earning three dollars a week as a waiter in a restaurant. At the end of a year he went to New York to engage in missionary work, and there he met the lady who later became his wife. His first church was at Stepney, Connecticut, and, while pastor there, he was loved by all, as was the case wherever he went. It was during this time that he, upon the instigation of D. N. Morgan, United States Treasurer, applied for the position of chaplain in the Navy. There were only two vacancies and he failed to get either.

In September, 1895, he accepted a call to the First Baptist Church in Arlington, New Jersey. Here in a few months he did much good, and when he received his appointment as a chaplain in the Navy he had almost completed a handsome church building.

On July the thirtieth, 1896, he was sent to the Naval Training Station of Newport, Rhode Island, for duty on the United

States T. S. Constellation. At this Station there were 387 boys ranging from fourteen to seventeen years of age, and, besides being chaplain, he had to be a sort of overseeing schoolmaster. He staid there two months and a half, when he was transferred to the U. S. S. "Texas," his first cruise was from New York to Galveston, where the "Texas" was presented with a \$5,000 silver-service from the State, during the Convention of the National Educational Association held there.

Finally war is declared with Spain and the "Texas" is ordered to join the Flying Squadron, and this sails May thirteenth under sealed orders. When the sailors at last learn that they are really bound for Cuba to fight the Spaniards, their joy is unbounded. An illustration of their bravery is seen when the Captain asked for a volunteer out of his crew to go on the "Merrimac" and every sailor enthusiastically volunteered. In the engagement of Sunday, July the third, which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's fleet, the "Texas" figured conspicuously and her crew fought valiantly.

A few days later Dr. Jones was forced to leave on account of sickness. He went home on the "St. Louis," and on board were Admiral Cervera and several other captured Spanish officers. He engaged in conversation with the Admiral several times and found him to be particularly entertaining and pleasant. They landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the Chaplain delivered a lecture, in the Baptist church, to an enthusiastic audience. After an examination at the Naval Hospital in New York he obtained a leave and went to his family in Lee, Massachusetts, where he rested and regained his health. After the grand Naval Review in New York harbor, and participating in many elaborate banquets in the city, he went to England on a two months' leave to visit his mother.

Upon his return to America he was sent to the "Chicago," and later he was transferred to the "Constellation" at Newport, Rhode Island. Here he had five hundred boys to instruct and guide; he so won their love and respect that they gave him a splendid testimony of their good faith and admiration when he left for Orlando, Florida, on a two months' sick leave.

In conclusion, wherever Dr. Jones went he was respected and admired. On the "Texas" he endeared himself to the sailors and officers by his whole-heartedness and pleasing manners.

EXCHANGES.

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

Our exchanges are few in number this month but the majority of them are very good.

The first one the editor had the pleasure of reading was the May number of the *Davidson College Magazine*. "The American Scholar in Public Life" is an able essay and gives us excellent arguments for education. The writer strengthens his assertions by citing several illustrious educated men. "Playing with Fire" is a delightful love story, but the reader is saddened by its tragical end. "Abram Williams" is a thrilling and interesting story the incidents of which happened during the Revolutionary war. In conclusion this issue deserves much praise.



The Emory Phoenix has a splendid editorial on literary societies. "Jewels of Price" is an interesting love story. "Has the South Produced a Poet" is an earnest plea for Southern poets and especially Sidney Lanier. The article is very good and laudable.



The Hendrix College Mirror for May-June has neither fiction nor poetry, and evidently the editors were in need of material as they had published the speeches of the Inter-Society Debate. The first article is a good biographical sketch of Benjamin Franklin. "Glimpses from Nature" contains much pretty description.



The Buff and Blue of Gallaudet College needs more poetry, but it has some fine articles. "The Man with the Iron Mask" is an interesting, well-written story, and valuable for the history it contains. "The Haunted Mansion" is an amusing and thrilling account of an old, deserted house, seemingly inhabited by ghosts. The article is well written.

The commencement number of *The Guilford Collegian* has a fine extract from Dr. B. F. Trueblood's address delivered at their last commencement; its subject is "Goodness, Intelligence, Power." The plots of the pieces "An Adventure" and "A Romance of Santiago" are very simple. It contains an instructive editorial on "A Florida Ostrich Farm."

The June issue of the *State Normal Magazine* has very few articles and is practically filled up with accounts of Commencement. The article "Some North Carolina Folk-Lore" is very interesting, and the subject is one which ought to be studied more by all. Dr. Henry Louis Smith's address, "The Life and Death of a World," is exceptionally fine and interesting. The editors are to be congratulated for publishing this excellent speech.

The Baylor Literary is the most prompt of our exchanges for September. Although it has no fiction of much merit still it has several good essays. It contains an excellent review of Maurice Thompson's novel, "Alice of Old Vincennes." Mr. Keith's oration, "Uncrowned Queens," is very interesting and shows much study. The biographical sketch of Edgar A. Poe bestows upon him great praise. One of the best things in the magazine is an editorial on the heinous crimes and the atrocious lynchings which very frequently occur in this country. The writer has given it a suitable name by calling it "A Problem."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

T. E. BROWNE, Editor.

'01. Mr. W. W. T. Sorrells is Principal of Sylva Collegiate Institute.

'01. Mr. G. T. Brandon is Principal of Orange Grove Academy in Orange County.

'01. Mr. Joseph A. Williams has a position in a drug store at Boardman, N. C.

'01. Mr. N. L. Gaskins is doing associational work in the Atlantic Association.

'01. Mr. S. A. Underwood has a position as Associate Principal of Salemburg Academy.

'01. Mr. Jessie A. Williams has a position as Associate Principal of the High School at Wingate, N. C.

Mr. R. L. Nutt ('90—92), has been elected to the lucrative position of Assistant Treasurer of the S. A. L. Railroad.

'01. Mr. R. H. Royall is book-keeper for the Royall Cotton Mills at Wake Forest. We are glad Mr. Royall has a position so near us.

'98. Mr. Clifton Camp, who is taking a course in Modern Languages at Berlin, Germany, is now studying for his thesis at the British Museum.

'01. Mr. F. O. Huffman has a fellowship in the famous Gallaudet College at Washington, D. C. He has the best wishes of his many friends at Wake Forest.

'01. Mr. T. R. Taylor, after spending several days on the Hill, left last Tuesday, September 17, to accept a position with the Union Carbide Company at Niagara Falls.

'96. Mr. T. H. Briggs, Jr., for the past year instructor in Latin and English in the Yale Princeton High School, affiliated with the University of Chicago, has been elected instructor in English in the Illinois State Normal, Charleston, Ill.

'80. Prof. C. S. Farris has been pursuing his studies in Greek at the University of Chicago, having obtained a leave of absence from his duties in the John B. Stetson University.

'01. Mr. W. D. Adams is Principal of a high school at Matthews, N. C. He was also one of the editors of THE STUDENT and one of the most promising young men of his class.

'01. Mr. R. E. Flack is Principal of the Associational High School at Burnsville, N. C. Mr. Flack has a chance to do good work and we hope this will be a prosperous year for his school.

'01. Wakefield High School is fortunate in securing Mr. R. E. Sentelle for its Principal. Mr. Sentelle was one of the best speakers and deepest thinkers of his class and we feel sure of his success.

'00. Mr. G. A. Foote, after a very successful and beneficial year at Oak Ridge, has been elected to an instructorship in the Yale Princeton High School, and will pursue studies in the University of Chicago.

'92. Dr. Irving Hardesty, who since taking his doctorate in Neurology in the University of Chicago has taught his specialty in that institution, has accepted a position in the Berkley School of Anatomy in the University of California.

'00. Mr. James F. Royster, who is taking a course in English at the University of Chicago, has been elected to the responsible position of librarian of the Modern Language Departmental Libraries, leaving the instructorship which will be filled by Mr. Foote.

'01. Mr. Morson, of Raleigh, is very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. J. Q. Adams, Jr., as assistant in his school. Mr. Adams was one of the editors of THE STUDENT, and salutatorian of his class. He also won the Tom Dixon essay medal in his Junior year.

'01. We are glad to hear that the people of Lincoln, N. C., have secured the services of Mr. H. E. Flack in their Academy. With Mr. Flack for principal this will be a successful year for the school. Mr. Flack was one of the speakers in the inter-collegiate debate between Wake Forest and Trinity, was debater and orator, and won the orator's medal in his society.

A TRIBUTE.

The tragic and seemingly untimely death of Mr. S. G. Flournoy, of Reidsville, on the 3rd of last July, was felt by many of the students and friends of Wake Forest College as a personal loss. At seventeen years of age he entered college, where, for four years, he was recognized as one of the strongest and most popular men in his class, winning for himself the love of his fellow-students, the esteem of his teachers, and the admiration and confidence of the entire college community.

During his college life he was always faithful in the performance of his class-room and Literary Society duties, and for this faithfulness he did not go unrewarded. In 1900 he was chosen by the Faculty as one of the representatives of the College in the Trinity-Wake Forest Debate, at Raleigh. All of us who were here at the time remember with what earnestness Flournoy, as we lovingly called him, worked to keep the trophy in the possession of Wake Forest College. He did not spare money to secure all the material available relating to the subject which was discussed; and he sacrificed much of the time which should have gone to his studies (had he not taken his new task so seriously) in order to prepare himself as well as possible for the debate. Most of us know the result: He delivered a speech, which was commended by the press throughout the State as being pointed, able, well-arranged, and eloquent. In his rejoinder, also, the many happy thrusts which he made at his opponents' argumentative fabric, struck terror to their hearts and gave mirth to the audience.

In 1901 he was Orator of the Philomathesian Society, in the Anniversary Exercises. His oration on "Calvin Graves: Patriot and Statesman" was copied by most of the leading newspapers in North Carolina, and was deemed of sufficient literary merit and historical value to be published among the "Historical Papers" of the College.

Mr. Flournoy, moreover, was chosen one of the Senior Speakers at the last Commencement, at which time he delivered an oration which was an honor to himself and a credit to the College. He was also selected from the student body to represent his

Alma Mater at the Alumni Banquet, given during Commencement week.

But above all the qualities which entered into his pleasing personality, was his moral and spiritual force. His daily life was so free from reproach, and his character and abilities of such a high order that he was unanimously elected President of the Y. M. C. A. of the College during the session of 1900.

The death of such a bright and promising young man is, from the human point of view, inexplicable. But, though we can not understand it now, we feel that there are other spheres of usefulness than this world for the pure and the noble and the brave of heart. And so we trust that death for him was only

"That golden key
That opens the palace of eternity."

H. E. C.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, The Supreme Ruler of the universe has been pleased, in His infinite wisdom, to remove by untimely death our recent and highly-beloved fellow-student, Samuel Gladstone Flournoy; and

WHEREAS, We, the members of the student body, wish to put on record our high appreciation of his manly qualities and our deep grief at his sudden death; therefore be it

Resolved 1st. That the student body has lost in him a thorough scholar, a talented speaker, and a high-toned Christian gentleman.

Resolved 2d. That we desire to pay tribute to a life so bright with promise and so full of charms.

Resolved 3rd. That the Y. M. C. A. has lost by his death a faithful member and a zealous Christian worker.

Resolved 4th. That we extend to the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy, and pray that the Beneficent Creator may comfort and sustain them in their great grief.

Resolved 5th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent for publication to the Raleigh and Reidsville papers, THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

H. E. CRAVEN,

L. T. VAUGHN,

A. J. BETHEA, JR.

Committee.

September 1, 1901.

WHEREAS, God has left us sad by taking from our midst so suddenly Samuel Gladstone Flournoy, whom we all loved, be it

Resolved 1st. That since this is one of the mysterious providences of God, who never errs, we bow meekly to His will.

2d. That the memory of his noble Christian life and happy nature shall ever be sweet to us, and shall be an inspiration, to all who knew him, to love God and do His will.

3rd. That, with our hearts bleeding, we extend our deepest sympathy to the relatives of our departed friend, and beg them to remember the comforting assurance, that we shall all meet again.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the Reidsville papers, THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and the *Biblical Recorder*, for publication, and a copy spread on our Sunday School Records.

REIDSVILLE BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

CLIPPINGS.

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

TWO LOTS.

He sat upon the curbstone, lone,
A hungry beggar boy,
And watched the world in haste sweep on,
With man its lightsome toy.

No dream of vengeance marred that face,
No look of dread despair,
But passers-by oft checked their pace
To read life's message there.

The dark brown eye, the auburn hair,
The features fine and true,
In silence told of duties fair
He'd e'er delighted to do.

But soon misfortune's child arose,
To stem the tireless stream
Of life, which to the haven flows
Where bright the beacons beam.

'Tis ever thus that some may float
Adown the path of ease
While others stripped of sail or boat
The prize through struggle seize.

—*Exchange.*

DROUTH.

Across the scorched and blighted fields there moves
A feverish breath that sighs in languored gust.
Before its stir the green leaves crackle, twist,
And writhe in molten air and leaden dust.

The sun pours down its embers hot upon
The iron earth, aglow with pulsing heat;
The sky, unflecked by fleecy cloud, is brass;
No change! The self-same glare all days repeat.

The songs of birds die out in parched throats;
Hope is flown and men despair, rebel;
A wail breaks forth and turns into a prayer:
"Rain, O heavens! Cool this burning hell!"

Then above the horizon floats a cloud
That spreads its cooling shade o'er the glowing earth,
Lest fall some glistening drops to make a scent,
And hope revived, awaits with dancing mirth.

All life looks up with full confiding trust,
Expectant of relief from torturing pain,
And lowing herd and rustling blade and leaf
Prepare to quench their thirst and drink the rain.

Alas! Vain hope! the cheating cloud in scorn,
Coquettish, heartless as some cruel flirt,
Sails away, and leaves the angry sun
To blast with deadly fires life's open heart.

—*Exchange.*

A MOUNTAIN SUNSET.

A seraph stood beside the Sapphire Throne,
And from his glowing hands the liquid fire streamed.
The mountain tops arose their maker's hand to own,
Yielding themselves to the baptismal flood, there gleamed
A glory not of earth the Lord Almighty's seal
The purging fire consumed the dross till angels there might kneel.
The rainbow hues of promise old, the crimson purple blue,
Was painted there by unseen hand to prove the promise true.
The evening star came out to view where earth and sky were wed,
A sigh, a blushing faint, a trembling, and the day was dead.

—*Exchange.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. A. McMILLAN, Editor.

ENROLLMENT 257.

MISS LIZZIE CADDELL is attending Salem Female Academy.

MISS KATE PRITCHARD is attending the Oxford Female Seminary.

MR. CAREY J. HUNTER, of Raleigh, spent a few hours with us some days ago.

GENERAL T. F. TOON, of Raleigh, spent the night of the 26th of September with us.

MISS ANNA BELLE DEVANE, of Red Springs, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. DeVane.

MISS MARY LANNEAU has returned from Bryson City, where she had charge of a music school during the summer.

MISSSES SOPHIE LANNEAU, Maggie Allen and Rubie Reid are attending the Baptist Female University at Raleigh.

MISS MARIE LANKFORD has returned from the western part of the State where she taught a mission school during the summer.

MRS. WALTER WINGATE and daughter, Miss Minnie, of Salt Lake City, Utah, spent a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Sikes recently.

ON their way home from the Pan-American Exposition, Misses Petie and Jessie Powell, of Savannah, Ga., spent a few weeks with their aunt, Mrs. T. E. Holding.

THE senior class has elected the following officers: J. A. McMillan, president; F. G. Hamrick, vice-president; Walter Keener, secretary, and P. R. Alderman, treasurer.

THE following men have been elected officers of the Junior Class for the ensuing year: E. S. Green, president; J. B. Royall, vice-president; T. B. Davis, secretary; T. L. Clyburn, treasurer.

WITHIN the last few weeks Misses Stockard, of Raleigh, Ada Lee Timberlake, of Louisburg, Kate Covington, of Monroe, and Ada Lee Trantham, of South Carolina, have been visitors at the home of Mrs. Simmons.

AN advertising party was given by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Holding on the night of September 14th, in honor of their guests, Misses Petie and Jessie Powell. Miss Mary Taylor won the ladies' prize, and "Rip" the gentlemen's.

MESSRS. W. A. DUNN and A. J. Bethea have been chosen by the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies to arrange for the Wake Forest-Trinity debate which takes place at Raleigh on Thanksgiving night. Who will represent Wake Forest?

PROF. JOHN BREWER and family have moved to Franklin, Va., where Professor Brewer has accepted the position as President of the Franklin Female Institute. The family will be greatly missed by the students as well as by the people of the hill.

MISS MATTIE GILL, while visiting her friend Miss Margaret Etheredge, at Selma, a few weeks ago, was called home on account of the sickness of her brother, Mr. Joe Gill. Mr. Gill has been very sick but we are glad to say that at present he is improving.

IT IS with the deepest regret that we note the resignation of our pastor, Rev. J. W. Lynch. In their three years' stay with us both Mr. and Mrs. Lynch have won the love of the student body as well as the community at large. We congratulate the First Baptist church of Roanoke, Va., on securing the services of such an able pastor.

IN obedience to the proclamation of President Roosevelt, services were held in the Wingate Memorial Hall, September 19th, in honor of our late President, William McKinley. The fifth and sixth periods of the regular college exercises were omitted for that purpose. Professors Gulley, Carlyle, Sikes and Poteat were the spokesmen of the occasion.

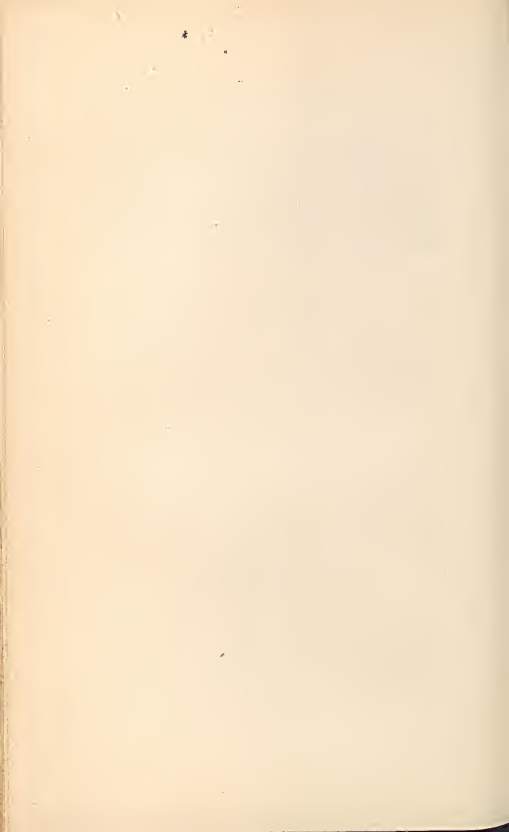
THE following Alumni have paid us short visits since the opening: Messrs. Frank Parham, Robert Powell, T. D. Savage, J. C. McNeill, J. F. Royster, W. C. Petty, Will Royall, T. R. Taylor, J. Q. Adams, Jr., F. O. Huffman, R. E. Sentelle, George Spruill and O. L. Powers. We are always glad to welcome the old boys back to the hill.

FOR the first time in the history of the College we have a regularly organized athletic association. It has been long needed and, with the proper support of the boys, will prove a great promoter of athletics. A constitution and by-laws were adopted and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Dr. E. W. Sikes, president; J. E. Hobgood, vice-president; J. O. Sprinkle, secretary and treasurer, and H. H. Powell, Jr., auditor. The managers for the several teams elected by the association are as follows: baseball, Marvin Sawyer; football, Walter Keener; track team, Edward Ward.

SATURDAY night, September 21st, at the home of Dr. E. W. Sikes, a Shakespearian party was given by a number of the students to the visiting young ladies of the hill. Miss Trantham won the first prize, a beautiful pin, and Mr. Alma Forehand, after much opposition, carried off the booby. Delightful refreshments were served and such congenial hosts as Dr. and Mrs. Sikes made all regret to see the time of departure come.

THE following was heard from an adjoining room a few nights since: "A newish? Hum! Well, what does he look like? Got any sporting blood in him? O, pshaw! I hope he doesn't expect me, a senior, to go to see him! I really wouldn't even take the trouble to *black* a newish now! I despise the whole lot of them, anyhow. (Oh yes, I *was* once a newish myself, but newish were not so fresh as they are now—oh, never! You say *that* newish knows me? Well, doesn't everybody know *me*? If I was a newish, I'd be ashamed if I didn't know this gentleman here! I remember *him*! well, he must be as verdant a one as has ever been in these parts! Did he *expect* me to? That is too much! Says I'm 'stuck-up'? Oh, well, I don't care for a newish's opinion, anyhow! Just tell him so, will you? Let him come to see me if he likes, but I certainly shant trouble myself about him—you can tell him that too, Brown. He might know that a senior is not going to bow down before a *Newish*! It should be vice-versa. Must you go, Brown? Well, come in again: Oh Brown, what did you say was the name of that lovely newish? I didn't catch it? King? Jack King? Oh, hush! you're fooling me! Not Miss DOROTHY King's brother? Well! Brown, oh Brown, just tell young King that I'll be down to see him in ten minutes!

And tell him, Brown, that I want a room-mate, and I'll be glad to have him come to room with me—and—Brown, wait one second; don't tell Jack anything I've said this afternoon; I always *did* like newish! And Brown; if you have a chance, when there aren't any other fellows in the room just ask him—ask him if he brought any—oh, if he brought me any messages from—from his sister.



WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

NO. 2.

LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM.

BY E. B. F.

The dying night-lamp flickers faint,
The stars are paling fast;
Grim darkness spreads his brooding wings,—
Love's golden dream is past.

The soft winds sigh in sympathy,
The fire-fly's transient gleam
Now shoots athwart the dusky eve;
So speeds love's golden dream.

'Mid shadows dense and deep and drear
I grope and look above;
Yet find no dawn or ray of light,
No golden dream of love.

'Tis hard to live and vainly hope,
For hope must end at last,
When breaks that low, despairing cry:
Love's golden dream is past.

THE POETRY OF BURNS.

BY H. E. CRAVEN.

"On life's broad plain the ploughman's conquering share
 Upturned the fallow lands of truth anew,
 And o'er the formal garden's trim parterre
 The peasant's team a ruthless furrow drew."

—*Watson.*

In these lines taken from Mr. William Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave," are summed up the advent and poetic mission of Robert Burns in English literature. For several years prior to the coming of Burns, poesy, weary of the classical conventionalities and mannerisms of the school of Dryden and Pope, had been struggling to free herself from the shackles of poetic formalism and step out unfettered into the free and open air of her own domain—nature.

In "The Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence" James Thomson made a step toward realism in poetry. But this advance was only a step, though one of inestimable value to succeeding poets, for it was Thomson who, by writing chiefly in the Spenserian stanza and in blank verse, reopened the way for forms of poetic expression which had for a time been in abeyance. With all that Thomson did, however, toward leading poetry away from the Augustan poets, his verse still had scattered through it the tinsel which was characteristic of the century. William Collins in his "lonely vesper chimes" coming on a little later was a "solitary song-bird." Like Thomson he, too, sought his themes in nature and the human emotions. But the quantity of his verse was so small, and the century so much taken with the heroic couplet that he failed to exert any great

influence on contemporary poetry. Gray also wrote in a totally different vein from the established school, but he had the misfortune of being born in an age of prose, and, as a consequence, "he never spoke out." Goldsmith in "The Deserted Village" and Cowper in "The Task," took up the note of independence sounded by Thomson, and wrote of nature and humanity. With them, moreover, "the joy in natural objects begins to be linked with a sense of the brotherhood of man."

But among all the eighteenth century poets just mentioned, there is none who writes with the daring independence and freshness of the Ayrshire bard, Robert Burns. Though born outside the influences of the main currents of our literature, he still gained his audience and proved by the reception which his little volume of poems received in 1789, that the English speaking and writing world was ready to break away from the orthodox school and lend an attentive ear to the poet who looked to nature for inspiration, and who let the form of the poem take care of itself.

Now, what are the merits of Burns' poems? What is it in his verse, the best of it at least, that has such a hold on our hearts? How is his popularity to be explained? The answer is not hard to find. He knew nature and the human heart, and knowing them, and being in a sympathetic attitude toward them, his exquisitely sensitive nature could not but sing in response to their call, nor could those who read his poems fail to perceive that he spoke with a directness, a truthfulness, and a simplicity which were not to be mistaken for the work of a poet who was trying "to climb Parnassus by dint o' Greek." Burns knew no Greek, little Latin and few other things to be found in books.

But he did know the virtues taught in a pious Scotch family; he was well acquainted with "the lowly train in life's sequestered scene," and he had learned a great deal at first-hand from nature. And after all, it seems that this is what the world really demands of its poets; not so much what you know but what you feel, and what you see in us, in yourself, and in what, for want of a better name, we call nature. Measured by these requirements we see at once how fittingly Burns is classed high in the roll of our poets. His poetic creed he tells us himself in this exquisite stanza:

"Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire
May touch the heart."

The world willingly accepts such a creed when, in the hands of a true poet, it can produce beautiful lines like these:

"Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene,
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day."

Another element which goes to explain the popularity of Burns is his inimitable wit. The dare-devil playfulness of his address to "Auld Hornie Satan, Nick, or Clootie" advising him to "let poor damned bodies be," the well-known and universally admired "Tam O'Shanter," the mischievous prominence which many of his poems give to "Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,"

and the sage reflections, perhaps half-serious, which are sprinkled through his humorous pieces, invest them with an indescribable charm. Now add to this quality of irresistible wit that fanciful imagination which Burns possessed, and that beautiful melody and smoothness of his verse, and we have poems which can not be surpassed by any others of their kind in the language.

In this connection it may be well to say something about the so-called transgressions by Burns of the laws of propriety in his satirical poems on ecclesiastical subjects and personages. It cannot be denied that many of his poems have touches of grossness, obscenity and irreverence, which might well have caused the poet uneasiness of conscience on his death-bed. And yet, as we look back at the nature of the poet and his surroundings, contrasting the zest which he had for life with the exacting ecclesiastical rules of conduct prescribed by the venerable propounders of divine law, we can but give our sympathy to the poet, and believe that he did not attack religion so much as dogma. Subsequent events, moreover, have confirmed the statement that the church of Burns' day needed some of the lashes of his satirical whip, and that the poet's influence toward reform really proved salutary. For the poems, not satirical, which are stained by coarseness we can offer no apology; they are simply the result of the ill-adjusted life of the poet himself. In his life he experienced the enjoyment and pain of illicit pleasure, and since it was essentially his nature to put into verse whatever he felt at the moment, he has left many verses which should not be read by the immature or the vulgar. For those, however, who want a more thorough insight into the ill-ordered life of Burns, the whole of his poems should be examined.

But it is chiefly in his lyrics that we find Burns' fame as a poet resting. As a song-writer he is perhaps best known to the world to-day, and, we think, it is in his songs that his poetry will continue to live. Burns, like Goethe, was extremely susceptible to the charms of woman; like Goethe, too, he must needs sing of the woman he loved. Sometimes these snatches are touched with a pathos and seriousness which cannot fail to arouse in our hearts a sympathy for the unhappy poet. Those addressed to Mary and Jean possess an unusual tenderness and sweetness, and represent a lyrical power and passion hardly attained by any poet since Shakespeare. Indeed, Mr. Blackie, in his admirable "Life of Burns" calls him the "Shakespeare of lyric poetry." For rhythmical beauty, pathos, and simplicity what is there to equal this first stanza from "The Banks O'Doon."

"Ye banks and braes O' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird
That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return."

For archness and airiness where can we find poems that measure up to "Tom Glen," "The Happy Trio," and "Duncan Gráy?" To any one who is in love, what can he find that will express his feelings more beautifully than the following stanza?

"I see her in the dewey flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shore, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

Not only was Burns independent in the expression of his thoughts ; he was himself independent in thought and action. No one believed more than he himself in the essential dignity of the common, honest, God-fearing man. No one was a more ardent lover of old Scotland than he. His testimony to the worth of the honest individual, regardless of his station in life, and his prophecy of the time when a universal democracy shall reign are beautifully expressed in "A Man's a Man for a' That." His patriotism, one of the strongest qualities in his make-up, is evinced in "Robert Bruce's Address to His Army."

Having now seen something of the excellent and enduring qualities of the poetry of Burns, let us resolve to keep in closer touch with his best work, which represents his better self ; let us learn to sympathize with him in his sorrows, to laugh with him in his happiest moments, and to look with charity upon the life of one whose

"Thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name."

A CHILD OF THE HILLS.

BY CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER.

The bent form of a little old man trudged along the mountain road. In one hand he carried a large truncheon, and in the other he held the strings of a small mail-pouch. Streaks of unkempt gray hair protruded from under his large felt hat, and lost itself in confusion down his stooping shoulders. His shoes were covered with the red dust of travel and his breath came in little jerks, as he toiled up the steep hill.

On the crest of the hill stood a house, unpainted and weather-beaten. In the door sat a woman—tall, spare, her head covered with a large split bonnet—churning.

The little old man passed through the tumbled-down old gate and up to the low door-step. The woman, intent upon her churning, did not realize his presence until he shouted in a cracked voice almost at her ear:

"Mis' Cynthy, here's er letter fer ye."

"Fer me, Lige Williams? Is it fer me shore?" asked the incredulous woman as she came forward eagerly.

"Yes, it's fer ye, shore," he replied, placing a yellow envelope in the old lady's trembling hands.

For a moment she gazed inquiringly at the letter, ran her fingers over it tenderly, and then started briskly towards the road.

"Whar yer gwine'," called the astonished little old man after her.

"Ter git the skule teacher ter read hit fer me," came the faint answer as the flying figure sped down the road.

Miss Cynthy was all a-flutter. A letter for her! She felt of it to make sure that it was a real tangible letter.

And who could it be from? Surely there was but one person it could be from, and he was long since dead. Could it be a message from the dead—a message telling her that he had died fighting for the Confederacy, and was waiting for her on the other side? There was but one who could tell her all this, and, with all the speed that the weight of sixty winters would permit, she hurried to the school-master's house.

Miss Cynthia had been a beautiful young woman. In all those mountain wilds the sun never kissed fairer forehead, nor mountain stream bathed fairer cheek. Theirs had been a pretty love-story—Abijah Milburn's and hers. They had loved, had been betrothed, and were soon to be married, when the war came on, tearing asunder so many hearts like theirs. But they had been willing to it for a time, knowing that their marriage would be far sweeter under the smile of peace than under the frown of war. Abijah had organized a company and gone away to fight for the "Stars and Bars." She remembered vividly how, riding at the head of his company, he had leaned down and kissed her farewell, and told her to wait for him until he returned. And she had waited. Other lovers had come and asked for a place in her heart, but it was so full of love for Abijah that there was no room for another's love. Oh! how wearily those years had dragged on with never the sight of him; and the only tidings she had received were from soldiers home on a furlough, telling her how bravely he was fighting and what new laurels he was winning.

And then—ah! how it pained her to think about it—there had come a messenger, on a white horse, telling her that he was dead. The shock had been so great that her raven hair had become as white as the mountain laurel,

and the rose-buds in her cheeks had faded and died. She had naught to live for now, and she prayed that she might follow Abijah to the other side. But the Lord had not seen fit to let her go, and so she lived on, in solitude, on the crest of the hill.

The sun was sinking behind Bears Head as Miss Cynthy returned through the worm-eaten gate to the house. A wonderful transformation seemed to have taken place since she had passed down the low steps and up the winding road. Her quick, short, uneven step had turned to the long stride of a determined mind. Her bent shoulders were thrown back, her head erect, and, now and then, a smile of delight passed over her furrowed cheek as she muttered something which sounded strangely like "'Bijah."

In a few moments there was a crackling fire in the kitchen stove, and a great clattering of pots and pans. Miss Cynthy passed hurriedly out of the kitchen to the poultry yard, where, after a little hesitation, she caught, killed, and carried into the house the largest turkey she could find.

"'Bijah allers did love turkey and this un is the best I've raised since last freshet. Let's see," she said meditatively, "thet's two year ago come next fust Sunday." She picked the feathers from the fowl, broke a number of eggs in a dish, and began beating them.

"'Bijah, step down tew the spring and fetch me er pail uv water, and fetch thet crock uv sweet milk, too. What ails ye 'Bijah, don't ye hear me? Ef ye don't hurry up, I'll let Abe Shubble take me tew meetin' ter-morrer in his new top buggy. 'Bijah—."

"Yes I'm er dreamin', 'Bijah," she went on. "I thought I wuz er bakin' dinner fer big meetin', and ye wuz er goin' tew take me."

She placed a pumpkin on the table and cut it.

"Day after ter-morrer is 'Thanksgivin', 'Bijah, and ye'll git here in good time tew eat some uv my puukin pies thet ye used tew think wuz so good."

After the baking was over, Miss Cynthy sat down to her evening meal.

"Now, 'Bijah, ye ask the blessin', same as ye used tew ask it, when ye wuz a settin' up to me. Yer see," she went on in a monotone, "I'm er playin' like ye wuz here now so ez tew git 'customed to it afore ye come. And then it'll seem more real like when we kin set and talk without playin' like."

Miss Cynthy awoke long before daylight. The outside world was wrapped in white, and the snow was still falling. Now and then a chanticleer's sentinel announced the approach of dawn, but, save this, there was not a sound. She kindled a fire, cooked and ate a hasty breakfast, and wrapped herself for a journey.

The stars were shining bright, as she left the little weather-beaten house in the distance. The snow, while not deep, bedraggled her skirts and clogged her feet, and, before she had gone far, the exercise began to weary her.

Half-past eleven found Miss Cynthy still trudging along the road. She had stopped a number of times to rest and warm herself, but now her strength was well nigh spent. The heavy clothes no longer kept her warm, but only seemed to impede her. She rested oftener and longer now, and the fire at the houses, where she stopped, seemed to her to have no warmth.

At last she could go no further, and sat down on a rock to wait for him. The snow had ceased to fall, but the sky was still threatening. A sharp piercing wind

was rising, and she sought protection behind a large boulder, hard-by.

"Oh! ef 'Bijah would hurry up," whispered the old lady half-aloud.

Five minutes passed. A drowsy feeling was coming over Miss Cynthy. She knew what it meant, and tried to shake it off. A thousand needles and pins seemed to be sticking her at the same time. A moment more and a tall, erect stranger with a face covered with beard was seen coming up the mountain.

* * * * *

A savory odor was emitted from the kitchen as Miss Cynthy entered the dining-room, bearing aloft a steaming turkey well browned. She placed it on the table, already laden with tempting viands, and then called, in a voice grown tender by years, "'Bijah, come on tew dinner." A tall broad-shouldered gentleman, with iron-gray hair and a heavy beard, emerged from the sitting-room and, taking the little old lady in his arms, carried her to her seat.

"Now 'Bijah," she said, bowing her head after they had sat down, "I want you to ask the blessin' sure 'nough now."

THE OLD GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND.

BY E. W. TIMBERLAKE, JR.

There is nothing more characteristic of our people than the cherishing of the memory of our dead heroes. However, this statement admits of a qualification, for neither do the American people carry hero worship to an excess, nor, in the opinion of many, do they carry it to a sufficiently great extent. The old Greeks and Romans crowned their warriors with the olive wreath, and extended to them a place among the gods. Statues were set up in public places, and men bowed the knee at the approach of a Cæsar or a Pompey. But such is foreign to the spirit of American democracy. We neither place our heroes on a pedestal among the gods, nor crown them with wild olive, nor erect arches in commemoration of their triumphs. It may be said that our cherished dead live more in memory than in memorial, for Nathaniel Macon lies buried without a slab to mark the place of his interment. But, thanks to the efforts of noble North Carolinians, a monument is to be erected to his illustrious memory within the near future.

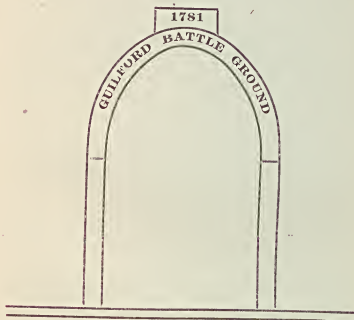
Again, the birth dates of Washington, Jefferson and Madison are passed over by many without so much as a word being spoken in their remembrance. In the South Lee is remembered with reverence and love, yet how many ever know the date of his birth or his death? But how instantaneously did Southern spirit show itself in the storm of criticism that showered against the banishment of its beloved general's portrait from the Hall of Fame! This fact shows that there is a latent spirit among our people that needs only to be called into action. It

is a fact to be commended and rejoiced in, that recent years have more fully awakened this spirit both in the North and in the South. Old battle-fields have been cleared, monuments erected, and epitaphs inscribed. Very often has it been the case that strife for sectional or partisan supremacy has transcended the bounds of true patriotism, but let us hope that such strife has in the long run made our country stronger and richer in the nobler elements of national life. Our country is "an indestructible union of indestructible States," and our history should be so taught that each generation may cherish the patriotism which conserves the rights of the States. Let sectional strife be lost in the honor and patriotism which stand guard over our Union, and all honor and reverence be rendered to the memory of those who fought on both sides.

Among the few spots of historic interest that have been reclaimed is the old battle ground of Guilford Court House. For many years the scene of this great contest lay almost forgotten; the scene of that terrible struggle, the result of which caused Lord Cornwallis to exclaim "another such victory would destroy the British army." Even now the old field presents the appearance of a scene of blood-shed. In 1887, the Guilford Battle Ground Company, composed of Dr. W. C. Benbow, Col. Thos. B. Keogh, Secretary David Schenck, Col. Julius A. Gray, Mr. J. W. Scott, and others, was organized, and by their faithful and heroic efforts they succeeded in reclaiming the old field from oblivion. It is situated about six miles from Greensboro, N. C., and presents, of course, a very different aspect from that of Revolutionary days, though the original is preserved as nearly as possible. It is now a frequent resort for visitors to the neighboring towns, as

well as for the inhabitants of the adjoining districts. Walks have been laid off, pavilions and numerous monuments erected.

On approaching the field one is at once attracted by a large arch at the entrance with the following inscription, thus:



To the left of the arch is a large monument to John Penn and William Hooper, bearing the following inscription:

"The remains of William Hooper and of John Penn, Delegates from North Carolina, who signed the Declaration of Independence, were re-interred here, May 9, 1894."

As he proceeds into the battle field proper, the observer notices various other monuments, among them, one to

the memory of a little drummer boy, who persisted in using his instrument, for which he was ignominiously murdered by the British soldiery. A little farther on is the Holt memorial, and, beyond that, a monument to Capt. John Morehead, with this inscription :

" 1779-'81.

Captain John Morehead, 10th Regiment of North Carolina
Continental Line."

Farther still is the tomb of Major John Davis,

"One of the well-tried patriots of our Revolution, who departed this life October 12, 1802. Aged 56 years."

Another turn to the right and one reaches a flat marble slab, with the following inscription :

"Beneath this monumental stone reposed
In shrouded gloom, the relics of the dead
Await the archangel's renovating triumph,
And the dread sentence of the Judge Supreme.
But God's the Judge! in truth, in truth, and yon robed
Impartial to reward the friend sincere,
The virtue of the patriot, parent, spouse,
And these, O, Major, these were surely thine.
Yes these were true and move still more conjoined
To endear these to thy family and friends,
To leave a lasting memory behind
And thy passport to realms of bliss."

One of the most interesting of all the monuments is one erected to the victims of British tyranny, who were hanged at Hillsboro. Upon one side the name of each martyr is inscribed. Upon the other is carved the figure of a man swinging from the limb of a tree, and under it, are inscribed the last words of James Pugh :

"Our blood will be as good seed in good ground that will soon produce an hundred fold."

Another interesting feature about the field are the different positions assumed by the contending forces.

There are slabs set up in various parts of the field, showing the various maneuvers, and the positions and formations of both the American and British lines.

However, what attracts the visitor more than anything else is the Battle Ground Museum. This museum is sustained by contributions from friends and from those who visit the place. It contains oil paintings of heroes of 1776, autographs of Washington, Greene, Lafayette, Sumner and others, besides many photographs and Indian relics. Among the paintings one notices especially that of George Washington, General Greene, Judge Murphy, Col. William Washington, John Penn, William Hooper, and Vance. There is also a very fine drawing of the Council Oak. Among the various Revolutionary relics are found the canteen used by John Morehead, the swords, spurs, buckles of numerous calvarymen, and some nails and bricks from Mt. Vernon. There are also some dumb-bells used by Colonel Ferguson, and an old "British Ledger, November 14, 1769. Kept at the Beste Court House." A very peculiar knife, "Skeen, D. H. U. Knife," worn by Scotch Highlanders is on exhibition, besides various pistols, rifles, and other weapons used by the American recruits. There are other articles, too numerous to mention, which at once excite the interest and curiosity of all lovers of antiques.

In conclusion, it may be observed that a visit to this historic battle ground is both interesting and instructive, and after one has traversed the field and inspected this unique museum, he can not but stand struck with awe and with reverence for the memory of those noble spirits who fought so bravely, that they might give to future generations a heritage such as was never yet bestowed on man.

A THANKSGIVING SONG

C. P. W.

Ole Mister Tukkey Gobbler gobbles mighty loud
An' spreads his wings an' struts so proud ;
'T aint many days he's got fer livin',
Fer he'll fill de pot on ole Thanksgiving'.

Ole Mister 'Possum am addin' to his weight—
Er eaten de 'simmons bofe early and late ;
Ole Mister Rabbit am gorgin' hese'f,
But ef dey don' min' dey'll shore git lef'.

Fer in de pot dey's boun' ter go,
So let 'em fill deysel'f an' grow ;
'Kase some o' dese days dey'll feel some lead,
An fin' deyse'f er layin' dead.

Sweet 'taters er layin' in de cellar ;
Apples er gittin' good an' meller—
Oh, how thankful I is fer livin',
An' er joyin' er dinner on ole Thanksgiving'.

HOW GENERAL LEE BECAME A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER L. NELSON.
Washington and Lee University.

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—There is no object to which we people of the South can point with more justifiable pride than our progress along the lines of higher education. In the midst of universal ruin and abject poverty, our fathers re-established their high schools, academies, colleges and universities, which have, for the last quarter of a century, grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of an energetic and knowledge-loving people. Surely such a record is a glorious one to contemplate, and yet, I doubt whether there is any incident in connection with these struggles that appeals more strongly to the heart of our people than this, that the greatest man of the South, after laying down his sword, refused offer after offer of enviable position and princely income, and devoted the remaining years of his life to the arduous duties of training Southern young men in higher living and thinking.

History has never sufficiently appreciated the potent influences of General Lee's educational work. His daily life and teachings were a continuous illustration of the following sentiments contained in his graceful letter of acceptance of the Presidency of Washington College: "I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony It is particularly incumbent upon those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority." That spirit of courage and high heroism with which our people calmly accepted the judgment of battle and applied themselves to the fulfilment of the duties and responsibilities of citizens of a united nation, was in no small degree due to the glorious example of their beloved chief, who, for five years of turmoil, darkness and poverty, assumed the office of the faithful and honored advisor and instructor of the very flower of Southern youth.

In the many biographies of General Lee more or less extended description has been made of this period. Yet there remains a good deal still to be written. Of special interest to all of us is the question: "How did the authorities of a poor Southern college succeed in securing the services of the great chieftain?"

THE STUDENT is to be congratulated in obtaining the following interesting and graphic account of General Lee's election from the pen

of Professor Alexander L. Nelson. Professor Nelson has occupied the chair of Mathematics at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), since 1854, and is, I think, the only surviving member of the Old Faculty who was present at the memorable Trustee Meeting described. Associated as he was in daily official duties for several years with General Lee, he is better qualified than any other man now living to speak of these events with graphic, personal interest.

It remains for me to return my sincere thanks and those of the editors of THE STUDENT to my honored teacher for this act of kindness. It is a great pleasure for me to announce in addition, that Professor Nelson has promised to give for publication some account of General Lee's life in Lexington and of his death. I trust that this interesting narrative will appear in an early number of THE STUDENT.*

J. H. GORRELL.]

When the war closed the college was a wreck, but the Board of Trustees animated by indomitable Scotch-Irish pluck determined to resuscitate it. It was announced that the board would meet on the 4th day of August, 1865. The members of the faculty were present by invitation, as most interested spectators.

Several highly respectable gentlemen and scholars were placed in nomination for president and their merits discussed.

At length the board seemed ready to take the vote.

Just then Col. Bolivar Christian arose and said, in a somewhat hesitating manner, that he deemed it his duty to make a statement, before the vote was taken, which might have some influence on the election. He then said that a lady friend of his, who was also a friend of Miss Mary Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, recently had told him that Miss Mary Lee had remarked to her that while the Southern people were willing and

* The editor wishes to thank Dr. Gorrell and, through him, Professor Nelson for a contribution of such historic interest, for few of us knew before "how General Lee became a college president."

ready to give to her father everything that he might need, no offer had ever been made him by which he could earn a living for himself and family.

A member asked Colonel Christian if he nominated General Lee. No, he replied, he would not do that, but he merely wanted the board to know what Miss Mary Lee had said.

Then various members of the board said what a great thing it would be for the college if the services of General Lee could be secured, and wondered if there was any chance of doing so.

At length, after repeated urging, Colonel Christian did make the nomination. All other names were immediately withdrawn and the roll was called, and General Lee was unanimously elected.

Then there was a pause, and silence prevailed for some moments. The board seemed oppressed with the gravity of the situation, and seemed to feel that they had acted rashly. How could they announce to the world that they had elected to the presidency of a broken-down college not only the greatest man in the South, but in many respects the greatest man in the world. And yet it was only brave men who could seize an opportunity like this. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

At length a member summoned courage to say that having taken that step, they must go on forward, and moved that a committee of five members, with the rector, be appointed to draft a letter to General Lee, apprising him of his election and urging his acceptance. Another member suggested that it would not avail to send a letter through the mail, but that it must be conveyed and presented by a personal representative, and that there

was no one so well qualified for that mission as the rector.

Judge Brockenbrough, the rector, was a large man of imposing appearance, of courtly manners, a good talker and an eloquent speaker. He had been Federal Judge of the Western District of Virginia, and had for many years conducted a flourishing law school in Lexington.

The Judge arose at once and, thanking the member for his kind words, said that he could not go; and glancing down at his well-worn clothes, said he could not make an appearance in General Lee's presence dressed as he was, and that those were the best clothes he had, and that he had no money whatever to buy others.

Mr. Hugh Barclay, a member of the board, who also was a large man, replied that one of his sons who lived in the North had sent him a suit of broadcloth which he thought would fit Judge Brockenbrough pretty well and that if he would wear this suit he would be welcome to it. The Judge thanked him, but said there was still another difficulty. That it would be quite a journey to Powhatan County, where General Lee was residing, and would necessitate some expense and that he had no money and that the college had none.

Colonel McLaughlin, another trustee, who was ever alive to the interests of the college, and who knew everything that occurred in town, said there was a lady living in Lexington who owned a farm in Buckingham County and who had recently secured the money for a crop of tobacco and that the college could borrow some of it.

Judge Brockenbrough, thus equipped and supplied, went on his mission. When he returned he reported that General Lee was willing to take the matter under consideration.

On the 24th of August General Lee wrote that he would accept the office of President of Washington College under certain conditions, one of which was that he could not undertake to give instruction to classes but could only undertake general supervision. The conditions imposed were readily accepted by the board and the announcement of General Lee's acceptance was made public.

Money was borrowed and every effort made to place the college in working order. On the 18th of September General Lee rode into town on "Traveller."

APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

BY WILLIAM H. PACE.

"John McCullen! Who wants that greenhorn to board here? I tell you right now, Jack Anderson, if you, as manager, get that John McCullen to come and board at this house, you will lose this boy. How about you, boys?"

"So say we all," was the single reply.

"Well, as you seem to object so much, of course I will not take him; but I tell you right now, there is something good in that fellow, and I like him."

"Birds of a feather *will* flock together," quotes one of the crowd.

"I'll declare, Buck Manners, you are a nice one to talk. There is lots more in that fellow than there is in you or ever will be!"

"Good afternoon, gentlemen; can any of you tell me where Mr. Anderson is?"

"Why hello, John, this is the same one. Come go up to my room," and taking the arm of John McCullen, Jack led the way up to his room.

The contrast of the two retreating figures brought a smile to the faces of the remaining students. Anderson was of medium height, fair complexion and neatly dressed. On the other hand, McCullen towered six feet two, had sandy-colored hair and face, and presented rather a shabby appearance. His clothes were threadbare and worn and of an old cut, coat too small, sleeves too short, and trousers above his shoe tops. Gawky and awkward, he was indeed a ludicrous sight.

"Well, John, old boy, I'm awfully sorry we have not room for another, because I would like to have you with

us, but we have as many as we can possibly accommodate. In fact, we have turned down several within the last few days.

"Here we are. Walk right in and take a seat—this rocker. Come, have a sociable smoke with me. Don't smoke? well, you are a curious fellow. How do you like college?"

"How do I like college? I haven't been here long enough to find out yet, but I don't think I will like it much. It is so lonesome here. I know the boys don't like me, and they shy me on account of my looks; but I can't help it, for these are all the clothes I have in the world, and I have borrowed just enough money to pay my expenses here, leaving out clothes, and I can't get more. Dad can't spare me any, for it is all he can do to earn enough for the home people, so I have no one to help me; and—oh Lord, I wish I was at home, working on the farm!"

"Come, come, cheer up, old fellow! Don't look at things in that light—don't pay any attention to the boys for they are a little envious sure enough. Brace up and battle against such odds as if you were worth a million. What care you for money?"

"I know, but it does seem hard for them to have what they want, look neat and tidy, and get along so easy, while I have to count every penny, wear shabby clothes, and have such a hard time."

"But, John, you have a good head on your shoulders and lots of ambition to make something of yourself—two things of which two-thirds of them are lacking. I would rather have your chances of being something and somebody in this world, six to one.

"By the way, I got a box from home yesterday and

intended telling you of it this morning. Won't you have some fruit? Won't have any; got to go? Well, if you must go, come around any time you feel like it."

"Thanks, I must go, but come up to see me any time you feel like walking up five flights of steps. But before I go I want to tell you that I am going to make these people realize that John W. McCullen is something else besides a greenhorn and a countryman, and will do what he thinks is right. I had about decided to quit and go home, but since your little talk I have decided to stay and fight it out. Good-day, sir."

* * * * *

"Haven't you heard the news? Man, you missed half your life. You know that jay fellow McCullen? Well, he saved Dr. Cotton's daughter just now, and came near paying for it with his own life."

"How, when, and where was it? Why we were all standing in front of the post-office waiting for the mail to be put up. Anderson and McCullen were standing off to one side, laughing and talking, seemingly all absorbed in their conversation. McCullen was evidently telling Jack how he got away with that conceited buck, Manners, when we heard the cry of "Runaway! Runaway!" and looking up Willow Wave saw a horse coming towards us at break-neck speed. As he drew near, what was our horror to recognize Dr. Cotton's horse, and Miss Elsie Cotton in the buggy! Her usually rosy cheeks were as pale as death, her lips compressed, and her eyes riveted on the running horse. Gripping the sides of the buggy, she was indeed a beautiful sight. The thought of what would happen when she turned the corner glued us to the spot. My legs positively refused to move, and so it was with the rest. Only one had the presence of

mind and courage to act, and that was John McCullen. Rushing into the middle of the street, he began to wave his arms vigorously up and down, at the same time shouting to the horse to whoa. On came the horse, paying no attention to the man in front of him, but, straining every muscle to get away from that noisy buggy. What would John do now? On came the horse; there stood John coolly awaiting him. Look! I can see him now. Only a few moments and the now frantic horse will be upon him! See! He has him, and, still clinging to the bridle, is being dragged underneath the running horse. My God! he will be killed. No, look, the horse is stopping. She is saved! Hurrah, three cheers for John McCullen!"

"Where is he now?"

"In Anderson's room and at the point of death, but I tell you he is a trump. Hurrah for McCullen!"

KING LEAR.

BY CURRIN G. KEEBLE.

The tragedy of *King Lear* appeals primarily to the feelings, as *Hamlet* does to the intellect. It is the tragedy of passion and of art, of fatalism and of retribution. It is distinctively pagan.

All through the play, the idea of an unerring fate is evident. Lear himself, in Act I, Scene 1, when he is disinheriting Cordelia, exclaims :

" By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care."

And Kent, in the latter part of the play, when comparing the old King's daughters, says :

" It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions ;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues."

The pagan notion of antagonism between the gods and man, or rather of the contempt of the former for the latter, is shown in the remark of Gloucester in Act IV, Scene 1 :

" As flies to wanton hogs are we to the gods ;
They kill us for their sport."

Cordelia, when a captive in her father's cause, consoles him with the observation :

" We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning have incurred the worst."

Poor consolation, since it admits the inability of man

to do anything for himself, recognizing only the principle that,

"Misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another case."

About the only speech made in the spirit of the freedom of man's will is by Lear, when, on the verge of madness, during the storm, he meets Edgar feigning madness in the hovel :

"O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflex to them,
And show the heavens more just."

It may be that Shakespeare merely wished to express his own sentiments, using the King as a mouth-piece; or that he wished to represent him in a state of clairvoyance, as it were, as demented people often are; or, simply to please the public.

Edmund, however, the illegitimate son of Gloucester, is an exception. He yields no credence to the superstitions of his fellowmen. To him the stars are no more than what they appear. As a great many men, since the beginning of the world have been, he is too base even to be superstitious, a quality, as an eminent writer has said, that makes religion possible, and is in some degree amiable. He seeks only his own gain, by whatever means he can, and scoffs at the simple beliefs of his fathers. Yet even this man is not absolutely bad; for when brought face to face with death he repents and tries to make some amends for his crimes.

Side by side with fatalism is the idea of retributive

justice. Edgar says to his brother Edmund, when he has won in combat :

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where this he got
Cost him his eyes,"

and Edmund replies:

"Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle:
I am here."

All things move in circles; for every misdeed and for every good deed there must be a compensation. So long as things are done in proper measure, or according to nature, all things are harmonious, but a violation of their order causes discord. The lives of the several characters of Lear exemplify this. Edmund, Gonril, Regan, whose lives were blackened with crime, all meet violent deaths. Lear's death is pathetic in the extreme, though not shocking, because he had atoned for his transgression by his sufferings; while in the case of Cordelia, who had loved according to her bond; whose life had been in unison with all nature, all is happy and fortunate until her defeat and murder; and even these events seem a triumph for her:

"Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense,"

says Lear just before he and Cordelia are sent to prison. We feel that virtue and its personification, Cordelia, though overthrown for the time by an inscrutable destiny, are yet victorious. Morally they are the conquerors.

Another prominent characteristic of Lear is the sympathy of nature, using the word in its literal sense. The moral and the physical universe change concomitantly.

Nature does not pity human suffering, but rather is in hostile opposition to it. The pagan conception as to their relations to one another is shown by the speech of Lear in the third act, when he thus addresses the storm :

“Rumble thy belly full! Spit fire! Spout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man.
But yet I tell you, servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this, O! O! 'tis foul!”

The music at the awakening of Lear from his madness when he is so beautifully and touchingly reconciled to Cordelia, may be regarded as symbolic of the faces of nature, which seem to smile upon man while fortune favors him, but frown upon him while he is unfortunate. Through the senses we are attuned by the music to a new situation. The knocking at the gate in Macbeth is an analogous case.

A brief comparison of Lear with Hamlet will show the vast difference between the tragedy of passion and the tragedy of thought. The haughty and imperious Lear does not act from mature reflection; he has no motive but passion. He is a creature of feeling. Cordelia is disinherited simply because she will not flatter him as her sisters do. In vain the faithful Kent remonstrates with him that he may not act so rashly. Nothing must oppose his will, and Kent is banished for his good advice. The magnitude of Lear's sufferings is in proportion to that of his sins. The unutterable agony

of such a soul! It is comparable only to the fury of the storm, at which with bared breast he rages:

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanes spout,
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-exciting fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world:
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,
That make ungrateful man!"

So of his love. The intensity of his final affection for Cordelia is such that death alone can separate him from her. Hamlet, on the contrary, is of a contemplative nature; his resolutions are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Passion is subordinated to intellect. He forms his plans with coolness and upon plausible grounds.

We have deferred speaking specifically of the art of Lear until by an exposition of the prominent characteristics of the play it may be made apparent. Though Shakespeare does not observe the technical unities, he does observe a grander and more sublime unity. Lear is written from the standpoint of the Greeks, whose name for the universe was "Kosmos," or order, and we are taught never to transgress the universal order of things, an order of harmony and love.

Let excessive passion once carry us without the circle, discord and pain must ensue.

EARLY DAYS AT WAKE FOREST.

BY A. G. HEADEN.

As you request me to write for your Magazine some recollections of Wake Forest in her early days, I cannot refuse, for it carries me back to my happy boyhood and to the College in her earliest infancy, and only a few of us are left to "tell the story."

Sixty-seven years have come and gone, and of course many interesting reminiscences have faded from my memory, but I will try to tell that which made the deepest impressions on my boyish mind.

In the summer of 1834, just before I had reached my twelfth birthday, my father and I started early in the morning from our home on Hickory Mountain in Chat-ham county, travelling nearly three days to reach the College, riding in a vehicle, called in those days a "chair," a kind of gig with two wheels and no springs, over the rough country roads—it was not quite so enjoyable as a trip to Wake Forest now would be, in about three hours, lounging in a handsome passenger coach on the train. A little hair trunk, containing my wardrobe, was snugly packed under the seat of the "chair." We forded Haw River just below where Bynum's Factory now stands, and well do I remember the rocks in that ford; that night we reached the home of Mr. John Hackney, whose son, the late Joshua Hackney, was also a student of Wake Forest. Early the next morning we started for Raleigh, where we spent the night at a hotel kept by a Mr. Lawrence, and drove out to the College the third day.

This was the first year of the school, and the building was the residence of a wealthy gentleman, and the ser-

vants' houses were used for the boys' sleeping apartments. My room was in a field northeast of the college building, and we crossed the fence on over a stile made of sawed blocks, and there was a blind negro who brought fruits, nuts, etc., to sell to the students, and I remember so accustomed was he to crossing, that he never made a mis-step. Our dining-hall was a tent minus the sides, covered with canvas, which was very pleasant when the weather was warm and bright, but when it rained was rather rough. Many happy frolics we had under that tent at meal time. Our meat was generally fresh beef and sometimes we would tire of it; one day at dinner a mischievous student remarked, "Now, boys, lets endeavor to eat *all this beef*." Students, as a rule, were not admitted under twelve years of age, but as I was so near twelve I was allowed to enter, consequently was one of the youngest pupils. At that time Wake Forest was a Manual Labor School, and it was pretty hard to go out to work on hot afternoons, therefore we had a great deal of afternoon sickness. I remember so well being called before the President for failure to attend to some agricultural duty; my excuse was that I was sick; he inquired if I ate my dinner, and I had to say "Yes, sir," for I had eaten, and while I was not feeling well, my sickness was not serious enough to have prevented me from joining in something more pleasant than work. And after that when I wished to be excused I did not eat dinner.

There were about seventy students, and Dr. Wait, of blessed memory, was our faithful and honored President—no purer, better man ever lived. I don't remember how many, but he had only a few teachers to assist him. I think he was a widower at that time, but I do not know. He had one child, a pretty daughter, and being always

susceptible to female charms, I fell desperately in love with her, but both being so young I suppose it was what you term "puppy love," and ended with our separation.

On one occasion during that year Ira T. Wyche and another student attended a meeting in the country and were converted ; when they returned filled with religious zeal it spread among the students and caused quite a revival in the college.

If I mistake not, Colonel Crenshaw, who lives near Wake Forest, was my schoolmate there, and, if so, he is the only one living at present that I can recall. I remember that I used to go to his father's mill and make my small purchases at his store.

Wake Forest has made rapid strides since those good old days long ago, and I have watched her progress with interest and pride, and noted the noble Christian men she has sent out, not only in her own State but to all parts of the world, and I believe that the mantle of her first and beloved President has fallen on the worthy shoulders of my friend and her President of to-day. God bless him and his work.

IN WHICH HE DINED WITH LEE.

BY GEORGE E. KORNEGAY, JR.

It was a cold December night. But the ordinary group of idlers were gathered around the warm stove in the village store, and to their number was added a visitor, a rather old man of sturdy build, ruddy complexion, and sparkling eyes. Uncle John, as they called him, had been quite a hero during the civil war. He was promoted for gallantry at Gettysburg, whipped the whole Yankee army on one occasion single-handed, and grounded arms with Lee at Appomattox. Since the war he had lived in the Hoover Creek district, where he was a rather indifferent farmer, but the best bee-keeper, cattle raiser and hunter and fisherman in the neighborhood. To-night, as the usual yarns were spun about the war, he was persuaded by the friend with whom he had come to tell the following story. It may well be true—certainly the manner in which it was told would indicate as much :

“Well, about thirty years ago, on a night just as cold as this, we marched into Hagerstown, awfully tired, for we had been fighting all day. I did not have any shoes, and my feet were badly frost-bitten. The surgeon, seeing my condition, ordered me to the rear, but before I could hobble back we were ordered to retreat to a good camping place half a mile beyond the river, Ramseur thinking we were too close to the enemy’s line.

“I was nearly frozen when I reached camp. I built a fire hoping that I would get warm enough to unbuckle my knapsack. With it once opened I would enjoy a repast fit for the gods. That morning I had come across a broken-down army wagon left by the flying

'Yanks.' Under the seat I found a box with a big fat turkey, nicely browned, some apple butter, a box of crackers and a canteen of peach brandy.

"I had not been there long when I had visitors. Lee, Ramseur and Ewell rode up, dismounted and took possession of my fire just as if they had built it and intended to stay for the night.

"As soon as they had got thawed out, Lee said to Ramseur: 'This is certainly bad weather on the poor private.' To which Ramseur replied, 'It is pretty bad, but I can't see that the officers are much better off, as the climate of Maryland, My Maryland, shows no partiality, and as for producing anything, why General, I haven't seen as much food in this God-forsaken country as would give a rabbit a square meal.'

"I was lying off there listening, and presently I said, 'Generals, I have a little bite to eat if you will accept of it.' You ought to have seen Ramseur's face, happy as a darkey at the thought of 'possum and taters.'

"Well, I set my victuals before them and they went at them like darkies at a big 'settin' up.' It was not long before turkey bones were scattered around the camp fire, and the biscuits and butter were nowhere to be seen.

"Ramseur finished first and remarked, 'I will go get a drink of water and bring some back with me.'

"He started out and as he passed me he whispered, 'I've got an awful cold, wish you would lend me a little of that brandy.' I gave him the canteen and he went on to the river.

"When he came back they wanted to know where the water was. 'O yes,' he replied, 'why, that water was so muddy that I knew you couldn't drink it, so I

didn't bring any.' Lee smiled at Ewell, and I noticed that Ramseur did not walk very erect.

"While Ramseur was at the river, Lee came over to where I lay and asked to what regiment I belonged, and all about me. After he had heard my story, that victor of victors shed tears to think how I had suffered. They were not gone long before an ambulance came and took me to the hospital. Lee never forgot his soldier boy."

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

BY DELOS W. SORRELL.

The death of Mr. Gladstone took from European political life a great historical figure. A great mind, an ever-advancing leader at the head of human progress and liberty has fallen, but the radiance of his life remains throughout the entire world. For years to come his life will be held up as a great example for men who are striving for success in the political world, and his great deeds will be remembered by men of all ages.

In the public career of every man, there are those influences which shape his life, either for good or for bad. Those most prominent in Gladstone's life were these: his Scottish blood, his Oxford education, and his apprenticeship in public life under Sir Robert Peel.

For more than a generation he was closely associated with the public affairs of England, and throughout the entire time proved himself one of the greatest men in all Europe, Prince Bismark being his greatest contemporary. Gladstone was a scholar, a literary man, a statesman, and, at the same time, a true Christian gentleman. Though he was a politician, he never wearied himself with the burden of fortune-getting. For many reasons his course seems to have been an ideal one. Fortune seemed to smile upon him. He always met his enemies on fair grounds, and was ready for them at any time and on any subject. When his emotions were stirred he kindled quickly, and, when kindled, shot forth in a strong and brilliant flame.

Gladstone was born at Liverpool, and the year of his birth was pregnant with history. James Madison was

President of the United States ; Napoleon had reached the summit of his glory in his triumphant assault upon Vienna, and the beginning of his tragic decline in the divorce of Josephine ; Wellington, with Waterloo beckoning him, had crossed the Duoro ; the Pope of Rome was a prisoner ; the battle of Wagram had been fought and won, and all Europe was under sword when Gladstone was given to humanity.

He was of Scotch lineage, and when quite young he was taught to think for himself, to have his own convictions, and hold to them so long as he thought that they were true. At a very early age he was sent to Eton where he became the scholar ; later he went to Oxford where the true man was polished to become the great man that he was. At this early age Gladstone was one of the most promising young men of his time. He graduated at Oxford at a comparatively young age with double first-class honors, and, as is the case with but few young men, he was educated upon very broad lines. After graduating, he travelled for more than a year through Europe acquiring new languages, and when he returned we find him still a young man equipped for success.

Soon he was elected a member of Parliament, thus realizing his first success as a politician. He entered the House of Commons with a dignity and modesty that attracted favorable attention to himself. His first speech was an able one, remarkable for its eloquence. From that time on he was recognized as a man of parts. He was a master of debate, and no man was ever his equal unless it was Fox. In debate he never showed a trace of lightness or humor ; he was always serious and ready. He could speak with comparative ease on the great

and grave questions of the day. It is said that he was so talented, and kept up with the current events so closely, that it did not seem to cost him an effort to speak.

From this time on Gladstone had but one profession—that of public life. Extra opportunities came to him as a mere favor, but, to his credit, it may be said that he never misused one of them. It is rare to find in the life of any man so little record of wasted or misdirected effort as is found in the career of Gladstone. He had his troubles and suffered defeats as a politician, but he always stemmed the tide of disappointment, his defeats seeming to be stepping-stones to greater and more glorious victories.

Gladstone was a great philanthropist, and should we leave out that part of his life we would do him great injustice. He cared more for the working-class than anyone else; more for the spread of education than the advocates of a compulsory system; and more for the spiritual independence of the church than the highest Tories. Gladstone's battles were not alone for British trade and prosperity, but for British manhood and principles. His influence in this direction is felt in the remotest corners of the world. He gave to modern political thought a width and depth of liberality and a humane coloring that will illumine the hearts and minds of his fellowmen through the centuries to follow him. His work for the people of Ireland was great and laborious, and the people of that island should be grateful to his memory for the services which he rendered them.

Reviewing his career, and summing up the impressions of those who knew him best, his dignity is the feature which dwells most in the mind, as the outline of

some majestic mountain moves us at a far distance when the smaller beauties have faded. As elevation was the note of his oratory, so was magnanimity the note of his character.

As has been said, "To Englishmen, Mr. Gladstone has been like a sun which, sinking slowly, has grown larger as it sank, and filled the sky with radiance even while it trembled on the verge of the horizon. There were able men and famous men, but there was no one comparable with him in power, fame, and honor. Now he is gone. The piercing eye is dim, the mellowed voice is silent, and the light has died out of the sky."

USE OF THE GYMNASIUM.

BY C. C. CRITTENDEN.

The many students attempting for the first time regular physical training may find the following of interest. Explanations or further directions will be cheerfully given.

"The first requisite for success in life is to be a good animal." "A sound mind in a sound body," and whatever imperils his physical health imperils also the vigor and even sanity of his mind. Physical endurance is necessary for long-continued mental exertion, and he who, through greater vigor of heart and lungs, sends more and purer blood to his brain, can actually think more vigorously and more soundly. With health, no lot can be altogether unhappy; without it, none more than tolerable. Health is too great a price to pay for any earthly good; and he who pays it for learning, or fame, or power, generally loses both. For thorough health there should be:

- (1) Plenty of exercise, cheerfully and vigorously taken.
- (2) Alternating periods of exertion and rest—not all your day's exercise in a lump.
- (3) Direct contact of body with free air and light. In German sanitariums consumptives are made to go bare-headed, to sleep with windows let fully down from the top and blinds wide open, and remain perfectly nude for at least two hours a day.
- (4) Perfect cleanliness.
- (5) No violent sudden changes.

The above consumption-cure if begun suddenly would hardly prove beneficial.

(6) Plenty of walking in open air (no gymnasium can substitute for that); running at "fox-trot" gait; no curvature of spine or neck in studying. If you must lean over, bend from the hips. Use a sloping-top desk; a flat-top table will, in time, make anyone round-shouldered. *Study standing*, at a high desk, and you will almost certainly not suffer from indigestion, constipation, or several other complaints caused by the study-table.

(7) *Regular, healthful habits.* Gymnasium exercises will soon be given up, and your daily habits will make or mar you. Watch especially your *eating, sitting, standing, walking, breathing.*

(8) Plenty of sleep and a regular bed-time. It's poor economy to gain an hour or two to-night and lose all the morrow through being too "stewed up" to work. The men who are newest at college or who study most irregularly can generally be "spotted" through their boasting of "not going to bed till three o'clock," etc.

The development of particular muscles to the neglect of the others is almost always harmful to the general health, and makes the exercised parts soon become muscle-bound.

Build up your weaker side or limb to the strength of the other. "Never put up a bell with either arm more times than you can with the weaker."

"Exercise most those muscles least used in your regular daily work." (If your daily duties do not themselves conduce to health and vigor, so alter them that they shall.)

To reduce flesh on any part, or to develop it, exercise that part.

Never *tire out* a muscle. You may thus undo weeks of profitable training.

Light exercises, repeated briskly till the muscles are somewhat tired, are best. Heavy weights make one stiff and muscle-bound, and are dangerous.

No violent, exhausting exercise, especially of the abdomen, should be taken immediately before or immediately after a meal. Light exercises, however, at such times are beneficial.

Give preference to those exercises that call into play the greatest number of muscles. Bending exercises, except as above stated, are therefore especially to be emphasized.

Developing the chest muscles is not necessarily developing the lungs. Practice for some minutes, two or three times a day, deep breathing; also rapid walking and the "fox trot."

To restore any part (as a low shoulder) to its normal position, push the part towards and past the normal several times till tired. Repeat frequently. Try to carry constantly at the normal.

The *bulk* of food needed by anyone remains about constant, its *nutritive value* should vary with the amount of exercise taken. The laboring man's system demands much meat; the average student should eat very little. And remember that the American appetite is proverbially voracious,—we eat at least a third too much, and more than any other civilized people—and American dishes are proverbially indigestible. "We dig our graves with our teeth." Scholarship and athletics are incompatible with pastry and fried foods, and it is not strange that the gloomiest religion and the mince pie originated with the same people. Eat little, eat slowly, eat cheerfully.

Always exercise *by the clock* (not less than fifty minutes); else you are very apt to mistake three minutes for thrice three.

Regularity is the great secret of success. Exercise *every* day, unless you believe you are "stale."

Exercise *vigorously, cheerfully, intelligently*, knowing what muscle each movement is intended to develop and keeping your attention on that muscle.

Your measurements, taken at regular intervals, will best indicate your needs and your progress.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUSEBIAN SOCIETY.
W. L. VAUGHAN.....Editor
T. E. BROWNE.....Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.
J. A. McMILLAN.....Editor
P. R. ALDERMAN.....Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. L. VAUGHAN, Editor.

The
Thanksgiving
Debate.

And, boys, what are we going to do on Thanksgiving? We look forward to *the Great Event*. For four years this annual debate has taken place between Wake Forest and Trinity. Each year it has gained in interest, not only for the two colleges, but for Raleigh and the whole State. But the coming one promises to be the most interesting of all. Each college has won twice; we now stand even. Which will tip the scales? Wake Forest's "showing" could not be bettered. Her speakers are as good as she could ask. Besides the great burden does not rest with them, it rests with us—the student-body. The success of our speaker depends, in a great measure, upon the interest we manifest. So let us board "the special," in one solid body, on Thanksgiving day, and go to Raleigh with the determination to inspire our speakers and win the cup.

A Card Index
for the
Library.

For years our library has been recognized as one of the best in the State, yet during all this time, the Curator has seen that, although it is not so large, it is very unwieldy. Therefore it has been a puzzling question how to make the library most useful. As one of our predecessors has said, "Our library at present is not a factor in student life." The average student seldom visits the library, and few know how or where to find what they wish. Owing to this fact there is in preparation a card index. The index will be arranged according to Dewey's decimal system. Heretofore the library has been classified, to a small extent, according to this system, but now the system will be used in all its details. The index will contain subject, author, and title cards. This will enable the student to ascertain, before visiting the shelves, exactly what the library contains on any subject. It will probably be complete and ready for use by the beginning of our next school year.

The value of this index is inestimable, for it will enable any one—even the most inexperienced—to consult any book, on any subject, he may wish. Further, it will teach every one who visits the library the right use of books, which is one of the marks of an educated man, and really the foundation of all knowledge.

Li Hung
Chang.

The death of Li Hung Chang has brought forth various and conflicting opinions as to his true character and greatness, yet all agree that there is no one in the Empire to-day who can fill his place. His is the name around which has clustered the history of events in China for the past forty years. He graduated in Peking with the doctor's degree and the mandarin's button. He first came into public

notice during the Taiping rebellion, and it was during this time, while associated with Gordon and Ward, that he first came to know the Western temperament. From then on he endeavored to introduce the world to China and China to the world. He now rose rapidly into power until the losses of China, in the war with Japan, brought him into disfavor, although he had not been responsible for that war; but his services were soon demanded in the treaty with Japan. He was several times in disfavor, but was each time recalled. In 1896, he took a trip around the world. In this country he was received with great interest and respect. It was Li who brought about the reconciliation of China with the Powers. He was the first and only progressive Chinaman. He did everything that has been done to lead China on the road to civilization. He started a navy, organized an army, built roads, laid railways, and established the telephone and telegraph. His life has certainly been to the Empire a useful one. His death is not as great a loss to his country to-day as it would have been a few years ago. At that time his name was associated with those of Bismarck and Gladstone as the three greatest living statesmen.

The Schley
Court of
Inquiry.

It seems that every one except Admiral Sampson who can throw any light on the charges against Admiral Schley has been heard before the court of inquiry, and, although the evidence has closed, it is said that the court will not be able to arrive at a decision until about the first of next year. The judges have been fair in all of their decisions thus far, and seem fully to realize the gravity of the case. Throughout, Admiral Schley has retained that quiet dig-

nity which seems characteristic of him. During the last week he took the stand and told, from his own point of view, the story of the Santiago campaign up to the time when Sampson took command, and of the destruction of the Spanish fleet.

Most of Schley's sympathizers have considered his evidence as conclusive proof of his innocence of the charges. There have been but two points of any weight made by the Judge Advocate and his side: the "retrograde movement" and the "loop." The friends of Schley claim that his explanation of these two so-called blunders has been sufficient to satisfy even his enemies of the wisdom of his action. That the "retrograde movement" was not exactly right they cannot deny, yet they claim that no officer can be absolutely perfect, and we doubt seriously whether Admiral Sampson could show the wisdom of all his actions during the same war. Whatever may be said of Schley and his conduct during the Sautiago blockade, he has certainly cleared himself of the charges of cowardice so maliciously heaped upon him by Maclay. It has been shown that Maclay used the names of some of the naval officers, without their knowledge or consent, as agreeing with his false charges; and now one of Sampson's friends tells the public that Sampson did not approve the proof sheets of Maclay's book. From all that has lately developed, we think that even Schley's enemies can no longer uphold Maclay in his falsity. But we do not propose to try to vindicate Schley.

We can not foretell the decision of the court, but however it may decide, Schley will have vindicated himself before the eyes of the public, which will uphold the true hero of Santiago. But we do not doubt that the judges will do their duty. Surely, they can not afford to do otherwise.

EXCHANGES.

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

One of the most striking and commendable features of *The Converse Concept* is its neat and pretty cover. "The Harmony of Life" is a good poem. "Concerning the Prince" is not as suitable title for the excellent story. "The Prophecy of Immortality" is the best in the magazine, and contains several beautiful expressions.



The October number of *The Blue and Gold* is very poor. The editors were in sore need of material as they resorted to the publication of the speeches made at a debate June the 10th. "The History of Football" is interesting on account of the information in it. The most commendable article is the beautiful poem, "The Nation's Chief," written in memory of the late President. Its editorials are woefully lacking in thought.



The Fiction number of *The Vassar Miscellany* is splendid; all of the pieces are distinguished by their thought and naturalness. "Miss Samantha's Mortgage" and "The Quiet Man" are the best in it; their plots are well developed. "When He Came to Himself" is an interesting typical story about country life. "Gutje" is an admirable child's story. "The Man Who Scowled" and "The Wooing of Miss Lydia" are unique stories, but their plots are not so good as the others.



The Baylor Literary for October is very prompt, and is neatly printed. "Resignation" is a sad poem, but its poetic merit is very laudable. The biographical sketch of Charles Spurgeon gives us a clear insight into his life and character. "An Unfenced Pasture" is a splendid story and admirably written. Prof. A. J. Ritchie's articles on "Elocution and Practical Public Speaking" is instructive; both its composition and expression are fine. "Woman's Way" is simple and poor.

The Ottawa Campus is to be commended for changing from a pamphlet form to that of a magazine. "The Poet's Mission" is the best in its September issue. "Extracts from a Senior's Diary" contains some rich experiences but it is poorly written. It is devoid of fiction and its poetry, except "Remorse," is of an inferior quality.



The October number of the *Davidson College Magazine* is not as good as one would expect from such a large staff of editors. "Why She Never Married" is a strange piece of fiction and well written. "A Mountain Ode" is a pretty poem and good in execution. "The Capture of Governor Burke" is interesting and shows much research. Its editorials are lacking in variety.



The October number of *The William Jewell Student* is very prompt and comes to us with several good articles. There is "more truth than poetry" in the poem, "Vacation on the Farm." The poetic diction of "The Dawn" is fine; it is the best poem in the magazine. "The Knell of Anarchism" is a timely article and good in its composition. "Questionings" is an expansion of one of the points brought out in the article, "The Deserted Present," of the June issue. There is not much meritorious fiction in this number.



The commencement number of *The William Jewell Student* was late in arriving. It is an excellent edition and the pictures dispersed through it add much to its attractiveness. "An Introduction to Walt Whitman" is finely done and manifests a thorough knowledge of the poet on the part of Mr. Edwards, the writer. "The Story of a Mysterious Tragedy" and "What a Glove Did" are pieces of fiction above the average stories in several of our contemporaries. "The Deserted Present" and "The Enjoyment of Music" are splendid articles characterized by much thought. "Country Boys and High Positions" is an essay full of sound common sense; it is expressed concisely and interestingly written. The poems in this issue contribute largely to its excellence: "The End of Day," "The Miser" and "Inspiration" are worthy of special mention.

The essays which make up the October issue of *The Journal* are worthy of much commendation. "Aspiration," "Preaching Merely for Practice," and the poem "A Little While," deserve special mention; they show thought and study. The editorials do not compare well with the other articles; they lack variety and thought.



The splendid poems of the *University of Virginia Magazine* constitute the best in it, and the articles "Four Early Essayists of England," "A Place for Southern Letters," and "The Legend of Spook Island" make it much better than the majority of magazines. "Taillefer" is a pretty translation from the German of Uhland; "Inez" is a beautiful poem and its poetic diction is fine. As is the fault with most of our October exchanges, so it is with this one—its editorials are poor.



The College of Charleston Magazine has very few articles but they are very good. "The Bottom of The Pyramid" is an interesting story, and "The College Literary Society: Its Aims and Obstacles" is a splendid article with sound thought. "The Stars of the Night" is a good translation from the German of E. M. Arndt. The exchange editor gives us some needed and helpful advice in regard to reviewing college magazines. The editorial department is poor and lacks material in its editorials. The Book Reviews are thoroughly written.



The Trinity Archive for October is resplendent with its cover of gaudy colors. "Theodore Roosevelt" and "John Fiske" are historical sketches, enumerating in an entertaining manner the important events in their lives. "His Answer at the Bar" and "Primo Cave" are tragical love-stories, the composition of which is fine and interesting. It is very pleasing to read such a good article as Mr. E. F. Hines has written; its title is "A Journal of the Eighteenth Century." "A Game for Two" is amusing, but poor in plot and composition. The editorials are varied and well-written; the one on professionalism in college athletics is very timely and applicable.

The Richmond College Messenger comes to us with a brilliantly decorated cover of red and black. After the insignificant poem on "Faith," which is the first piece, comes "The Future of Richmond College," placed in the most conspicuous part of the magazine. As this subject is not of universal interest it would look better if it were inserted in a less conspicuous place. "The Origin and Development of Roman Law" and "Lee as a College President: Reminiscences of His Work in Lexington" are good articles, and the best in the magazine. "Rat and Junior" is exceedingly bad in every respect. The editorials are poor, and are all written about *The Messenger* and the college.



The following magazines have also been received: *The Emory and Henry Era*; *The Guilford Collegian*; *The Pine and Thistle*; *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*; *The Cento*; *The Shamrock*; *The Buff and Blue*; *The Limestone Star*; *Wofford College Journal*; *The Georgia Tech.*; *The Chisel*; *The Central Collegian*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

T. E. BROWNE, Editor.

'92. Rev. Clarence D. Graves is pastor at Franklin, Ohio.

'80-81. Col. W. D. Pollock, of Kinston, is on Governor Aycock's staff.

'92. Mr. J. Paul Spence is now Principal of the New Bern Graded School.

'89-92. Rev. Rufus W. Weaver, of Middletown, Ohio, spent his vacation abroad.

'96. Mr. C. R. Hairfield has accepted a professorship in Simmons College, Abilene, Texas.

Of the six members of the editorial staff of the *Seminary Magazine*, Wake Forest has three representatives—Messrs. C. R. Taylor, '99, H. B. Folk, '95-97, and J. S. Snyder, '98.

'69-73. Mr. W. M. Newbold has recently become business manager of the "*Department News*," published in Washington, D. C. He has practised law in that city several years.

'83-'86. Prof. N. W. Britton has a very prosperous school at Woodland, N. C. Prof. Britton has been the faithful and successful Principal of Woodland High School now for several years.

1900. Rev. Oscar L. Powers was ordained to the Gospel ministry at Harrod's Creek church, Kentucky, Dr. A. T. Robertson and Dr. Geo. B. Eager taking part. He paid us a visit recently.

The annual address at the Guilford Battle Ground celebration, July 4th, by Mr. Rowland F. Beasley ('90-92), editor of the *Monroe Journal*, was printed in full in the *Charlotte Observer* of July 7.

'91-92. Rev. Cary Newton, the Baptist pastor in Greensboro, spent a portion of his vacation the past summer in Wake Forest. He filled the pulpit here on one occasion with great acceptability.

'90-92. Mr. D. Schuyler Moss, now in the mercantile and lumber business in Halifax, N. C., was united in marriage to Miss Lucie C. Dean, of Henderson, October 17th, Dr. J. D. Hufham officiating.

'77. Rev. E. E. Folk, D. D., Editor of the *Baptist and Reflector* (Tennessee) published last July his studies of Mormonism with the title "The Mormon Monster." It is considered the best treatise on the subject.

'83. Prof. Gaither C. Briggs, since 1891 Principal of the North Missouri Institute at Salisbury, Mo., has resigned that position and is now on a visit to North Carolina. We should be glad to see him at Wake Forest.

'91-'92. Rev. Thomas J. Hudson, formerly of Wake Forest, later a missionary to China, has been called to Conway Springs, Kansas, and will take up the work there. We send him the greetings and good wishes of his North Carolina friends.

'98. Rev. J. S. Snider, who is taking his theological course in the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, has been engaged to teach classes in beginner's Greek in the Seminary. A compliment to him and to his Wake Forest teacher, Dr. Royall.

The marriage of Rev. John Hiram Grant ('87-88) and Miss Hall, of Andover, Mass., occurred October 1st. Mr. Grant attended Wake Forest from Goldsboro, N. C. He is a Congregationalist minister. After January 21st, 1902, they will be at home in Meriden, Conn.

'00. Tarboro has called Rev. T. S. Crutchfield for her pastor. He is a young man, not long out of college, but by hard work, faithful service, and genuine consecration he has built up a growing church in his field. He will carry on the fine work of Craige in Tarboro.

'91-92. Rev. W. Jasper Howell's church in Cortland, N. Y., recently celebrated its one hundredth anniversary in several days of impressive services. The chief feature was the instructive historical sermon by the pastor. On June 19th Mr. Howell sailed for Europe. He had engagements to preach in England, Scotland and Ireland.

'70. Rev. George W. Greene is held to be one of the most useful and accomplished of the missionaries of the Southern Convention. On the 7th of October he left Cary, N. C., with his family to return to his post in Canton, China. He had been detained in this country by the protracted illness of Mrs. Greene. Mr. Greene was for one year Professor of Latin in Wake Forest College.

'89. Mr. Fred L. Merritt, managing editor of the *News and Observer*, resigns his position. Mr. Merritt has been connected with the *Observer* since his graduation at Wake Forest, and in the meantime having represented Wake County in the House of Representatives. He has grown to be the best newspaper man in North Carolina, and has declined a number of flattering offers to go to larger cities, but has recently felt impelled to accept an offer of a responsible position on the staff of the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

'76. Rev. J. L. Britt, a noble and faithful herald of the cross, passed into rest September 1, 1901. After graduating he went into the ministry and performed his duty faithfully and creditably, until a few years ago, when he received injuries which incapacitated him for the ministry. He spent the latter days of his life on his farm in Sampson County, caring for and training his family. His life was such that it had great influence for good in his community. He was one of the four members of the class in which Dr. Powers graduated, the other two being B. F. Montague and J. T. Bland.

'80-'85. Prof. W. C. Allen, Superintendent of the Waynesville Schools, has depicted the lives of many of the leading characters in the Old North State in a most graphic and engaging style. The stories begin with the landing of the first English people, and present the most important features of North Carolina's history from this point down through the Revolution. The sketches have a local flavor and coloring not to be found in a primary history, and they make delightful reading, not only for the school children, for whom they are especially intended, but for every lover of North Carolina. It is announced that this series will be followed by another, bringing the history of the State down to the present time.

'94. As a reporter, Mr. T. J. Pence has but one equal and no superior in the State. He has what the newspaper men call, "a nose for the news." He knows the news when he hears it, and knows how to get it. The *News and Observer* has added him to its staff to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Merritt.

'98. Rev. T. Neil Johnson is doing fine work as Field Secretary of Sunday Schools for the Baptists in this State. After taking the highest degree in College he went to Newton Theological Seminary where he took a full course. Having had special training in Sunday School work while at the Seminary, and at the same time connected with Ruggles Street Sunday School in Boston, one of the best Sunday Schools in all the North, he is especially well fitted for the position which he holds. Even while in College he showed his powers as a leader of men, and as an individual thinker. He was one of the men who won the "honors" for Wake Forest in our first intercollegiate debate with Trinity College. In the words of Dr. N. E. Wood, "In fine, we regard him as one of our very best men, and expect of him an unusual and good future of usefulness."

'84. William Walton Kitchen entered Wake Forest College when he was about fifteen years old. Although young he came with the determination to be a man. He was a great favorite among the students while in College, and the tact of making friends has followed him in his career. He was a thorough student, an excellent speaker, having won the Declaimer's Medal open to the entire College. The first two years after he finished College he spent at his home in Scotland Neck, helping his father, the late Capt. W. H. Kitchen, edit *The Democrat* and teaching school part of the time. In 1886, having a desire to spend some time in another State, he went to Texas. In 1888 he returned to North Carolina, read law at Chapel Hill, and was admitted to the bar September, 1888. He then moved to Roxboro, where he has practiced law ever since, having grown to be one of the leading lawyers of this State. In 1896 he was nominated for Congress against the Republican nominee, Thomas Settle. During this campaign Mr. Kitchen made many able speeches, which resulted in a great victory for the Democrats. He was also elected to Congress in 1898, and again in 1900.

During the past few weeks their friends at Wake Forest have received the following invitations:

"The honor of your presence is requested at the marriage of Mrs. Virginia Carroll Copeland to Mr. Archibald Cunningham Cree, Tuesday evening, October fifteenth, at half-past six o'clock, First Baptist Church, Gaffney, South Carolina."

"Judge and Mrs. Henry Page request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Louisa, to Dr. Hubert Ashley Royster, on Wednesday evening, the sixth of November, at half after eight o'clock, Mauokin Presbyterian Church, Princess Anne, Maryland."

'88. Claude Kitchen entered College when he was very young. He was a very brilliant student, and especially was he gifted in the languages. He was also a very fine speaker. He was married in the same year in which he graduated to Miss Kate Mills, daughter of Prof. L. R. Mills, of Wake Forest. He was in the Register of Deed's office for one year, then read law under his father, Capt. W. H. Kitchen, and was admitted to the bar in 1890. He began practicing law in 1891 at Scotland Neck, where he has attained great success. He ranks foremost among the lawyers of the State, and as a speaker he has few equals. He acted quite a conspicuous part in overthrowing negro rule during the campaigns of 1898 and 1900. In 1900 he was nominated for Congress by the Democrats, and after a very enthusiastic campaign was elected. When before did you ever know of two sons of an ex-Congressman representing their district in Congress from the same State at the same time?

'94. Mr. R. W. Haywood, valedictorian of class, and for two years after graduation assistant Professor of Latin and Greek in the College, has risen to the first rank of newspaper men in North Carolina. During his Senior year at Wake Forest he was one of the editors of *THE STUDENT*, and even then showed that breadth of thought and mastery of expression which have brought him success in his chosen field. Since leaving College he has been connected with the *Wilmington Star* and the *Clinton* —. Recently he has become proprietor and editor of the *Greensboro Telegram*, where a still wider field is opened for him.

And, speaking of newspaper men, Wake Forest College has reason to be gratified at the work her sons are doing as such. Among

them are editors of religious papers, one of them perhaps the most widely influential in State matters of any religious paper published in the United States; a member of the staff of the *Atlanta Journal*, and several influential State paper editors, and several whose talents have called them to wider fields of usefulness in other States.

'98. The success of the Fair at Elizabeth City is in no small measure due to the indefatigable efforts of Walter L. Cahoon, the owner of the grounds, made so beautiful by nature and the artistic hand of man. As President of the Fair and its promoter, his untiring energy has been noticeable from the moment of the Fair's inception. He graduated in '98 and lent his voice in the campaign of that year to Democracy's cause. In the campaign of 1900 he made telling speeches in favor of White Supremacy. He was, perhaps, the youngest man in the State to be sent upon the hustings by the State Executive Committee. At the recent session of the Legislature he was elected Reading Clerk of the Senate, and made a most excellent officer. At the close of the session, the members of the Senate presented him with a gold-headed cane in token of his faithful, efficient services and their esteem for the man. He is President also of the East Carolina Publishing Company.—*News and Observer*.

'85-87. "On Tuesday it was my pleasure to be present at the opening of *Wake Forest College*. About fourteen years ago I was a student there; it had been about seven years since I had seen the place, and by imagination and report I was prepared for the change in the appearance of things, but I confess I could hardly believe my eyes. New buildings, the old ones remodeled after the most artistic designs, a faculty of eighteen strong men, some of them of national reputation, an enrollment of three hundred and nine students, young men of high ideals and noble ambitions, representing many of the Christian homes of this commonwealth. What could be more inspiring and a more hopeful sign of the times? This school has an endowment of over half a million dollars and has recently spent twenty-five thousand dollars in improvements."—Rev. J. E. Smith ('85-87), of Letts, Indiana, in *Indiana Baptist Outlook*. Mr. Smith has accepted the call of the Baptist church in Concord, N. C.

'92. Next to the President of the Fair stands its Secretary, Dr. H. T. Aydlett. Prominent among the physicians of Elizabeth City is Dr. Aydlett. He is a native of Camden County, where he resided till at the age of 18 years, when he entered Wake Forest College. In September, 1892, he entered the Medical Department of the University of Virginia, graduating in June, 1894. He then practiced medicine at South Mills, N. C., afterwards taking a postgraduate course in New York Polyclinic, since which time he has practiced his chosen profession in Elizabeth City. He has served two years as County Superintendent of Health, and also as Superintendent of Health in Elizabeth City. He is public spirited and takes interest in the improvement of his town. On October 12, 1898, Dr. Aydlett led to the hymenial altar Miss Evelyn Thomas, daughter of Capt. J. J. Thomas, of Raleigh, N. C.—*News and Observer*.

CLIPPINGS.

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

A VISION.

I saw my lost love in a dream last night,
The maiden whom I worshipped long ago ;
I saw those beams of mischief-darting light,
And felt again the tides of passion flow.

Her figure seemed more graceful than of yore,
Celestial as some seraph form sublime ;
I knew 'twas Cynthia come to me once more,
Revealing all the glory of her prime.

The snow-white brow and even-parted hair,
The slightly faded cheeks where once the rose
Was mingled with the lily, all were there
Before me with her face in sweet repose.

Methought to clasp the maiden I had lost,
And feel the thrill of love's intense delight,
When suddenly she vanished like a ghost.
And left me to the silence of the night.

—*Exchange.*

A PICTURE.

BY A. M. CRAVEN.

Only a little picture,
Yet what things it doth reveal,
Long forgotten joys and sorrows
O'er me now so gently steal.

Hopes all blighted
On which time hath rung his knell,
For the picture is a tombstone
Of the form once loved so well.

—*Exchange.*

SUNSET IN ALBEMARLE.

The yellow moon, the purple peaks,
The silver lake below,
The cottage with its wreath of smoke,
All bathed in the afterglow.

Deep pity for the weary man
Whom worldly cares enfold,
Who has no eye nor ear for else
Than sight or sound of gold;

Who never heard the clear halloo
Of the cowboy to his care,
Nor listened to the woodman's strokes
Ring on the tingling air;

Who never drank the crystal breeze,
Nor glowed as ruddy health
Leapt from his heart and through his veins—
What does he know of wealth?

—R. F. M., in the *University of Virginia Magazine*.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. A. McMILLAN, Editor.

MID-TERM EXAMINATIONS.

MR. W. L. NEWTON was recently elected captain of the track team.

REV. J. S. HARDAWAY, of Oxford, spent a short time on the Hill recently.

MRS. FOOTE, of Warrenton, has made Wake Forest her home for the winter.

REV. W. H. REDDISH, of Morganton, is visiting Professor and Mrs. Crittenden.

MISS MARY LANNEAU visited friends in Manson, N. C., during the past month.

MISS EMMIE ROGERS, of Raleigh, spent a few days as the guest of Mr. Fred. Dickson.

MR. FRANK KELLINGER, of Norfolk, Va., was on the Hill for a few days during the month.

MR. J. O. NEWELL, of Louisburg, delighted his many friends here by a short visit last month.

MR. A. R. AUTRY, who has been in the turpentine business in Mississippi, is now on the Hill.

MISS CARRIE HOBGOOD, of Oxford, spent a few days visiting her cousin, Mrs. T. E. Holding, in October.

THE SOCIETIES have elected as Marshals for Anniversary: J. C. Little, Chief; J. C. Caddell and W. C. Bivens from the Euzelian, and R. H. Burns, Chief; J. B. Herring and W. E. Middleton from the Philomathesian. "Have the invitations come yet?"

MISSSES ROSINA DARNELL AND ANNIE HAMRICK, of Caroleen, N. C., came out from Raleigh one day during the Fair.

MISS MARY LOU JOSIE, of the Baptist Female University, spent Saturday and Sunday (October 19th and 20th) with her uncle, Prof. C. E. Brewer.

THE Y. M. C. A. MEETS every Mouday night at 6:30 in the small chapel. These meetings are both helpful and enjoyable, and we heartily recommend that every student attend them. The officers of the Association are as follows: H. V. Scarborough, President; L. T. Royall, vice-president; A. W. Honeycutt, recording secretary; H. L. Swain, corresponding secretary, and A. J. Bethea, treasurer.

ON FRIDAY afternoon, October 17th, there was an interesting class game of football between the Seniors and the Juniors on the one side, and the Sophomores and Freshmen on the other. The game resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 5 to 0. As the score shows, the two teams were evenly matched, and with the exception of the beginning of the first half, when the only touchdown was made, it was a middle-of-the-field battle. One of the features of the game was the vocal support given by the lower classes.

WAKE FOREST CHURCH is now without a pastor, but we have been singularly fortunate in having the pulpit filled every Sunday with an able preacher. Among those who have preached here since Mr. Lynch resigned are Dr. J. D. Hufham, Dr. R. T. Vann, Rev. Livingston Johnson, and several members of the faculty. We agreed with Rev. Mr. Johnson when he said that if there is any church that can do without a pastor it is Wake Forest.

MRS. BRINSON AND MISS MARY RAY, of Raleigh, were the guests of Mrs. Vaun Sunday, October 13th.

AS A RULE THE STUDENT does not publish anonymous pieces, but a few days ago, the editors received a poem (mailed at Wake Forest) in home-made print, which they publish, not because of its literary merit, but in order that the readers of this magazine may sympathize with this poor lovesick writer of verse. This brother is among us; and as to his poem, though its style may be criticised, certainly nothing can be said against its sentiment. The entire piece as was received is as follows:

TO MARY.

Mary, my Mary, wherever I go,
Always my darling, I think of you,
And long to see you again as of old
And I often wonder if still you are true,
Mary, my Mary.

Mary, my Mary, I sometimes feel
I would give my all for one more smile,
One touch of your hand—one gentle kiss;
But I say to my heart, "You must wait awhile,"
Mary, my Mary.

Mary, my Mary, my own dear love,
I love you, my darling, forever alway,
And I know, dear heart, we will meet again,
To be parted no more, some golden day,
Mary, my Mary.

"J. W. H."

I print this that my writing may not be known. "J. W. H. are not my true initials, but I don't want *her* to know. If not acceptable for publication, you will confer a favor by destroying this sheet.

"J. W. H."

SURELY THE last State Fair was the best we ever had, for the peanut parcher had a shriller whistle, the fakirs were more numerous and the year's rest had strengthened their powerful lungs, the gambling stands were more

enticing, the lemonade a shade redder, and the go-away-come-back balls, the leading feature of the fair, were more in evidence and hit harder than ever before. The glowing theatricals, the wonderful Ferris wheel, our old friend the merry-go-round, and the marvelous snake-eaters along the midway had a greater fascination for our boys than the monotonous agricultural displays. We hear that the exhibits were good, but couldn't be seen for the crowd, which was the most interesting part of the fair. The races were good but were robbed of any spectacular effect by the marshals and their paraphernalia. The ostrich race would have been a great success had it not been that Mr. Ostrich succeeded so well in measuring his rider upon the race track. Everyone was bored to death and never had a better time. All were glad to get away, and promised themselves never to return, but were ready to go again next day.

A GLOOM was thrown over our community by the death of little Margaret, the bright and interesting daughter of Professor Sledd. As the sun was rising on the twenty-fifth of October, her gentle spirit passed from earth, leaving a desolation in the home she had brightened, such as we have no words to describe. She had been her father's loving little companion, and, with an insight far beyond her years, had caught the spirit of the best authors. Sunshine and music and flowers and all things beautiful were a joy to her and she had composed a melody on "The Falling Leaves." It was with sad and heavy hearts that the long procession followed her to her last resting-place, and left her sleeping beneath the flowers. She has gone up higher, but the memory of the sweet and gentle child, so patient through long weeks of pain,

will be cherished by all who knew her. The following resolutions were passed by the students:

WHEREAS, Death has come into the family of our beloved Professor Sledd and taken little Margaret, one of its brightest members, be it

Resolved 1st. That we, the members of the Philomathesian and Euzelian Societies, tend to the bereaved father and mother our most heat-felt sympathy in the loss of their little daughter, and pray that God may sustain them in their deep grief.

Resolved 2d. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and also spread upon the records of the Societies and published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

W. L. VAUGHAN,	} <i>Eu. Com.</i>
W. E. GOODE,	
O. M. MULL,	
DELAS SORRELL,	} <i>Phi. Com.</i>
T. F. BARNES,	
L. ROYALL,	

WE ARE glad to announce Mrs. Watson has returned, much improved, from Baltimore where she went some time ago for treatment.

FOR THE first time in several years, Wake Forest has an organized Glee Club. Though not then organized, the members of this club furnished music at both preliminary debates, and in the near future will be able to give public entertainments. The officers elected were: W. A. Crabtree, leader; T. W. Brewer, secretary, and W. H. Pace, treasurer.

PROF. J. L. KESLER, of the Baptist Female University, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on "The Slime Mould," before the Wake Forest Scientific Society at its first meeting in October. We hope that his next lecture will be given in one of the chapels, as the laboratory lecture-room is too small to accommodate one of Prof. Kesler's Wake Forest audiences.

AT THE September term of the Supreme Court the following members of the Wake Forest Law School received their license: O. P. Dickinson, J. W. Bolen, O. F. Dinglehoef, P. W. Glidewell, F. D. Hamrick, — Hasten, J. C. Little, — — Justice, D. M. Stringfield, J. A. Worrell and L. R. Varser. Some of our young lawyers are at work in different parts of the State, but the majority are here striving towards their degree.

THE HALLOWE'EN party given by Prof. and Mrs. Crittenden was the most enjoyable event of the month. The guests were Mrs. Sikes, the Misses Taylor, the Misses Lanneau, and the four best-looking men on the Hill. The evening passed off with games of fortune and wierd tales of witches, ghosts and goblins. The refreshments served in such dainty style were delightful and were enjoyed by all. The writing that appeared upon the blank cards revealed the mysteries of the future. The only thing to be regretted was that some of the party suffered from the effects of "bobbing the apple." The unusual strain caused by getting on their knees was too much for them.

TWO DEBATES have been held preliminary to the coming Thanksgiving debate, as has been the custom since the beginning of the intercollegiate debates between Wake Forest and Trinity. The large number of contestants in the first preliminary and the thunders of applause following each speech shows the interest and enthusiasm felt by the student body. In the second contest the number had been narrowed down to six, three of whom, O. P. Dickinson, W. A. Dunn and J. C. Little were selected by the judges to represent Wake Forest. On the whole, the speeches were unusually good, but the

excellence attained in argument by these three men even surpasses the traditional record of the able speakers who have done battle for us hitherto. Let both students and faculty reassure these men of the confidence placed in them by being present at the final. As Wake Forest has the affirmative, Mr. O. P. Dickinson will open the debate. Mr. W. A. Dunn will be our second speaker, and Mr. J. C. Little will close the argument for Wake Forest.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXI.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 3.

BY THE SEA *

BY BENJAMIN SLEDD.

I.

Bewildered 'mong the endless dunes,
We came at last upon the sea,
Two wanderers, little May and I,
And inland born were we.

Only the changeless hills we knew,
The lone, still woods, the pastured meads,
And streams which seemed but made to serve
Our daily human needs.

In this dread presence awed we stood,
Its mightiness untrammelled, nude;
With one far sail which did but hint
The meaning of that solitude.

So strange it was, beyond all dreams:
Yet was it something I had known,—
The wonder of the primal child
Restored unto his own.

'Twas more than life renewed,—I felt
The weight of ages from me fall,
And heard from immemorial years
Ancestral voices call.

* From "The Watchers of the Hearth," by permission of the publishers.

II.

We drew in solitude apart.
And far along the seashore went,—
The child at play, and I on dreams
Of all I knew not what, intent.

And found a nook,—we loved to think,—
Where never yet came human thing:
Known but to sea and sun and wind
And shadow of the seabird's wing.

And while I lay and heard wild songs
Slow gathering in the surge's beat,
Among the sand-hills, in and out,
Wandered the busy little feet.

To-day, mid inland scenes once more,
How passing strange that such might be,—
For quiet fields the long gray beach
And boundless turmoil of the sea.

And dream-like grows all else beside
One song heard in the surge's beat,
And one lone nook amid the waste
Guarding the print of little feet.

III.

To-morrow must we bravely go
Back to the old calm life once more,
And lose what was so newly won,
Our heritage of sea and shore.

How far off seems that other life,
How cheap its joy, straitened its ways,
As from the beach we turn to go,
And linger still and seaward gaze.

A moment hangs the broad red sun,
Then sinks; and eastward gleams a star;
And twilight comes with glimpse of wings
Ghostlike on glooming skies afar.

Freshen the winds, and one wild din
Of swirling shapes grows all below,
And half in fear the little maid
Whispers beside me, "Let us go!"

"TO WIN ME, YOU MUST FOLLOW ME."

BY GILBERT T. STEPHENSON.

Up a lone mountain path in Western North Carolina, was climbing a lonely traveler. His long, swinging strides showed that he was no stranger to the mountains, but his dress and the grip he carried in his hands did not belong to a citizen of this section. In fact it was Lenwood Hall, a recent graduate from a college in central Carolina, on his way to his home in Tennessee. He had left the train at Asheville, determined to see for himself the long stretch of rugged mountain country between that city and his home in Tennessee. It was a pleasure to look upon him. He was tall and well proportioned. His shoulders were broad and his chest was full, a perfect athlete. His clothes, simple but neat, fitted him snugly, showing plainly the perfection of his figure. His face was large, with high cheek-bones, and a large mouth and nose. His dark blue eyes, deep set in his head, were overshadowed by heavy eye-brows. His forehead was exceptionally high. Indeed, every feature of the man showed determination.

The sun was fast sinking behind the peaks of the Blue Ridge. Lenwood had traveled all day without food or rest. He was now looking for a place to spend the night. At last he spied in the distance a little log cottage; he quickened his pace that he might reach it before sun-down. As he drew nearer, he saw that the house was somewhat neater than the ordinary in this region. In the little front porch were seated an old man and a young lady. Lenwood approached and asked, "Friends, would you take in a weary traveller for the night?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply of the old man.

The man was old and gray-haired. His form was bent with age; but his face, rosy as that of a youth, was peculiarly attractive, and betrayed signs of no little culture. As to the young woman, I cannot hope to give a true picture of her loveliness. While her dress was that of an ordinary mountain lass, it revealed, rather than concealed, the beauty of a form as perfect in outline as that of Venus of Milo. Her face, hardly less perfect, was tinted with the hues of vigorous health, and her eyes were lit with intelligence. On a broad and noble brow her black hair grew low. Thus she stood before him, as the last rays of a departing sun kissed that face of celestial beauty.

When Lenwood had introduced himself, his reception was yet more hearty. Even the young lady did not conceal her pleasure. The old man was Mr. Henry Irving, and this young lady was his daughter Jessie. They were the only members of the family. Jessie's mother had died when she was a baby. Her father had taken great pride in rearing her. He had educated her at one of the Northern universities. Now she had returned home to gladden his last days.

Darkness came on. The three went in to supper. This consisted of fried pork, hominy, and steaming coffee, prepared by Jessie herself. It is true that it was a simple meal; but prepared by such a hand, a king would have been honored by partaking of it. Jessie was seated at the head of the table with her father on her right, Lenwood at the foot. There he could get a better vision of Jessie than he had had on the porch. The more he looked at her, the more beautiful she became to him. Mr. Irving and Jessie were both very anxious that Len-

wood should enjoy his meal, and they were surprised at his not eating after such a day's journey. He forgot to eat while his eyes were dwelling on her.

When supper was over, Lenwood and Jessie had a very pleasant conversation while Mr. Irving was taking a stroll in his orchard. He was already deeply in love with her, but their acquaintance had been too short for him to tell her that he loved her. However, he determined to let her know it before he bade her farewell the next morning.

Bed-time came. Mr. Irving led Lenwood into a little upper room, the top of which, formed by the sloping roof, was so low that he could hardly stand upright. Once in bed, his thoughts were turned upon his new acquaintance. He thought that he loved her with all his heart. He at once began to plan how he might remain at Mr. Irving's a few days. He thought—and Jessie prompted his thoughts too—that he needed rest for the balance of his journey.

He soon fell asleep, and it seemed to him that he was not yet undressed. The door of his little chamber was silently opened and a woman's form appeared. Her face was veiled and she was dressed in a white gown. On her feet were dainty little slippers fastened with golden clasps. She glided across the room to where Lenwood was sitting and raised the veil from her face. There was Jessie. Thus she addressed him:

"To win me, you must follow me. Others have attempted to win me but they lacked love. If you love me, you will follow me and you will win me."

At these words she glided from the room, beckoning Lenwood to follow. Out of the house they went. It seemed that she possessed Hermes' magic wand, so

smoothly and gracefully she glided up those mountain paths. Lenwood followed knowing not where she would lead him. To all his questions her only answer was, "Follow and you shall win." Up the mountain they went. Before them loomed up a dark and awful peak, seemingly insurmountable. But Jessie began to climb this also with no show of weariness. Lenwood came on slowly. At last they reached the summit. Thence they looked down into a deep-flowing river. There for the first time in their ascent, Jessie addressed Lenwood:

"We have reached the summit. Bravely you have climbed. Others have attempted to follow. They have all lacked love. So far you have proved a true lover. But you have not finished yet. Do you see yon river, deep down below us? Into that you must follow me. If you love me you will land safely. If you are false, death will be your lot."

Lenwood did not answer at once. He thought of his mother at home, and how all her hopes rested in him; then of his ambition in life. Again he looked at the girl, and again he thought of his promising future. What if he really did not love her, and should be dashed to pieces. He thought he loved her, but there was room for a mistake.

He was just struggling for words to answer, but Jessie, with eyes of flame, saved him from that ugly necessity. "Oh, you thought you loved me. You do not. Never make love to me or any other true woman unless you are ready to forsake all and cleave unto her, nay unless you are ready to venture your life for her."

With these words the vision passed away. The next morning Jessie looked sweeter than ever to Lenwood, and he had a peculiarly high respect for her. To him

she had become a nobler woman since the last night in that little porch.

* * * * *

Months passed. Lenwood followed and won her. He has never been asked to die for her, but is living for her with all his might. To this may be due the rapid advance he has made in his chosen profession and the great esteem which is so widely accorded him.

CORDELIA.

BY ABNER C. GENTRY.

To the thoughtful student of Shakespeare, Cordelia stands supreme of all his women in beauty and nobleness of character. In her heart there is a never-failing stream of purest affection flowing along in silence. Although her father thinks that she has no love for him, she is the only one of his daughters that has a heart so large and so full of love that it "can not be heaved into her mouth." Well may it be said of her that

"She herself is dowery."

In the partitioning of the kingdom, Cordelia's answers to her father's questions seem obstinate and sullen, as if she did not care to respect his childishness. But that she is careful and tender of him, is shown by her own words as she listens to the villainous flattery of her older sisters:—

"Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More pondrous than my tongue."

Then again she shows her love and care for her father when she bids farewell to her sisters and leaves for her new home in France:—

"Use well our father:

To your professed bosom I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place."

It is evidently her love of truth that forces her to answer the questions of her father in the way she does. She is so shocked with the false impressions her sisters are making that she can not bear to say anything which would even suggest that she loved him more than ac-

according to her bond. And then, too, it is against her nature to talk much about what she feels and intends. And when these characteristics stand alone, they are apt to strike one as cold and severe.

However, this obstinacy and quietness of Cordelia does not prove that she is one to be trifled with, when she is not restrained by a sense of duty. She shows her firm character and the quality inherited from her father, when she so promptly casts off the suitor whose love was only for her wealth:—

“Peace be with Burgundy!
Since, that respects of fortune are his love
I shall not be his wife.

The moral qualities of Cordelia are felt rather than perceived. She utters but little in the whole play, but in her few words she so impresses us, from the very beginning, that her lovely and beautiful form is ever before us. There is nothing outstanding in her character, but she is so self-withdrawn that when she is before us, we rather feel than see her.

In speaking of the effect that Cordelia has upon one, Mr. Hudson has rightly said: “She affects us through finer and deeper susceptibilities than consciousness can grasp; as if her presence acted in some mysterious way directly on our life so as to be most operative within us when we are least aware of it.” Cordelia’s affection is well represented in the report of the gentleman who had been sent to inform her of the condition of her father. When he makes his report, he does not speak in the language of a mere messenger; but the way in which Cordelia receives his message has made him a poet. He tells Kent that she was moved

"Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were life: a better way,—those happy smilets
That played on her ripe lips seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd."

Cordelia shows that she is just the opposite of her sisters, who are rather tigers than women, when she takes the curse of her father and goes away to France without a murmur. Does this lessen her love for her father? Does she go away vexed with him and ready to smile at every misfortune that comes to him? Her nature is too gentle, kind, and forgiving. But when she has been gone a long time and hears of her father's madness, she goes to him and is his sole stay and comforter. It is she who says

"Let pity not be believed,"

after she has found out that her sister had driven her father, old and gray-haired as he was, to madness and refused him shelter from the storm.

There is no reason why Cordelia should be loved by her father at first more than her other sisters, except the influence, that undercurrent which so steadily creeps into the minds and hearts of everyone with whom she comes in contact, was in her favor from the beginning. It would seem that all this love for her was entirely gone when the old king pronounced his curses upon her and bade France to take her and "be gone without our grace, our love, our benison"; but not so, he was not quiet so long as she was away from him, so deeply had that unseen feeling taken hold of him. He always remembers her, and when he is lying in the tent unconscious, no medicine is so soothing as a gentle stroke of Cordelia's

hand, no pillow so soft to his racked head as her bosom, and nothing so healing as her gentle words.

Cordelia's banishment was felt not only by the poor old king, but by all. True, it did not affect all in the same way; for it was indeed a source of joy to her villainous sisters who delighted in bidding her to

"Prescribe not us our duties."

The poor fool was deeply affected; for "since my young lady's going into France, the fool has much pined away."

In the turmoil of war, Cordelia can not think of her safety. She resigns her army and the reputation of her adopted country to her marshal, and takes her old father into her own care. She thinks of nothing save him. And when a messenger comes to her with the news that

"The British powers are marching hitherward,"

she unconsciously replies:

"'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them."

When the British came upon them, and Lear and Cordelia are taken prisoners, the angelic form of the lovely female captive, like a star penetrating the darkness with its golden rays, was casting its radiance into the confusion and misery of the British camp. Then comes the touching scene of father and daughter being hurried off to prison under guard. There they will

"Tell tales, and laugh
As gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; "

and there, too, the beautiful life of Cordelia will end. It is in this prison, in the presence of her father, that she is forced to submit to the horrid sentence of the British.

Then why is it that she has to submit to so terrible a death? Does she deserve it? Can we find any fault in her? Yes, she vexed her father in the beginning by not respecting his childishness and caused him to become enraged and send his only sympathizer from him. And then, too, she has brought a French army against her mother country. But when we compare her petty faults with the deeds of others around her, we are forced to say that her life was pure and "her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low."

A SOLDIER'S WOOING

BY RAYMOND C. DUNN.

"See here, Carey! Those hot-headed, rebellious South Carolinians have passed an ordinance of secession, declaring the union between their State and all the other States to be dissolved. The paper is chock full of it. 'North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, and other Southern States expected to follow.' Whew! That looks like business. What will you do, old man, if it comes to war? But of course you will help us teach these 'rebs' a lesson?"

"Hold on, Varser. Don't get me started on this question again. We came very near to a fuss the last time we discussed it, and there's no telling what will happen if we get excited over it again. So let's drop the subject and talk of something more pleasant."

Two young men sat in a handsomely furnished room in the Barracks at West Point. Both were of the same age and stature; Clarence Varser being the sole heir of a wealthy Boston banker, and Arthur Carey the only son of a widowed mother in North Carolina. Both wore uniforms with shoulder-straps, indicating their rank as officers. They had entered the Academy at the same time, and, after four years of hard work, were now looking forward to next June, when, together, they were to graduate. Their friendship had begun at first sight, only to grow stronger and stronger as they came to know each other better and better, until now they loved each other as brothers. Frequently they had talked over the situation of their country and what each should do in the event of war, always ending with a speedy dismissal of

the subject whenever any difference of opinion was apt to make a breach in their friendship.

On the same mail that brought to West Point the particulars of the secession of South Carolina, Arthur Carey received from his sister Annie, in a distant North Carolina town, a letter saying that she and her mother were looking forward with eager expectancy to the summer, when he was to bring his friend home with him for the first time. Arthur had visited Clarence in his palatial Boston home two years before, and the latter was to spend the summer on Arthur's Southern plantation. Under what different circumstances from those he was then planning was Clarence Varser to first visit the home of his friend!

* * * * *

The year 1860 had passed. Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and Louisiana had followed the lead of South Carolina. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas were about to imitate the action at their sister States.

At the first call for troops, Varser had hastened to his home, where he was elected Captain of a company in the 72d Massachusetts Cavalry. Carey, foreseeing the action which North Carolina was sure to take, hurried to his home in Averysboro, organized a company and began drilling them day by day.

When the time came for their separation, the two friends were locked in each other's arms, both bewailing the fact that they were not only going to be separated, but were even to fight against each other, yet each vowing that his hand should wither ere it was raised to strike the other.

"Farewell, Carey. I pray God that we may never

meet each other on the battle-field," sobbed Varser, as he closed his friend in one last, loving embrace.

"God grant that we may not!" fervently responded Carey.

Months passed into years. Each young hero had remained at his post of duty, and many were the reports that reached the ears of their respective families of the valor, bravery and courage shown by their sons on the battle-field. It was 1865, and yet, during all these years, when brother was fighting against brother, and father against son, Clarence Varser and Arthur Carey had never met. Providence had been good to them in keeping them apart, but fate had fixed a time when they were to meet face to face in bloody array.

President Davis and his Cabinet had rejected any terms that would not secure the separation and independence of the Southern States. The Northern government would not agree to the dismemberment of the Union. The war was to go on to the bitter end. Gen. Joseph Johnston, restored to his command in the Carolinas, at once decided to take the initiative, and, if possible, give battle to the Federal forces before Sherman, who was returning from his triumphal march, could effect a union with Grant in Virginia. Averysboro was decided upon as the place for the proposed attack.

Captain Carey had been instructed to ascertain the size of Sherman's army. With his little company of thirty men, he set out, making a stop at his plantation to tell his mother and sister to keep within doors that day as a battle in the neighborhood was expected. He had not gone over three miles when one of his troopers pointed out to him a company of men wearing the Federal blue assembled on the crest of a hill half-a-mile

away. Carey determined to surprise and capture them if possible. Cautiously keeping his men under cover, he made a hurried march through the woods on his left, and was within fifty yards of the company when the neighing of a horse in the ranks disclosed his presence.

"To arms!" shouted the Yankee captain. "To horse! Form ranks!"

But before they could fall in line, Carey and his men were upon them, shooting and cutting right and left. Surprised and confused by the suddenness of the attack the Yankees were an easy prey to the fire from the enemy.

"Surrender!" shouted Carey.

"Never," cried the Yankee captain, and levelling his pistol at Carey, fired; but it was too late. Carey was quicker, and a bullet from his pistol struck the Federal commander, who, reeling, fell to the ground while his shot went wide of its mark.

"Carey!" he cried as he fell.

"Oh, God! What have I done?" screamed Carey, who had recognized in the voice of the Yankee captain the familiar tones of his college-mate and bosom companion.

"Killed? And by my hand? Oh, God!" he cried, and springing towards him, held out his arms. But the strain was too great. He fell in a dead faint at the feet of the man whom he had shot.

When Carey recovered the skirmish was over. All the Yankees had been captured or killed. Rising to his feet as best he could and seeing the still unconscious form of Varser before him, he called to his men and bade them make a stretcher and take the Federal Captain to "The Elms," for this was the name of Carey's home a few miles away. Tearing a leaf from his field

book, he hastily wrote on it: "Nurse him well, Annie. Though under a different flag, yet he is my friend.—Arthur," and handed it to one of his men, bidding them make haste lest their prisoner should die before they got to the house. Releasing the remaining prisoners on parole, Carey, with the rest of his company, proceeded another five miles, when, seeing an advance guard of the Federal army in the distance, they rapidly retraced their course and reported to Johnston that Sherman was advancing on him.

Meanwhile the men bearing Varner had arrived at "The Elms." Annie was at the door to meet them, and, hurriedly reading Arthur's note, immediately ordered them to take their prisoner to a room which she pointed out to them, she going to summon Mrs. Carey and dispatch a servant for the family physician. In a few moments the doctor arrived. Having first probed the wound and found the bullet just below the right shoulder, he carefully bandaged the wound, and applied stimulants of all kinds to the patient, who soon showed signs of returning life. The danger was now over. Constant watching and faithful care was all that was needed.

By the end of the week he had regained consciousness. Several times now he began to ask where he was, and who was the fair young girl watching over him; but at each attempt Annie silenced him, telling him that the doctor had forbidden him to talk within a week. Many were the thoughts which crowded his mind as he lay on his bed watching his fair young nurse flitting to and fro ministering to his wants. At first he could not recollect what had happened to him, but by a sudden move of his shoulder, causing him untold pain, all of the events of that dreadful day came rushing back to his memory.

His company, which had been sent out by Sherman on a reconnoitering tour, had been suddenly attacked by a Confederate force, and he had been wounded.

"It seems that in some way Arthur Carey was the man who fired the shot that wounded me," he said to himself. "And yet this must be a dream. But what place is this? and what am I doing here? This can't be a prison. If it is, these rebels surely must have palaces for prisons, and angels for guards. No man could choose a better prison, or a more beautiful guard, even if he were allowed his choice. That is a deuced pretty woman, at any rate. What eyes she has! Look how white her hands are, and how slender and tapering her fingers. By Jove, this woman would have all Boston at her feet in one day. Seems to me I've seen her picture somewhere. Yet how absurd such a thought is. Well, I don't care how long this arm keeps me laid up if that young Venus is going to stay here. Would like to know how the war is getting on, though. The South would make a better fight if she were to send her women to the field. They would capture all of us 'Yanks.' That is if all of them are like me, and all the women like this one. I'll be glad when I can talk some, so I can find out some things," he continued, musing.

At last the doctor told him that he might talk, but only a little each day.

"Where am I, and how came I here?" were the first words he spoke.

"You are at the home of a Southern family. You were wounded in a battle near here over two weeks ago, and were brought here by order of the Confederate captain," replied Annie, who was still at his bedside.

"And to what Southern family is it that I, an enemy

fighting against their land, owe my very life? What Confederate captain had humanity enough in him to send a Yankee officer to a paradise instead of a prison? What is your name? What is the name of that other older, queenly-looking woman who sometimes sits by my bedside?" What—

"Hush, you have worked yourself into a fever already. You musn't talk any more to-day," was Annie's silencing command.

That night Mrs. Carey and Annie, after having talked it over between them, decided that it was best to keep their true names from him until they should again hear from Arthur. So the next day, when Varser repeated his questions as to who they were. Mrs. Carey replied, I am Mrs. Lee, and this is my daughter Annie."

"And my name is Tunstall—Clarence Tunstall," replied Varser, giving them his first and middle name.

The weeks continued to fly by in rapid succession. Each day brought to Varsar long and pleasant conversations with Annie. He came to look for her, and never to be satisfied unless she was by his bedside. Soon he was able to walk a little each day, and with Annie by his side he felt perfectly contented.

It was about the middle of April. Varser and Annie had just returned from a long walk. It was the last they were to take together, for to-morrow Varser was to set out to the army. He was tired out when he got to the house, and went immediately to his room. Annie stopped on the long, broad piazza in the front of their house, and joined her mother who was sitting there. They were in the midst of a conversation regarding the departure of Tunstall the next day, and discussing as to whether or not they should tell him their true names

before he left, when a rider was seen slowly making his way up the avenue leading to the yard. Nearer and yet nearer he came, and soon Mrs. Carey jumped to her feet with the joyous cry of "My son! My son!" In a moment he was off the horse and in her arms.

"Our cause is lost," he sobbed, "and yet, thank God, I have a mother and a sister left. Yes," he continued, as he closed his sister in a fond embrace, "the war is over. We have lost. Lee surrendered at Appomattox on the ninth, and we were compelled to do the same. But, Annie," he cried eagerly, his next thought being of the friend he had come so near killing, "how is the prisoner I sent you? Did he ever recover? Where is he?" he continued as he saw his other questions answered by the expression of her face.

"He is now in your room, Arthur. He is to leave us to-morrow, and is now preparing for supper. Yes, Arthur, mamma and I have nursed Mr. Tunstall well," answered Annie.

"True," began Arthur, but checked himself, thinking that for some reason or other Varser had kept his true name from his family. "Let's all of us go in," he added.

They started down the long hallway, and saw a man coming out of a room at the other end. At once the men recognized each other, and with simultaneous cries of "Varser!" "Carey!" they were in each other's arms.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Carey and Annie in unison, "Arthur, can it be that Mr. Tunstall is your West Point friend, Clarence Varser?"

"And, Arthur, are these two women, who have so tenderly and faithfully watched over me, to whom I owe

my very life, the mother and sister of my dearest friend?" almost shouted Varser, as he warmly clasped the hands of each in turn.

"Yes, Varser, the mother and sister of him who liked to have been your slayer," fervently replied Arthur.

"Then it was no dream I had? You were in that fight?" And now it all became clear to Varser, now all the former mystery disappeared.

"And yet," continued Varser, "Carey, I have found you but to lose you, for I am off for the army again tomorrow."

"There is no need of that now, old man. You have won. Our cause is lost and our men have laid down their arms. You are not needed now," was Arthur's sad reply.

Varser could not help but rejoice in the victory of his country, yet his manly heart went out in sympathy to his grief-stricken friend.

That night when the two men had gone to their own room, and after each had related his experiences since their parting at West Point, Clarence told Arthur of the love he bore Annie and asked his permission to seek her hand in marriage.

"I have not broached the subject to her yet, nor has she any idea of my feeling toward her; but if you will give me your permission to ask your sister to become my wife, old man, I shall be the happiest of mortals," said Varser.

"These are very troublesome times to be thinking of marriages," answered Arthur, "but if you can win Annie, I had rather see her your wife than that of any other man, North or South. You have my full permission to address her on the subject, and I wish you much

success," and the two men warmly shook hands. "As for me, continued Arthur, "I consecrate my life to the service of my State, to do all in my power towards raising it to its former plane."

"And if you will let me, Carey, I will cast in my lot with you and make your State my State. As you know, my father was killed at Manassas. My poor mother never recovered from the shock of his death, and I am left alone. I have a fortune and nothing to do with it. Will you accept me as a companion in your work?" asked Varser.

"Gladly," replied Arthur, and the two friends lay awake till a late hour, making plans for the future.

At the earliest opportunity Clarence sought out Annie, and told her of his love for her. "I have loved you since the first day I saw you sitting by my bedside. I don't expect an answer now. Wait as long as you will, but God grant that it will not be too long," he concluded.

"I can never marry a man, however much I may love him, who is an enemy to my Southland," answered Annie, in a firm, steady voice.

"Annie—Miss Carey—I did fight against the South, but I fought for the cause I thought was right. Now the war is over. I am left alone in the world. Mother and father are both dead. One part of the country is as much my home as the other. Last night I resolved to cast in my lot with North Carolina, and do all I can towards helping Arthur raise his native and my adopted State from the depths. If I do this, is there any hope for me?" asked Clarence with eagerness.

"When you have begun this work, come to me and you shall have my answer," replied Annie with decision.

"Until then, Mr. Varser, we are friends."

When, after unparalleled trials, North Carolina had, mainly through the efforts of Carey and his friend, stemmed the tide of Reconstruction, and was once more on a firm footing, Clarence Varser sought his answer. These were the words which he heard from her whose head was nestled close to his breast:

"Yes, Clarence, I will be your wife. I surrender to my noble conqueror. Your people won by overwhelming numbers; you have won by overwhelming love."

CORNWALLIS IN NORTH CAROLINA IN 1781.

BY WALTER SIKES, PH.D.

The military plans for the subjection of the American colonies began and ended with North Carolina.

In the beginning it was conceived that a British fleet should be stationed at Wilmington and assist Loyalists of the interior, and in this way make North Carolina the wedge to divide the colonists. This plan was no longer feasible after the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge.

In the latter years of the war a similar campaign was planned, but this time the entry was to be made from South Carolina. For carrying out this plan in 1780, Cornwallis came to Charlotte where he found a hornet's nest, and was so warmly received that he was forced to return to South Carolina to spend the winter. However, early in 1781, he returned, met General Greene at Guilford Court House and won a Pyrrhic victory. So rapidly did he hasten toward Wilmington from the scene of his victory that Greene was unable to see him any more. Greene then turned his attention to South Carolina, and left North Carolina in the hands of the British army.

These occurrences have recently been brought to our mind again by reading *The Dickson Letters*, a very interesting pamphlet prepared by Mr. M. O. Carr, of Wilmington. The Dicksons came from England to North Carolina by way of Ireland, Pennsylvania and Maryland, and settled in Duplin County. A number of brothers were living in this county at the outbreak of the Revolution. One of them was William Dickson. The letters were written by him to a relative in Ireland during the years immediately following the Revolution. Wil-

liam Dickson was a member of the Patriot army, and afterwards a prominent and influential citizen.

Cornwallis' army marched through Duplin County, and Dickson's family suffered much. There was no resistance to this march, the county was panic-stricken. Colonel Lillington disbanded the militia except one company, so North Carolina was defenseless. Cornwallis' march has some resemblance to Sherman's march. It was not so much the British soldiery that committed depredations as the "Loyal refugees"—the bummers of the army. These were a set of men who followed in the wake of the army and plundered the people and enriched themselves. Worse than these men were the women that followed the army—"the officers' wives and sisters." Nothing escaped these harpies. Rings were taken from the fingers of ladies, buckles from shoes, side-saddles, baby clothes, as well as every other variety of clothing. Every crib was opened, locks broken, money searched for, and children choked to make them disclose hidden treasures.

Yet all this was not so bad as that which followed. The Loyalists of the county, or Tories, were emboldened to show themselves again. They seized the persons of many good citizens and sent them to Major Craig at Wilmington. Many of these died on board prison ships. The Governor of the State was surprised, captured, and sent to Wilmington by one of the Loyalist bands.

The Patriots had to protect themselves, so a civil war began. Neighbor was arrayed against neighbor. Each prominent citizen became a feudal lord and had his retainers. Men left their homes and stayed with their armed companions, or hid in the woods. In August, Colonel Kenan embodied a company of 400, but was de-

feated by Major Craig, who then marched to New Bern and plundered the town. In Bladen the Tory spirit rose so high that things became, to a Whig, unendurable. Colonel McNeil was the Tory leader, but was slain when an effort was made to rescue Governor Burke. Colvill was appointed his successor. He was a man of power and energy and intense hatred. The Whigs recognized his power for evil, so he was slain at his home on the very morning that he was to take charge of the troops. Colonel Slingsby was then made their chief, but Colonel Browne with 150 Whigs surprised him and his 400 Tories at Elizabethtown, and thus broke the spirit of these Loyalists. This internecine strife continued till Colonels Rutherford and Butler came, with 1,500 men, to protect them. These officers harassed the Tories, hoping by these measures to induce Craig to come up from Wilmington and fight them. In a few days the news came of Cornwallis' capitulation at Yorktown, and peace reigned once more.

The letters also express Dickson's opinion of the new Constitution, a copy of which had just been placed in his hands. At Fayetteville, the Legislature, in 1787, discussed it hotly. Dickson himself, in 1787, was not in favor of it. He thought he saw the road whereby the President would make himself a military dictator. However, by 1790 he had become reconciled to it, since the "men in charge of the new government can be trusted." He further says that North Carolina adopted it only "from necessity; that if Virginia had persisted in refusal North Carolina certainly would, but that it was impossible for this State alone to support the dignity of an independent government." He says, however, that the Southern States "will not receive equal benefit with Northern

States"; that their interests and trade will combine. Furthermore, he says that some have determined that slavery shall be abolished, and will never give up till it is, which would injure the South.

Mr. Carr has done a very commendable act in having these memorials of the distant past published. They are valuable as contemporary opinion. There are only about thirty pages of them.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS, MASTER OF ROMAN
PENTAMETER.*

BY EVANS M. BRAYER.

In recognition of the conditions existing in Rome at the time of his accession, Augustus took upon himself the task of reorganizing society. Aware that some activity must be supplied as a substitute for the share in politics of which his rule necessarily deprived men, at the same time not failing to realize that patriotism, although latent, existed; and not mistaking the fact that men were prouder of their past than of their present, he entered upon his work, and like all true geniuses, made his obstacles a means of progress. To make his scheme practical, poets were to be his court preachers—to stimulate things Roman.

And so we see that Virgil, Horace, Tibullus and Propertius, unlike in most other points, are all concordant in the homage to Rome's past and in their pictures of how the old glories can be, and are, actually being restored. The name of this great "Augustan" age of literature is taken from that of Augustus, who was such a great patron of its literature, and gave such an impetus to its progress. The subject of our paper is one of the great names of this great age.

Any sketch of the life of Propertius would be, in the main, a fragmentary biography, for there is practically no source other than his own writings. He was younger than Tibullus and older than Ovid, therefore he was born, speaking roughly, about the year 49 B. C. His

* A paper prepared on Seminary Latin work.

own testimony gives Umbria as the place of his nativity; but not less than four Umbrian towns claim this honor.

He was of a good provincial family and was originally possessed of property, though this was confiscated, in the allotment of lands to the veterans B. C. 41. The chief event of his childhood seems to have been the siege of Perugia, where a near relative, Gallus by name, was killed.

Like many other poets of his day, he began the study of Law, but finding it uncongenial, gave it up and devoted himself to literature. He doesn't seem to have taken part in any military campaigns, as did Tibullus and Horace.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen he fell in love with a woman, named Lyciana—but this fascination was of short duration and only made way for the greatest passion of his life, his attachment for "Cynthia." We know little of the latter personage, except that her real name was *Hostia*. It was his love for her that caused him to remain at home and prevented his accompanying Tullus to Athens; it was Cynthia that persuaded him to write of lovers' quarrels rather than the glories of Augustus' reign.

It is highly probable that had not Cynthia possessed a warm place in his heart, some Lesbia or Corinna would have taken her place.

The manner of his death is unknown. The date is thought to be 16 B. C., as that is the latest date referred to, in his poetry.

He unquestionably belonged to Maecenas' following, but was not admitted to the inner circle of his intimates. Some writers have thought that the troublesome acquaintance that besought Horace to introduce him was none other than Propertius; others have thought that he

held a domestic position at the house of Maecenas—from his speaking of himself as living on the “Esquiliae.”

A less well-bred tone can be detected in Propertius than is apparent in either Tibullus or Horace. “He has the air,” as Cruttwell says, “of the *parvenue* parading his intellectual wares and lacking the courteous self-restraint which dignifies their style.” He is a genuine poet; a generous and a warm-hearted man. In the opinion of critics, he is the greatest master of pentameter that Rome ever produced. Its rhythm in his hands rises at times almost to grandeur. He is a disciple of the same old school of Ovid, but, unlike him, he possessed nothing of the epigrammatist. His finest lines seem to have come by accident or without effort. No small part of the effect in some of his weaker works is due to his vigorous handling of a somewhat feeble meter.

To obtain reputation was his ambition. Callimachus and Philetas were his only models—he possessed more poetic fervor than either. No poet is so hard to read through as Propertius. His faults are not unpardonable but obtrusive, and have had a great deal to do in hampering his fame. For example: In the midst of pleading he will turn aside to some vague myth, often unintelligible to the reader. He was a devoted admirer of Virgil.

The elegies which show his characteristics best are: where he prays his lady to dress modestly; where he rebukes himself for having left her side; where he tells the legend of Hylas; where he laments the death of Poetas; the dream in which Cynthia's shade comes to give him warning; and his patriotic elegies. It seems that Maecenas attempted to persuade him to write heroic

poetry, but he excuses himself from this much as Horace did.

In reading Tibullus, Ovid, Propertius, and other elegiac poets of this age, we are struck by the free-and-easy way in which they borrow thoughts from one another. Virgil, now and then, appropriates a word of Horace, Horace, somewhat oftener of Virgil, and Tibullus, from both. But Propertius, who is less original than either of these, has many direct quotations and a considerable number of imitations. This custom was not thought to detract from a writer's independence, in that each had his own domain and borrowed only where he would be equally ready to give.

The absence of Tibullus' name in Propertius' works is not surprising to us, since the men were too different in their literary tastes to have had much sympathy. Besides this, Tibullus was too great a personage to be intimate with Propertius and too small to be his patron. Another reason is that Tibullus belonged to Messalla's following, and Propertius to Maecenas.

The composition and publication of Propertius' four books cover a period of more than ten years. It is natural, therefore, that they should show a decided improvement. This development can be traced not only in style, but more easily in his choice of subject-matter. The theme of his first book is love, and everyone of its twenty-two poems—except two—sings of it. The second book is not very different, except that in it he describes the Palatine temple of Apollo. In this poem we have the first indication that he is interested in the greatness of Rome. We would expect no great development in these two books, they being published so closely together, but in the last two there is presented a different picture.

In Book III, his admiration of Rome's national glory begins to demand expression and the sorrows of others are becoming his own. After a lapse of five years comes Book IV, whose opening poem is the program of his new ideal, viz., to describe the sacred places of Rome and tell their story. In the whole of this book, there are only three poems which remind us of the first two books.

Propertius' indebtedness to his predecessors is hard to trace. There are several instances in which Virgil and Horace seem to have influenced him.

To the reader it seems that he could have accomplished anything, but his power is uncontrolled and a great mass of unintelligible mythology continually weights him down. Perhaps his rarest gifts are his use of words, and economical use of material to produce dramatic effect. What Macaulay said of Thucydides is true of him—"to understand him, we need a commentary rather than a lexicon."

This genius was not unappreciated. Ovid praises him as "*tener*" and "*blandi oris*;" Martial dubs him "*luscious*," but calls him "*facundus*" as well—and Quintilian tells us that there were many who preferred him to all other elegists. The proof of his popularity is seen in the frequent recurrence of quotations from him in the ruins of Pompeii.

PROFESSOR SLEDD'S NEW VOLUME OF VERSE.

BY W. L. VAUGHAN.

About four years ago Professor Sledd's first book, *From Cliff and Scour*, came from the press. Now we have his second effort, a neat little volume of eighty-four pages. It contains a great variety of verse, among which every lover of true poetry will undoubtedly find something to suit his fancy. As it is the work of a North Carolinian and a true lover of the South, it will receive a hearty welcome, and will help to teach some people that the South is not only taking the lead in industrial development, but in literary development, as well.

The volume opens with a tribute "To Sappho," which contains some touches as genuine as ever graced the pages of our English masters.

"Or yet to lie one hour upon the shore,
While far off come and go the long-prored ships,
And watch that hand divine flash o'er the lyre,
And hear the numbers flow from her wild lips,—
To drink of her dark, regal eyes the fire,
And, passing, feel no meaner rapture more."

Equally good are the following lines inspired by Sappho's broken words, "I yearn and seek:"

"The light of dark, full eyes, the lips' warm glow,
Could these vain, passing charms, bring thee to pine,
When nightly from yon steep kindling divine,
Apollo woos with harp-calls wild and low."

Surely the beauty of these lines cannot be surpassed by anything of their like in American literature. And although the entire poem is not as striking as the above,

a long poem is sometimes preserved for the sake of only a few short lines.

But the author does not always write of literary subjects, and his dreams are not always "amid high walls of books," but as he hears a maiden play "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," there comes

* * * "a low voice calling, like a mother's, far away :

Calling to me out of childhood, and the golden long ago,
From the mountains, from the river, and the fields that
well I know.

"And I lose myself in dreaming how it all has been to-day,
With the autumn sunlight falling on a farmstead lone
and gray.

"Purple hills and hazy valleys; and the mellow silence round
Broken by the tardy chestnut pattering shyly to the ground;

"Far, faint tinkle of the herd-bells, stealthy whistling of
the quails,
And the droning of the threshers to the falling flails.

"Yonder at the highway's parting, where the guide-post
lifts lame hands,—
With the wildwood crowding round it, still the old brown
schoolhouse stands."

Who of us have not had experiences similar to that of the author, when

"There a little boy is sitting, and his reader idly falls,
While he marks the evening sunlight slowly creeping
up the walls.
Will it never reach that nail-scratch?—
'School dismissed!' the Master calls.

Some of his best poems are descriptions of nature. Unlike Bryant, his descriptions are real, giving scenes which the fullness of his heart cannot repress. Most of these are too long to be quoted. "To Otter Pass" is very pretty. "The Passing of June" is too good to be omitted.

"The trees in moontide sleep are still;
But twinkling leaf or struggling blade,
With noiseless start of life may thrill
The tender dream of sun and shade.

"Is it a glimpse of soft blue skies,
Or shy, sweet glance of bluer eyes
From leafy covert watching me?
Is it a pure white cloud at rest,
Or gleam of whiter arms and breast
Which through the opening boughs I see?
What subtle breathings o'er me steal!
Too low to hear, too soft to feel,
And rousing something kin to fear,
Which tells some hidden presence near."

All of us have felt what he expresses in "October."

"Once more they come, the blest October days,
Bringing their holy calm and rest complete,
And hour-long dreaming * * *"

Some of his finest lines are found in the following:

"Yon sullen-fronted cloud has grown
To twilight steeps that I have known,
Yet with a wonder all their own:
And where in azure vales they end
Radiant Mænad throngs ascend,
And—is it truth or faucy vain?—
There comes a far-off mystic strain;
Such strains as now no more are heard,
Guessed at in song of bird
Or whispering of the moonlit trees,
With something sweeter still than these:
World-old rapture, world-old woe,
As when Pentheus long ago
Heard in Cithæron's valleys dim
The young gads new, diviner hymn.

"A moment's pause, of breathless hush—
What wings unseen around me brush!—
And, lo, the Mænad throngs are fled,
And up the darkling sky instead
Glides a mute shape in hooded gray,
With face turned from the earth away—
Gone spirit of the day that's dead."

But this poet's descriptions are not all of this kind. Often his lines take on a wildness, sometimes reminding us of the weird beauty of Poe. A few lines from "The Martyr's Thron" is an example:

"Motionless, silent, would they stand day-long.
But when night fell, and from the darkling hills
The winds came down, moaning across the plains,
The thorns would rouse with hissings hoarse and deep,
Like monstrous breathings of a dragon brood.

Few can remain insensible to such wild solitude as this, which describes the night-watch of the Philippine Sentinel on the beach:

"But the midnight vision passes, and the sea breaks forth in its
grief,—
The myriad moan of the sands and the long, deep roar of the
reef,
And somewhere far in the darkness, forever high over it all,—
Like the voice of one forsaken,—the buoy's lone, wailing call."

We have here one who loves little children. During his leisure hours they are his constant companions, and he is perhaps best when writing of them. In his former collection, one of his best poems, "The Cocoon," was his first effort along this line. He seems to have recognized his power, and has used it well. He has given his book the name of perhaps his best poem, with one exception, *The Watchers of the Hearth*. Besides this there are many other lines which show his jealous love for the "little ones." What is more tenderly beautiful than this:

"So tired!" All day have gone the restless feet
Lured on by wonders of the new-waked earth,
The teeming Maytime's miracles of birth,—
Till weariness at last is bliss complete.
The lambs along the pasture slopes yet fleet,
And mating birds are gossiping on bough,
And fireflies kindle by the stream; but now
'So tired, so tired!' the drowsy lips repeat.

"What if the evening prayer be left half-said!
As by the mother's knee, o'er folded hands
Silently droops the little golden head.
I lift the sleeping form with jealous care,
And guarding in my heart the broken prayer,
I know that One has heard and understands."

The author does not fail to show a variety, and in "The Builders," he gives us something entirely new and original. "By the Sea" has been called the best in the collection. It appears in this number of THE STUDENT. Some of the longer poems are too good to remain unnoticed. An example of these is "Isaac," a story of the days before the *war*. But of most interest to North Carolinians are "The Wraith of Roanoke" and "The Vision of the Milk-white Doe," stories of Roanoke Island.

Can such a collection of poems die? They are certain of life, and deserve the recognition and patronage of every lover of the truly beautiful.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.
W. L. VAUGHAN.....Editor
T. E. BROWNE.....Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.
J. A. McMILLAN.....Editor
P. R. ALDERMAN.....Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

H. E. CRAVEN, Editor pro tem.

The
Gymnasium.

In the last number of THE STUDENT, an article was published in which Prof. Crittenden kindly advised us as to the proper use of the gymnasium. His advice was good, as well as timely, for of late the attendance on the daily drills has been gradually growing smaller. This falling-off began with the cold weather, and seems to be reaching a minimum at the approach of examinations. Surely this should not be! Cold weather should not prevent our regular gymnasium duties. This is the very time when we most need exercise. In warm weather we take long strolls and find various means of taking necessary exercise, but now that it is cold, there is a tendency to stay too much indoors. Neither should examinations be allowed to prevent regular exercise. On the contrary, we need it most when our minds are most regularly employed. Half an hour each day spent in the right kind of exercise will be worth more in the end than twice that time employed mentally without exercise.

The
Debate.

The debate for 1901 has passed, and the victor's Cup is again resting peacefully in the Wake Forest cabinet. A detailed account of the contest is given in another department of *THE STUDENT*; we only wish to comment here in a general way on the contest.

In the first place, we are all proud of the victory, and deservedly so. Never before has the College been more ably represented than in the recent debate. Our speakers realized the responsibility resting on them, and worked accordingly. They mastered the subject in all its phases, and showed fine discriminative judgment in selecting the main issues and placing more emphasis upon them than on the minor details. For the limited time each speaker is allowed in these contests, we believe this broad view of the subject is more effective than mere fencing with statistics and side-lights.

The spirit of the debate was of a high order. There was intense rivalry without unbecoming conduct and remarks; loyalty without sectionalism; in short, chivalry between men as men. The speakers dealt in no personalities. There was nothing to jar the good feeling which has always existed between the two colleges. We met as friends and felt that we parted with the sincere congratulations of our opponents. For this spirit of manliness and generosity and good-will both institutions rejoice. The debate proved one thing very forcibly, and that is that Wake Forest knows how to act when she wins a victory, and that Trinity knows how to take defeat.

Now that we have been victorious in the last contest, the students of Wake Forest can not afford to rest contented. Already a general impression has gone

throughout the State that an alternating process is in operation, which decides these debates not according to merit but according to the year for the one or the other college to win. Whether there is any truth in this impression or not, is not for us to say. But the impression must be corrected, and it is for the students of Wake Forest College to prove that the report is erroneous by showing the people of the State that the Cup can be won for two successive years by the same institution. It is our duty to see to it that this seemingly alternating process shall cease. For this reason, therefore, we think the next debate more important than any previous contest, and we hope the aspirants for Raleigh will continue to work with unabated zeal toward preparing themselves to represent the College and win her victories.

A New
Movement in
North Carolina.

It is a pleasure to note the growing interest in history and literature in North Carolina. There only needs a cursory review of some recent events to show that this new interest is being manifested in a way that signifies not a superficial but a genuine interest in the history of the State. Miss Sallie Stockard, by writing the histories of some of our most prominent counties, is preserving many facts, incidents and legends of State and local interest, which may form a basis of a more elaborate history of North Carolina when her true historian arrives. Judge Clark is doing a great service to the State by editing an authentic history of North Carolina Regiments in the Civil War, the first volume of which has been placed in the library recently. Those who have examined the Colonial Records and History

by the same editor, will read the account of the regiments with the assurance that the same accuracy which characterized the former will also be found here.

Dr. Bassett, of Trinity College, will publish the first number of *The South Atlantic Quarterly* in January. This new magazine will be devoted to the interest of history and literature in the South, and will, no doubt, contain many articles of value on North Carolina. Such a magazine, edited as it is by a genuine scholar, should receive the support of all who are able to subscribe to it and write for it. The South is in great need of just such magazines as this one is capable of becoming, if supported by the money and the brains of the Southern people. We hope *The South Atlantic Quarterly* will be the next magazine added to the list of periodicals that come to the reading-rooms.

This new movement, of which the *Quarterly* is one of the many indications, is to be seen in the recent publication of two volumes of stories from North Carolina history, one by a gentleman of Elizabeth City, and the other by an alumnus of Wake Forest College, Mr. W. C. Allen, of Waynesville. We have not examined the literary merits of either of these books, but from the favorable comments of the press generally, we infer that they accomplish the end for which they were designed, viz., to give the school children of North Carolina the historical stories of their State in an intelligible and instructive form.

Another evidence of this literary interest was the organization of the Literary and Historical Association in Raleigh last spring. The work of this Association, while it has not accomplished a great deal, is still a sign that some people in North Carolina are turning

their attention to things of more substantial value to their inner life and culture than the building of cotton mills.

This historical spirit, if it may be called such, is no less apparent in the efforts made of late years to improve places of historic interest within our borders, and to erect monuments to the memory of men who contributed many noble efforts toward the upbuilding of the State. None of these efforts to honor the dead is more praiseworthy than that instituted a short time ago to place a monument in Nash Square, in Raleigh, to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh. The method of having the school children and students of the State to raise the money for this monument is unique and proper. We trust that soon all of our people will see to it that the names of our heroes shall be honored by monuments, and that interest in the history of our State will continue to grow.

EXCHANGES

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

It is very entertaining to read the charming stories in the November issue of *The Vassar Miscellany*. They are for the most part true to nature and thoroughly composed.



In the article, "Anarchism in America," *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine* presents a brief history of the introduction and existence of anarchism in America. It is worthy of a thorough perusal. "His Degree" is an interesting story, but its plot is wanting. "A Glimpse at the Personality of John Marshall" is a good biographical sketch. Blunders in type-setting are too frequent.



The Pine and Thistle has a very neat and appropriate cover. The November issue contains two good editorials and the delightful love story, "Vacation Reminiscences." The writer of the latter either has a fine imaginative faculty or has had some novel experiences in life. The literary notes are instructive and tersely written, but the magazine needs one or more essays and poems to make it complete.



The Central Collegian has a very neat cover, but the quality of its paper and printing are bad. There are three essays and one poem in the November issue. The best and most praiseworthy of these is "Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." "Demonstra" is the repetition of the same ideas expressed in different words and phrases. The first two editorials are good, having for their subjects "More Encouragement" and "The Utility of Education," but the department bearing the *alliterated* headline, "Some of Snake's Silliness," is undignified and misbecoming for a literary magazine to use.

The November issue of the *Wofford College Journal* is very praiseworthy, and such pieces as "Diamonds" and "The Halloween Goblin" are good, containing several pretty descriptive sentences; the latter is slightly incoherent in composition. "The Fate of War" is an interesting love-story but some of its expressions and sentences are rather grandiloquent. The editorials are above the average of the majority found in our exchanges.



A good introduction to the *Emory and Henry Era* for November is the translation of Goethe's "Brooklet." "The Dependent Nature of George Eliot" is very good and the subject is handled by the writer in a short but attractive essay. "Is it Well with the Republic" is a thoughtful article, and "Fragment of a Venetian Tale" is readable. "Traditions" has a commendable purpose, but it and "A Strange Escape" are poor.



Looking over the pages of the *Southeastern University Magazine* one is impressed with its several good essays. They are well-written, and the one about liberty is characterized by deep thought. The editorials are ably written and are of general interest, an attribute which can not be said about the majority of our exchanges, as their editorials are mostly about the magazine and the institution they represent.



We failed to receive the October issue of *The University of Texas Literary Magazine* but the November number comes to us neatly bound and printed. "Twelve-Thirty, Washington Time," is an interesting story about an audacious anarclist plot in 1893, which, by an act of providence, as it seemed, failed. "Mrs. Johnson in the Grand Stand," and "Miss Mary's Medicine" are amusing storiettes. "The Gentleman Montaign" is a sad story; it is a little unnatural and the writer has permitted his practical imagination to pass into the fanciful. "Hope" is a pretty translation from the German of Schiller. There are no meritorious essays in it and the editorials are poor and uninteresting.

The Furman Echo for November is a marked improvement over the October issue. It contains a commendable article, "What Cæsar Did for Rome," in which the writer interestingly proves that Cæsar's work was that of a philanthropist. "Vidi Hoc" is a unique poem. Its title is a violation of a law in rhetoric which advises the use of an unnaturalized foreign word *only* when there is no fitting term in English to express the thought. "Why He Loved Her" is the same, sad story of one disappointed in love; it has no plot. The editorials are lacking in variety; there is only one of general interest, the other two are about the magazine and college.



We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: *Blue and Gold*, *The Limestone Star*, *The King College Magazine*, *The Mercerian*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Roanoke Collegian*, *The Criterion*, *The William Jewel Student*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Mississippi College Magazine*, *Converse Concept*, *William and Mary College Monthly*, *State Normal Magazine*, *The Carolinian*, *The Shamrock*, *The Baylor Literary*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Buff and Blue*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

. T. E. BROWNE, Editor.

'88. Rev. T. C. Buchanan has been called to the pastorate of Rolling Fork, Ky.

'98-'01. Mr. Foy Vann is now taking a course in Medicine at Baltimore Medical College.

'94-'97. R. H. Herring and Miss Annie Boyen, of Wilmington, were married December 3.

'78-'80. Dr. Edwin B. Ferebee is a member of the staff of the State Hospital for the Insane at Raleigh.

'77. Rev. J. R. Jones now resides in Franklin County. Ill health allows him to take, for the present, no permanent pastorate.

'97. Mr. G. E. Lineberry is principal of the Winterville High School. It is under the auspices of the Neuse Baptist Association.

'97. Mr. J. C. McNeill, of Lumberton, is occupying his leisure in poetical work, some of which, we are pleased to know, has been accepted by leading Northern magazines.

'97. Rev. Charles L. Greaves, of Rockingham, accepted the call of the Reidsville Baptist Church, and on the first of December entered upon the work of that important pastorate.

'96. Mr. John T. Bland, of Burgaw, was Moderator of the Wilmington Association at its recent session. Mr. Bland delighted his friends here by a visit to the Hill this week.

'82. Prof. W. J. Ferrell is making a fine success of his school at Wadesboro. It is an associational high school, and at the recent annual meeting of the Pee Dee Association, was prominently commended.

'94-'97. Dr. Fred Cooke, of Louisburg, has been appointed a surgeon in the United States Army. He will probably be assigned to duty in the Philippines.

'95. Rev. I. S. Boyles, now associate editor of *The Religious Herald*, is said to be the most efficient field man and correspondent that progressive journal ever had. He preached at Wake Forest, morning and night, December 1.

'81-'84. Rev Frank Dixon, the brilliant pastor of the leading Baptist Church of Hartford, Conn., was one of the appointed speakers in the late Baptist Congress, which met in New York City. His subject was "The Ethics of Gambling."

Rev. David T. Lawrence has given up his work in New Orleans to accept one of the best fields in South Alabama—churches at Geneva and Andalusia. His post-office is Geneva. We are very glad that he is succeeding so well.—*Biblical Recorder*.

'00. Mr. James F. Royster was recently appointed by Prof. Herrick, of Chicago University, as reader of themes in the Rhetoric Department, and he was also commissioned to make out a set of questions to the Lake Series of English Classics, published by a leading Chicago house.

'74. Dr. A. C. Dixon, pastor of Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Boston, during his evangelistic meetings in Louisville, Ky., gave two lectures before the Theological Seminary,—one on "Inspiration as a Companion of Information," the other on "The Living Christ in the Acts of the Apostles."

'97. Rev. George W. Griffin, of Pueblo, Colorado, in his report of the Baptist Convention of that State, says (*Baptist Argus*): "Southern men hold no small place in the Baptist work of Colorado. Everywhere they are esteemed and honored for their steadfastness and soundness in the faith."

'92. Rev. Rufus W. Weaver, First Baptist Church, Middletown, O., is getting out an excellent program for a week or more of lectures on important themes connected with our denomination. He has issued a Christian Culture Course program for the year, on "Christ in the Centuries."—*Baptist Argus*.

'79. Among the first lawyers of our State, is Mr. S. C. Vann, of Edenton, N. C. After taking his M.A. degree at Wake Forest in '79, Mr. Vann studied law in the office of Judges Dick and Dillard, of Greensboro. He was admitted to the bar in '80, and for four years practiced law in Winton, N. C. In '84, he moved to Edenton, and until the present day he has been gradually rising in his chosen profession. In 1900, he was nominated by the Democrats of the First District to represent his district in the State Senate, and after a very enthusiastic campaign was elected by an overwhelming majority.

'86. A few weeks ago we were much grieved at hearing of the death of Dr. John W. Taylor, of Union, N. C. After taking his A.B. degree at Wake Forest in '86, Dr. Taylor took a course in Medicine at the University of Virginia, and from there he went to New York, where he took a post-graduate course in the same branch. Since that time he has been practicing medicine in Hertford County. He was among the first in his profession, and had become one of the most popular and influential men of the county. He has always been a loyal friend to Wake Forest College, never letting an opportunity pass of paying some tribute to his *Alma Mater*. THE STUDENT wishes to extend its sympathy to his bereaved family.

'91. Field Secretary Spillman is winning golden opinion wherever he appears. We take the following from the report of the Texas Convention in *The Baptist Argus* as a sample: "Perhaps the richest speech was made by Field Secretary Spillman of the Sunday School Board. He came as a new inspiration for a cause which has not as yet been specially seized upon by Texas Baptists. How he does magnify the importance of and the power to come from teaching the Bible! We congratulate the Sunday School Board and Secretary Frost upon the discovery of Spillman. He has become one of our treasures. Sunday School work is the lagging part of the denomination's endeavor. The Sunday School Board has done a great work, but as yet neither it or any of us half realize what need there is for it to have a larger vision and to undertake a completed work. Spillman, many are beginning to believe, will, with Secretaries Frost and Van Ness, bring us into a new day along this way."

'69-'73. The President of the Department News Company, of Washington, D. C., Wm. N. Newbold, is a native of North Carolina. He was educated at Wake Forest College, N. C., and graduated in the Law department of the Columbian University. Shortly after his admission to the District Bar he returned to North Carolina, and was nominated for delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1875. Removed to Richmond, Va., in 1891, he founded the *Commercial News*.

He has resided in Washington since the spring of 1893, and has since been actively engaged in commercial pursuits, in connection with the law. He established, in 1893, the Washington Business Bureau, since which time he has been its president.

Mr. Newbold is a graceful and impulsive speaker.

'49-'50. Mention has been made of the death of Dr. A. J. Thompson, of South Boston, Va., on November 5, 1901. Dr. Thompson was reared in Wake County, N. C., not very far from Wake Forest College. He was the son of Geo. W. Thompson, who was prominent in church and State, and also a noted teacher. He taught Rev. Matthew T. Yates, the great missionary to China.

Dr. Thompson graduated at Wake Forest College. He afterwards took up the study of medicine. During his professional life he has practiced at Apex and Sanford, in North Carolina. Later he settled at South Boston, Va., where he lived until his death. Dr. Thompson was three times married. He first married a Miss Brown, of Boston, Mass. His second marriage was to Miss Islie Yates, of Wake County, North Carolina. His third marriage was to Miss Bessie Easley, of South Boston, Va., who survives him.

Dr. Thompson leaves seven children, viz: Prof. Geo. C. Thompson, of California; Mrs. S. W. Thompson, of Falls, N. C.; W. J. Thompson, of Americus, Ga.; Luther H. Thompson, of Monroe, N. C.; Mrs. N. Finch, of Wilson; Miss Louise and Master Warren Thompson, with their mother, at South Boston, Virginia.

Dr. Thompson was 69 years old. He was a high-toned gentleman of the old style. Our best wishes for his widow and children.—A. D. HUNTER in *News and Observer*.

Dr. Geo. A. Lofton, in his introduction to *The Mormon Monster*, by Edgar E. Folk, A.M., D.D., says: "The author of this volume is the distinguished editor of *The Baptist and Reflector*, of Nashville, Tenn. He is a man of scholarly attainments, of judicial ability and lofty purpose; a gospel preacher and writer of rare capacity and experience; and he has for years devoted himself to the study of the great religious and social problems which affect the destiny of our country and Christianity. Upon the subject of Mormonism he is an especial authority, having devoted much study and labor to the question, not only by reading and observation at home, but by personal contact with the vital center of Mormon life and activity. With a view to the present volume, Dr. Folk spent sometime in Utah and the West; and with his well-known conservatism as a judicial investigator, the public can safely trust his utterances upon this subject. Having a long, personal acquaintance with the author, and having read the published articles which constitute the body of this work, the writer takes great pleasure in thus contributing to the introduction and circulation of a volume which ought to be in the hand of every Christian and American who loves religious and political liberty, and who represents the manhood or womanhood of this generation. As a critical and historical production, it is a compliment to the author's ability; and all who write on the subject for the future, pro and con, will have to reckon with this book. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of the day; and may God's richest blessings rest upon the author and his work."

'99-'01. Mr. C. G. Keeble is Principal of the Academy at Winton, N. C. Mr. Keeble is meeting with great success, and already has quite a long list of friends in Winton.

CLIPPINGS.

AFTER THE STORM, A CALM.

Must we ever be thus like children,
Shrinking and cringing so,
Cowering beneath the lash of pain,
Bowing our heads to woe?
Shall we never stand firm, unyielding,
Calm with the calmness of God;
But be ever with tear-stained faces,
Passing beneath the rod?

Aye! and the answer comes ringing
Clear as an angel's psalm:
Faint not, falter not, soul bowed down;
After the storm, a calm.
After the surging passion,
After the flood of tears,
After the restless heartache,
After the pain that sears,
Cometh the calm of evening,
Cometh the Realm of Rest,
Cometh the Buddhist's Nirvana,
Into the peaceful breast.

Like lilies that float at eventide,
Unruffled by wind or wave,
Thy soul shall rest on the Infinite,
Unmoved shall approach the grave.

—*Exchange.*

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE IN AUTUMN.

The lurid hues of Autumn flood
The wooded mounts and rounded slopes,
Where ruby red and yellow copes
With deeper tints, and nature would

So clothe herself in fiery splendor,
Or else in faintly fading green,
Where treasured heat promotes the sheen
Of Summer's leaves, no longer tender,
But rich in lustre deep and mellow,
Which frost is making red or yellow.

Thus rainbow colors blush and gleam
O'er all the valleys and the peaks,
And every leaf of music speaks,
And each doth half a poem seem.
So, each rich hue were worth the care
Of artists thrilled with strong desire
And wholly filled with ardent fire,
While revelling in beauty, there
To learn the art of nature's dress
That clothes her in such loveliness.

To music, clear harmonious songs,
To verses flowing like the streams,
To paintings, artist-poets' dreams—
To all of these the scene belongs;
And all of them it doth inspire,
Just as some gentle maiden's face
Doth leave the image of its grace
Upon the heart, and nobly fire
The mind in music, art, and verse
Her matchless beauty to rehearse.

And as the lover seeks in vain
To perfectly portray her charms,
Whom life with peerless beauty warms
By verse or brush or music's strain,
So incompletely man must sing,
In verse or sweetest music's air,
Or picture, tho' with painful care,
The colors Autumn's frost doth bring;
For man can never copy whole
The matchless form of nature's soul.

—*Exchange.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. A. McMILLAN, Editor.

THANKSGIVING!! Nothing!

MR. ROBERT LAWRENCE, of Raleigh, came out to see his mother one day last month.

MR. VODIE HOLLAND, of Laurinburg, spent Thanksgiving at Wake Forest.

MISS LUCY REEVES, of Raleigh, spent a few days visiting her cousin, Dr. Harris, last month.

MISS HULDA JOSEY, of Scotland Neck, spent a few days with Misses Mary and Janie Taylor recently.

PROF. JOHN E. RAY, of the Blind Institution at Raleigh, visited his son, Burton Ray, during the month.

MESSRS. JOHN BAGLEY, of Scotland Neck, and Joe Adams, of Raleigh, were on the Hill for two days during the past month.

OUR OLD FRIEND Herbert Holland, more famously known as Newish Holland, delighted his many friends by a short visit a few days ago.

PROFESSOR POTEAT, at the last meeting of the Scientific Society, delivered a lecture on "The Brain." The subject, as deep as it is, was handled in an exceptionally masterly manner. The lecture was the only subject of discussion at the meeting, but Professor Poteat did it so well that it was not only instructive but, contrary to most scientific papers, was highly interesting to the students—to those who were appreciative enough to attend the meeting. We would advise more of the boys to be present when such lectures are given.

IN THE MOVEMENT of the college students and school children to erect a monument to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, Wake Forest has made a splendid start. If the schools and colleges of the State have responded as promptly as Wake Forest, we see no reason why the erection of the monument should be delayed.

THE DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT given by Misses Tucker and Kinsinger on the night of November 24th was enjoyed by a large audience. Miss Kinsinger, as a solo harpist, justly deserves her wide-spread reputation, while Miss Tucker, as an elocutionist, is unsurpassed in the South. The program was a reply to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

MR. JOE GILL died at his home on the morning of November 4th after several weeks of sickness. The community has lost one of its best citizens. Mr. Gill was among the State's most popular traveling men, as was shown by the large number of friends who came from different parts of this State and Virginia to attend his funeral. The STUDENT sympathizes deeply with the bereaved family and relatives.

THE ANNUAL RECEPTION given by Professor and Mrs. Cullom to the members of the Bible classes was, as usual, one of the most enjoyable events of the year. Mrs. Cullom, herself a model hostess, was assisted by a number of young ladies on the Hill, which assistance made it all the more pleasant for those who had not yet been so fortunate to find them a better-half. The refreshments, too, something always enjoyable to college boys, were delightful, and those who were present only can testify to their sweetness.

OWING TO THE sickness of two of Trinity's speakers the Thanksgiving debate was postponed till Friday night,

December 6th. It is needless to say that this postponement was a great disappointment. The boys could hardly wait for the appointed time, and more than two hundred waited very impatiently for the Raleigh train. When arriving they greeted Raleigh with shouts of enthusiasm and then made a break for the "B. F. U.," where they had been invited to attend a reception. But lo! as they strolled into the reception hall they were greatly surprised and grieved to see many of those whom they believed so loyal to Wake Forest wearing the opponents' colors. But do not understand us to say that all the girls wore white and blue—far from it. There are a great many University girls who are as loyal to Wake Forest as we are to the "B. F. U.," and these made the reception so pleasant that the repeated ringing of the bell could not move the enthusiastic *brothers*.

We extend our deepest thanks to those who openly supported our speakers, filling them with inspiration and determination to win the cup; and on account of these, reserved seats will be given to the "B. F. U." in the debates to come.

As to the debate, we have met the enemy and they are ours. But how could it be otherwise with Dunn's oratory, Dickinson's deliberation, and Little's argument? The speeches made by them even surpassed the expectations most hopeful. "The Cup has come home," as Dr. Taylor puts it, and the boys say that it has come to stay. Our appreciation for the victory won by our speakers was indicated by the enthusiastic crowd that assembled to meet the Saturday's train. As is the custom, the carriage, profusely decorated in old-gold and black, was there for our champions; but what was more than all the outward show was the feeling of joy deep down in every boy's heart.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY, 1902.

No. 4.

THE SUN ROSE NOT AGAIN.

BY DR. G. W. PASCHAL.

Dread night of gloom and horror,
That night of woe to men,—
Through dreary hours of waiting,
The sun rose not again.

We huddled close together,
And looked along the skies
Where o'er the misty hill-top
The king of day should rise.

The star of morn was beaming,
The hour of morn long due,
But never a ray of saffron
Flashed up the eastern blue.

And then we thought of the mornings
We had seen the glorious Day,
So kingly kind come driving
The accustomed gloom away;—

How the breeze sprang up to greet him,
The birds piped soft delight,
As the skies' fierce welcome monarch
Was toning the air with white;—

How morning tree-tops blackened
And western spires turned gold,
And the lifting grass was shedding
Its pearls, so bright and cold.

But dawn came not to the darkness
That on us now was spread;
And a startled bird came screeching,
And fluttered round my head.

The town was roaring madly
With runnings to and fro,
And brother knew not brother,
Mid wailing, weeping, and woe.

And in that pall of shadow,
All breathing things did pine,
But died with faces looking
Where the morning sun should shine.

A LOVE-STORY FROM THE MIDDLE-HIGH-GERMAN.

BY DR. J. H. GORRELL.

Far back in the middle ages there lived, probably in the South of Germany, a wandering minstrel named Hartmann von Aue. The Hohenstaufen dynasty then ruled the land with firm but beneficent sway; the crusades were bringing into the country strange and fantastic tales of the wonders of the Orient; great hospitable castles crowned the isolated hills which rose from the plains, standing like monstrous guide-posts to the fearful traveler for miles around, and affording shelter and protection to the homeless and penniless poet and singer.

Whether Hartmann was a victim of homelessness and penury we know not. It is obvious, however, that he lived a life of peace and contentment, and was one of those characters who, avoiding extremes of all kinds, enjoy the tranquility of blissful conservatism. That he was not indifferent to the aspirations of his times is shown by the fact that he fought in one of the crusades. A love episode that resulted disastrously for him did not hinder him from persevering in this good work and attaining the happiness of a second love.

Hartmann was a poet of the first rank, and that among many good poets too. His lyrics are full of sensuousness and delicacy, and his longer heroic poems are fairly resplendent with gorgeous description and brilliant imagery. His longer and more pretentious efforts, the *Erec* and the *Iwein*, full of all the glory of King Arthur and his famous knights, are well known to all lovers of early German literature. But there are many, even among the professed students of German, who have not a first-hand acquaintance with his beautiful and pious

little poem of love and devotion, which is known under the rather insignificant title of *Poor Henry*.

"A knight so learned was
That he in the books read
Whatever he there written found.
He was named Hartmann,
And he read this story—
How there was a lord,
Who lived in Swabia land:
He was filled with all virtue,
And he was of highest birth
And lived in great riches,
His name was well-known
For he was called Lord Henry."

Now this same "parfit gentle knight" in the hey-day of his glory and prosperity was stricken with the dread plague of leprosy. Oh, the pity of it! Driven away from his own people, shunned by man and woman, an object of loathing to all who looked upon him, he sadly made his way from place to place seeking relief and finding none.

At last he finds a celebrated physician at Salerne who tells him that there is only one remedy for his disease, and that is the heart's blood of a maiden who of her own free will consents to suffer death for him. Saddened and discouraged by this seemingly impossible condition the poor knight returns home, makes liberal donations to sufferers from poverty and oppression, and then betakes himself to the humble cottage of one of his former tenants. The family was composed of the father, mother and several pretty children, among whom was a beautiful maiden, who shows singular tenderness and affection to their unfortunate guest. Every want of his was eagerly complied with, and all those little delicate attentions were shown him which only can procee

from a loving woman's heart. His friendship for her ripened into the gentlest affection. She was to be seen constantly sitting at his feet, listening to his wise and pious conversation.

Three years passed by and Knight Henry's strength began to fail. His terrible disease brought with it continual agony of mind and body, and death seemed to be near at hand. It happened one day that he told to the family the story of his life, and they learned for the first time the strange remedy. With sad and heavy hearts they sought their rest, and late in the night the parents were awakened by the sobbing of their daughter. "Why weepest thou?" "I weep for our dear Master; for we shall soon lose him who has done so much good to us." They comforted their child as best they could, but all the next day she mourned, and at night, lying on her sleepless couch, she determines to offer herself as a sacrifice for the one she loved. With many tears her parents attempt to change her resolution; but she pleads her sorrow for her friend, her love for the welfare of her people, and her desire to be with Jesus Christ and His angels. They at last mournfully cease their persuasions.

"Then the pure maid rejoiced,
And at the early dawn
She stole to her lord's couch,
And spake: 'Lord, sleepest thou?'
'No, my sweet maid, tell me,
Why art thou so cheerful to-day?'
'Dear Lord mine, your life
Is won by a maiden's death.
I will be that maiden,
Your life is better than mine.' "

The good knight is quite overcome by so much sweetness and devotion and will not hear of the sacrifice. But the young girl's resolution is unshaken, and on the next

day the sorrowful little procession wends its way to Salerne. The astonished physician urges her to consider the pains of death, but she smilingly replies: "I die willingly for my love to my lord who has been so good to us, and I shall win the heaven's crown."

All is at last ready, and she is led into a little room where she is to die. Knight Henry makes one more frantic attempt to tear her away from death, but in vain. The knife is about to be plunged into her heart when "the Holy Christ showed how dear to him was her death," by restoring at once her loved one to perfect health, and thus delivered her from suffering as a sacrifice.

Full of joy and thankfulness they all returned to their homes. Henry bestows riches and possessions of all kinds upon the pious family. His old friends receive him with open arms, and admire his stately form and fresh and beautiful countenance. "Now thou must take to thyself a wife of beauty and noble lineage," say they. "By God's grace, no," replies the grateful knight. "My life I owe to that gentle maid, and if I have her not as my wife I shall ne'er wed."

He offers her his hand and heart. The story does not tell us of their courtship, but we may assume that the mutual love did not wait long for its reward, for the poem ends thus:

"They gave him the maiden for wife,
And after a long sweet life
They both won alike
The riches of heaven.
The reward they received
May God help us to gain. Amen."

PERCY PERCIVAL PENNINGTON.

BY CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER.

It had come. We all knew that it would come sometime, but even the new general manager's most bitter enemy gave it until the Fall, which was two months off, to happen.

I was working second "trick" then on the Black Creek division, and Snipsey Manly was copying for me. Snipsey and I talked the matter over, and we decided it would never do in the world; but our conversation didn't have any effect on the directors. In fact they never knew anything about it; they were giving the new general manager a pleasure trip through the South before he settled down to such "arduous" work as the management of the K. & N. Railroad.

You see, it was like this: The Honorable Mr. Percy Percival Pennington, Harvard A. B., and ex-manager of her football team, was the son of President Pennington, who was the largest stockholder in the road. And after his graduation he gallantly asked his father to let him enter the railroad shops and work his way up to president, as his father had done. But his father wouldn't hear to this; he said, since his son was a Harvard A. B. and an ex-manager of her football team, he should be general manager of the road, nothing short of it; and general manager he was.

The directors were delighted. Most of them had marriageable daughters who were not averse to Harvard A. B.'s and ex-managers of foot-ball teams for husbands. Well, as I have said, the first thing they did was to give the new general manager an extended trip South in the handsomest train on the road; and they sent their daugh-

ters along, too. Of course they sent a number of chaperones along, but somehow they all received telegrams requiring their immediate presence up North, and when Percy Percival Pennington got South there was nobody on the train but six bewitching directors' daughters, one gouty, deaf old aunt, and Honorable Percy himself.

The trip lasted about three weeks, and when at last Percy Percival started back the weight of his new responsibilities was so heavy upon him that he determined to begin work at once by reviewing the whole road on the return trip. He began his inspection at Hamburg, a hundred and fifty miles down below us, and by the time the special came on our division we were prepared for him.

Williamsburg possesses the largest round-house and company shop on the road, and Percy Percival wired us that he would make an extended stay with us. "Joby" Johnson, our head mechanic, heaved a giant sigh when we read him the message. "The Lord be with us," he said, "for I think we will have need of 'im."

They arrived on our division just as I sat down to the key, and I side-tracked everything to let them in. They spent two days at the round-house and shops, and, from what "Joby" Johnson told me, I guess they must have been a thorn in the old man's flesh; for the pious old fellow cursed like a car inspector when he told me about it.

"Why damme," he said, "they asked forty thouaand questions, and if yer didn't answer 'em as fast as the exhaust on er engin' they'd look like they wuz sorry for yer for they knowed ye wuz er fool. And that new general manager—", here the old gentleman exhausted his whole profane vocabulary in describing Percy Percival. "Why the road will go to the devil ez fast ez

the Flying Finch (that was the name of our fastest train) jest ez shore ez he tries to manage it."

The next day they came to see us. The visit wasn't quite unexpected, but we were hoping to get through with the heaviest traffic and have trains running smoothly when they came, but not so. Ten minutes after I relieved first "trick" they were down upon us. The first intimation we had of their presence was a swish of skirts and a chorus of "Ahs" and "Ohs," mingled with rapid conversation, in which a deep base voice played the most prominent part. A moment later I felt a nudge, and Percy Percival, surrounded by the directors' daughters, was standing over me.

"Ah, excuse me," he drawled, holding his eye-glass in one hand and his cane in the other, "I am Percy Percival Pennington, son of President Pennington, lately elected general manager of the road, and these are the directors' daughters. We want to see how you run trains."

"My dear sir," I began, "I—"

"Never mind, sir, about the explanation. We want to see just exactly how you dispatch trains. Proceed, sir."

"Sir," I began again, for I saw just how I must deal with him, "there is nothing to see, and very little to hear but the click of the instrument; and, moreover, I can not spare the time."

In the meanwhile Simpsey had come to my rescue. He got up and, after much hemming and hawing, he rattled off a little speech in school-boy style, which was in substance that fast trains have right-of-way over all other trains, local passenger over freights, and fast freights over local freights; that there are three dispatchers who work as first, second, and third "tricks" respec-

tively, consisting of eight hours dispatching, beginning at eight in the morning; that the man dispatching then worked second "trick" and that he copied for him.

"Au yes," said Percy, "I see," and the girls echoed him. "Wreally, I am indeed obliged for your courtesy," said Percy, and with that he took his departure, followed by the bevy of directors' daughters.

Percy did not take charge right away, for his trip had set him to thinkiug of new schemes which he wanted to put in operation; and, moreover, he was in love with one of the director's daughters and was to be married.

The nuptials were very quiet, but Percy's magnanimous heart so overflowed with love to us that he sent everyone of us an invitation, from hostlers to the general traffic manager.

Percy did not go on any bridal tour, but settled down to work immediately, and the first thing he did brought it about. We weren't much surprised at it; we weren't surprised at anything he did. In fact, we rather expected something of the kind; but since he was himself a young man we rather expected a raise than a cut, but a cut it was, and a forty per cent cut in expenses at least. Ninety section bosses, with their hands, were taken off; freight engines that ought to have pulled forty cars pulled seventy-five and eighty; and to cap the climax a number of night operators at important stations were discharged.

Well, we all knew what it meant—wrecks, and we had them. First a cattle-train broke apart up Jander's grade and smashed into smithereens at the foot; next, a fast freight jumped the track at Dabney; next, No. 78, vestibuled, collided with No. 47, local passenger. And from that it went on until "WK," which is the call for

the wrecker, became almost as familiar as "DO," the call for the dispatcher's office.

Then it began to rain; and with washouts, weak trestles, rotten track and land-slides we had wrecks until even the newspaper men were tired of them, and the people lost interest. The directors frowned; the trainmen swore; and Percy Percival—he planned. Totally unconscious of the havoc he was causing, he continued "to make improvements." At the very moment at which two fast trains had collided, and ten persons were lying dead on account of the removal of a night operator at an important junction, Percy Percival was planning how he might introduce wireless telegraphy on the road; and when a circus train went down in the river, on account of weak pillars, he was consulting with a Northern sharper about the inestimable value of paper abutments.

Finally we could stand it no longer, and so we called a mass-meeting of all the employes on the division, as the other divisions were doing. "Joby" Johnson was chairman. I recall his sturdy little form and his wild sweeping gestures as he stood before that audience, which was clad, for the most part, in blue overalls and black and grimy with coal, and told of the calamities which had befallen the road.

"Fellow-laborers," he said, "the old road is going to the dogs. There are wrecks and rumors of wrecks. Every trainman of you carries his life in his own hands. Death peeps at ye round every curve and flags you down in most every cut. Ye are like cattle before the slaughter-pen; ye can only bellow and die. Oh men! think of yer wives and yer children er waitin' fer ye at the gate, an' ye're layin' dead ez er couplin' pin on yer train—"

The old man's voice grew tender, and he broke down

and cried like a child. He said much more, but few heard it, for there were subdued sobs throughout the room, and now and then some brawny fellow stole out and returned with suspiciously red eyes. "Joby" brought forward a petition to the directors asking for the resignation of Percy Percival and the reinstatement of the old regime. Every man present signed it, and most of them made their periods with a tear.

There is not much more to tell, except that Percy Percival resigned, and the old road is enjoying its old-time prosperity. I am chief dispatcher now, Simpsey is working first "trick" and "Joby" Johnson is superintendent of the division. Percy Percival is spending his father's millions, and they say he is a brilliant success. But when we want to enjoy a good laugh we get "Joby" Johnson to tell us about the time when Percy Percival Pennington, Harvard A. B., and ex-manager of her football team, was general manager of the old K. & N.

BETWEEN THE AGES.

BY H. F. PAGE.

The flood of ages flow and ebb away;
Upon its bosom drift the thoughts of men;
We linger on the shore and watch the spray
Recede and pass beyond our narrow ken.

Along the strand we hear the surges roar,
Then breaking, turn once more from whence they rose;
Aeon on aeon, upon Time's headland shore,
Like these, have rolled, then sunk to long repose.

Upon the main we cast some thought afire,
And watch it drift far out—far out to sea,—
Can it be lost? Or, will it not inspire
Some heart, some life whose story yet shall be?

Where mighty ages meet to-day we stand,
Across the main a distant voice we hear:
"Stand firm for God, for truth, for native land;
Be brave, be true, defend the name you bear."

Can we be false? Forbid, great God of heaven!
Stern Duty calls; 'Tis ours to dare and do.
Shall justice fail?—A trust to us is given.
A Century waits. A nation pleads. We *must* be true.

THE LITTLE GRANDFATHER.*

BY HENRY E. LANNEAU.

When the good ship left old England, where it touched for a few days before bidding a final farewell to the old world, "The Little Grandfather" was one of its numerous passengers. He was the youngest son of nine children who, with their father and mother, were forced to leave the old country along with other French Huguenots.

Too young to appreciate his surroundings, he could not know that he was leaving forever the land of his birth. Doubtless his few descendants in America would never have known that he was a native-born Frenchman, but for the fact that his older brothers and sisters often told him the story of this departure from France. Owing to the fact that he was the youngest of so many children, he is known to all in the family line that came after him as the "Little French Grandfather."

Like so many of the persecuted of that time, these exiles from France landed in Acadia, the famed land of Evangeline, and here made their home.

In a new land, with virgin soil and unhewn forests, it was not long before these sturdy pioneers were able to make for themselves comfortable homes. Here they tilled the soil, sowed their grain and reaped abundant harvests. Here in their peaceful homes, gained by the hard labor of their hands, they might well be content to worship God in their own way.

All went well until the time when the English asserted her authority and drove from their prosperous farms these thrifty farmers who had done no man harm, but

*An Historical Sketch.

had simply and honestly made themselves homes in the midst of the forest primeval. It is not necessary to recount the way in which the deportation was carried on. It is only necessary to say that the "Little Grandfather" was among those so unfortunate as to be separated from all kindred and friends and made to shift for himself as best he might among strangers. He landed in Charleston with a half-dollar in his pocket as his sole capital with which to face the world and seek his fortune.

But the spirit of thrift and independence was not slow to assert itself. This little boy, though only nine years old at the time, as well as he could afterwards remember, lost no time in seeking employment by which he might hope to earn a living.

Walking along the streets of Charleston he came to a place where a house was building. He noticed some brick-masons laying brick on top of the house and hailed them, asking if he might be allowed to carry their brick up to them. They listened attentively to his story and agreed to employ him at this work. From this start he was able, in one way or another, to gain his living.

When ten or twelve years old he came to the notice of Colonel Lawrence, of Revolutionary fame, who took a kindly interest in him and gave him a place in his home. He treated him with the greatest kindness and even offered him all the advantages of an education, on one condition, however: He was to lose his own name and take, in its place, the name of Lawrence. To this proposal my "Little Grandfather" said an emphatic "No." Yet for fear he might be forced to do so against his will, he ran away from this kind gentleman, and with characteristic boldness struck out once more to make a name for himself.

Soon an opportunity was given him of entering the

tanning business. Step by step he rose until he became the head man in this business enterprise, and in a few years succeeded so well that he was able to build a home and marry. He lost the fortunes which he made in the tanning business two or three times, but every time managed to gain another. He reared a family and at the age of fifty retired from business, proud that he had cleared his own way to fortune, but chiefly proud of the possession of his own name.

During all this time he had not been able to learn anything of his five brothers, of whom he was the youngest. He had listened to vain reports of this or that one, thought to be at a certain place, but all to no purpose. At last he decided to go in search of them himself. With the instinct of a bird which returns to its starting place when it has lost its bearings, he turned his face toward the North and set out for Canada, where he had last seen those he sought.

The manner in which he at length discovered one of his brothers, the oldest, in that far-off land of ice and snow, is as romantic as it is unusual. Informed by his friends of a family living in a certain province of Canada having the same name as his own, he hastened in search of them. Time and again he was disappointed to find that he had been misdirected in his search and must go further. These disappointments and discouragements, however, only served to strengthen his determination to find his brothers.

On a sunny day in April the "Little Grandfather" was riding along a winding country road beside a cleared field on one side, and a large wood on the other, in far-off Northern Canada. The day was clear and bracing, and the wind just sharp enough to lend a freshness to

the air. With head bent he began to wonder if his long and never-ending search would bring him to his goal. He was beginning to doubt whether he had not better give up and abandon his enterprise altogether. The cool, bracing air and the bright sunshine had no effect upon him,—he was lost in meditation. Suddenly his horse stumbled and nearly fell, jerking the reins from his hand. He started, and looked up, awaking from his reverie. At the same instant his gaze was attracted to a man plowing a yoke of oxen in the field near by. But what of that, was it not a common sight, and one to be seen on every roadside? He was about to return to his former half-dreamy mood, when he caught himself. Was it a "touch of nature" that forced him to turn his gaze again in that direction and fix it there intently?

For the second time he was on the point of withdrawing into the domain of his own reflections—but stay! A last casual glance reveals the whole secret of his deep fascination. The man and plow were rounding the crest of a little knoll and stood in sharp outline against the evening sun. But the man! his whole attention was centered on him—the bend of those sturdy shoulders now bowed with years, why did they carry his thoughts back to boyhood? The sharp profile of the face, with the straight nose and firm set of the mouth, why were those features so familiar?

Then the thought flashed over him, with conviction following fast,—no, he need go no further. Springing from his horse and leaping over the fence that enclosed the field, he ran up to the man, shouting, "Pierre! Pierre! is not this you, and I your long-lost brother, Francis?" The man stood in absolute silence, not knowing how to receive the boisterous welcome of this stranger. He

could not believe this man who had run up to him in so demonstrative a manner was his lost brother. He must have proof, and this was forthcoming.

To explain Long before, in the days before the departure from the old country, this incident took place: That most eventful time in a boy's life had come to the youngest member of the household,—that day he put on trousers! The French nurse who had the little fellow in charge, saw that he was duly decked in his man's attire, and sent him running across the open court to the house to show his mother. While he was on his way the large watch-dog, not recognizing his young master, rushed at him and seized him savagely by the arm. He was soon beaten off, but the print of the dog's teeth was left as a mark to tell the tale.

Pulling back his sleeve and exposing his bare arm with the mark upon it he said, "Pierre, do you remember this mark?" Almost before he could finish Pierre replied, "Yes, yes, I remember, I remember! No more! It is enough!" Then the two brothers embraced each other and rocked back and forth, now laughing, now crying for very joy.

With hands joined and hearts united they walked into the deep of the wood. Then they sat down here at the foot of a hoary oak in the midst of the northern forest, and held sweet talk as brother to brother, recalling the days that had been.

WITH THE COURT.

BY PROF. N. Y. GULLEY.

The average mind of ordinary intelligence has incorrect ideas about judicial proceedings. To those unacquainted with courts, and proceedings therein, the words judge, trial, and court conjure up mental pictures of personified austerity, heartless torture, and the exercise "of infernal ingenuity to do injustice to both sides," to paraphrase a sentiment attributed to O'Connor.

For centuries the popular concept of a lawyer was formed from pictures drawn by Shakespeare, Dickens, and other writers, who, like them, sought for appropriate examples to whom they might misapply the Scripture, "Woe unto you Lawyers." But now only the ignorant, and those more to be pitied, mentally deformed persons, who delight only in distorting truth, hold such views. But as to courts, to a considerable extent the same conceptions that we formed by reading accounts of trials during the Inquisition, star-chamber, etc., still continue; certainly we do not get further than the wig and gown, which so change the man that he is no longer the same individual, nor moved by the same feelings, impulses, humors, and whims of other men.

Some few extracts from the writings of our own judges may throw some light on the fact that they are men of like passions with ourselves.

Occasionally we find references to the classical in literature. Thus one writes in the case of *State v. Oscar Neal*, 120—616.

This is an indictment for cruelty to animals, to-wit: sundry Stanly County chickens, "tame villatic fowl,"

as Milton styles them in stately phrase. The prosecutor and defendant lived very near to each other, and their chickens were exceedingly sociable, visiting each other constantly. But after the defendants had sown their peas they had no peace, for the prosecutor's chickens became lively factors in disturbing both. The younger defendant Oscar, as impetuous as his great name-sake, the son of Ossian, pursued one of the prosecutor's chickens clear across the lot of another neighbor, and intimidating it into seeking safety in a brush pile; pulled it out ignominiously by the legs, and putting his foot on his victim's head, by muscular effort, pulled its head off. Then in triumph he carried the lifeless, headless body, and threw it down in the prosecutor's yard in the presence of his wife; also letting drop some opprobrious words at the same time. Another chicken Oscar also chased into the brush pile, and sharpening a stick, jabbed it at said chicken, and through him, so that he then and there died; and Oscar carrying the chicken impaled on his spear, threw it over into the prosecutor's yard. He knocked over another, and impaling it in the same style, also threw its lifeless remains over into the prosecutor's yard, as the Consul Nero caused the head of Asdrubal to be thrown into Hannibal's camp. "Having," in the language of Tacitus, "made a solitude and called it peace," he naturally protests against being now charged with the odium and burdens of war, which his Honor has assessed at a fine of \$1.00 and costs.

In the case of *Nichols v. Edenton*, commenting on the ruling of the majority of the court, that a public office is property, because of the interest of the officer in the salary, one says: "A salary will be well-nigh indestructible and immortal. The charge upon the public treasury once created will abide with us and stick to us

like another shirt of Nessus, and future generations will be born that they may continue to pay it. Different is the title to this office, the number of its occupants, the term of its duration, the constituency by which it is filled, but, Proteus-like, whatever form it may take, it is the same office, and one elected twenty years or a remoter period after the Legislature decrees its destruction, may claim its salary because of the similarity of the duties!

'You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling around it still.'"

Occasionally we find a Scripture reference or quotation. In *Miller v. Railroad*, 128—38, an action brought for injuries sustained from a horse frightened by an engine, we find this language: "Seeing the engine under steam, hearing the 'popping' and 'sizzing' of the escaping steam, he assumed the risk; inspired by his confidence in the integrity of his horse, based upon his recent experience with her around the train, he urged her forward; she became frightened—jumped—the insecure girth broke, and off she ran, carrying her unwilling driver at such a rate of speed that he too took fright, and then the frightened two separated, paying but little attention to the order in which it was accomplished, resulting in leaving the plaintiff in pain upon the ground, recalling to mind the wisdom and truth of the Psalmist in saying that 'An horse is a vain thing for safety.'"

Again, in *State v. Williams*, 128—575, the opinion concludes: "'The voice was the voice of Jacob, but the hand was the hand of Esau,' is the story of an ever-memorable fraud, but here neither hand nor voice created a suspicion in the mind of the betrayed."

The reports are rich in specimens of eloquence, but time and space forbid giving more of them now.

TO M. E. H.

BY WALTER H. CRABTREE.

When the twilight with its quiet,
Gently falleth everywhere;
When pure Nature in response
Seeks her part of rest to share;
When the stars, waked from slumber,
Calmly watch while nations sleep,—
My heart seeks her.

When the eastern sky is tinted
With the advent of the dawn;
When both man and Nature waking
Find Day's regal curtain drawn;
When the world starts on its duties
Down the trodden path of life,—
My heart seeks her.

When the sun is near its zenith
And the world 's a busy stir;
When the tired and weary workman
Heavy task would fain defer,
When the birds all full of gladness
Chirp their sympathizing lay,—
My heart seeks her.

When my soul is sad with weeping;
When her words sweet rapture lend;
When the moments drag so heavily;
When they seem as fleet as wind;
At all times and in all places,
Whether the day be bright or drear,—
My heart seeks her.

Thus throughout the days of Summer,
And the Winter, bleak and cold;
When the Springtime comes a-budding,
And the Fall in garb of gold,
I've but one thought,—ne'er another,—
That of Mary. How I love her!
Always my heart seeks her!

IN THE HANDS OF THE KU KLUX.

BY WALTER GOODE.

The young officer's heart was thumping vigorously against his breast, as with trembling caution he stole into the lone old house. And well it might, for he wore the uniform of the Federal government, and was in that part of the South where hatred for the Northern "blue-coats" and "carpet-baggers" was most bitter. Here had been formed a small band of Ku Klux, a part of the great clan then organized in many parts of the South, exaggerated reports of whose outrages had often reached the North. The blue-coated spy had come to find out their place, and to learn their time of meeting, so that a company of soldiers might know when and where to surprise and capture them.

As the suspected rendezvous of the Ku Klux, there had been pointed out to the Federal officer this old house that had long been deserted. Reconstruction had left it untouched, and it stood, an unkept but well-remembered monument to Sherman and his army. Among the people of the country around, especially the negroes, it was looked upon as haunted, and no one dared approach it after dark.

The feelings of the young "blue-coat" were now quite different from what they had been when he had boastfully volunteered to play the spy on the Ku Klux. His then high courage was gone, and he was almost ready to turn and flee; but feeling sure that he could effectively conceal himself before any of the band appeared, and, thinking of the reward if successful, he took his dark-lantern and began a hasty exploration of

each room. The search was long; but he was at last rewarded by the discovery of a well-concealed trap-door that led into an underground apartment. In this cellar he found all the paraphernalia of the Ku Klux—white cloaks and hoods, masks with eyes and mouth-pieces that glared with phosphoric light, and murderous-looking mask-clubs and long wooden knives.

In his exultation over his discovery, and joy in what he now felt was sure success, the young spy had not noticed that some one had come to the house, and finding the door open had stealthily entered and descended into the cellar; and that a tall, muscular man now stood by his side.

"Man, who are you?" was the salutation of the newcomer, who, having seen the other's blue uniform, before he could speak, sprang upon him and bore him to the ground. The tall man was much the stronger, but the spy fought with the strength of a man expecting no mercy, of a coward brought to bay, and the struggle was fierce and long. But at last the former's strength began to tell, and, clutching his adversary by the throat, he raised a long knife to strike.

"Hold, man! For God's sake don't kill me; man you have me completely in your power," begged the trembling wretch. The knife was lowered. "I am here by accident," he continued falsely, "and will never inform against you. Let me go; my people are rich and—." But seeing the other's menacing look he began to threaten. "The Government will send soldiers to capture and hang you all, if you harm me."

At this a grim smile took the place of the menacing look on the dark features of the tall man. But the smile immediately passed away, and again raising the

knife to impel silence, with a strong cord he bound securely, and with his handkerchief blindfolded thoroughly, the now completely subdued spy. Then he sat down to wait for the coming of his men, for he was the leader of the Ku Klux, and this was the night for their last meeting.

In a short while the members of the band began coming in.

"A cursed bluecoat," was the only introduction the prisoner got to each man, as they severally entered. Some recognized his presence by exclamations of surprise, some of disgust, and some merely cast upon him fierce looks of hatred.

When all the band had assembled, their leader explained that he had stolen in upon the spy and, after a hard struggle, had overcome and bound him; that he had once raised his knife to take the miserable wretch's life, but touched by his helplessness had spared him.

"And now," he continued, "what we do with the prying rascal depends on your decision."

"Kill the d—n Yank," cried one of the hot-headed members of the band.

"He meant to have us caught and hung, or sent to some Northern hole of a prison," said another. "Let's treat him as he would have done us."

Then followed a long debate, in which every man expressed what he thought should be the fate of the spy. Many were for killing him at once, but a few others did not wish to take his life, and suggested that for the present he be confined in this unknown cellar.

When all had finished, the leader spoke gravely, recounting the history of the band, and the purpose for which it was formed. Though some had felt the power,

and had received somewhat rough treatment at the hands of the Ku Klux, yet, in all their work, no one had been killed by them. Growing tired of their wild deeds, they had come to disband. "Now," he concluded, "let us not make ourselves murderers, and stain our last meeting with a man's life-blood, though he is a cursed Yankee spy."

Their leader's words had weight, for he was much respected by his men, and when the vote was cast, it was found that the spy's life would be spared.

When the cords were cut and the bandage was taken from the eyes of the now hopeful spy,—for he had heard his captor's speech in his favor—he found himself surrounded by the Ku Klux in all their hideous dress. He was led to a rude table, and, with his hands placed upon a Bible, their awful oath was repeated to him. He hesitated.

"Swear, or you die," said an unearthly voice.

The oath was again repeated, and he swore never to speak of anything he had seen or heard that night, calling down upon himself the everlasting curse of heaven, and damning his soul forever, if he broke his oath.

"Now," said the tall leader, "after to-night we will be disbanded, and any information you can give will never lead to the capture of any of us. You are free. Go; and never dare set your foot in the South again."

"Accept my gratitude," said the spy, "and let me say that the Ku Klux are certainly not what the people of the North think them to be."

"Go," again was sternly commanded.

The spy, again filled with fear, hurried away, and was never heard of more. Whether he, ashamed to go back

to his friends so utterly unsuccessful, changed his name and went West, or what became of him, must remain uncertain.

When their captive had gone the Ku Klux set fire to old house and disappeared into the night, leaving to the flames all signs of the dispersed band.

* * * * *

"Read this infernal Yankee lie," said a prominent citizen of this particular Southern section a few days later. And he handed to his friend a Northern paper in which he had just read an account of the burning in an old house of a government officer by a band of Ku Klux. "But what do you suppose could have become of that cursed spy we let go on the night we disbanded?" he asked, lowering his voice, and looking cautiously around to make sure that no one could hear. "Is it possible, do you reckon, that he has not returned to make his report, thinking the Government would send troops to arrest us all, charged with his murder?"

"The rascal may have done that very thing," replied the other. "But let the soldiers come, confound 'em. They'll never know who to arrest; and if they try to take us all, we'll call the old band together and send the devil some more Yanks."

But no soldiers came, and in the course of the events of reconstruction the band of Ku Klux, the burning of the old house, and the Government officer's unexplained disappearance were soon almost forgotten.

LOVE IN THE BARNYARD.

BY GEORGE E. KORNEGAY, JR.

One morning, while showing my chickens to my little brother, I was attracted by the beautiful song of what I took to be a mocking-bird. Thinking that it was probably the pet of some friend, I endeavored to locate the singer. At first I could hardly believe what I saw. Sitting on the fence that divides the yards, was a little bantam pullet named Miss Sallie, for a cousin of mine, putting on as many airs as a girl just back from college to spend her Christmas holidays.

I was not the only listener, for on either side of the fence were two noble chanticleers, known respectively as "Mr. Game" and "Mr. Seabright." They were standing each on one foot, the other seemingly thrown back behind their ears, so that not a single note of this charming love lay should be lost. Knowing that this would make a superb picture I attempted to get nearer, but stepped on a stick, which made so much noise that Miss Sallie ceased her warbling. Mr. Game turned toward me as if to say, "O, you brute, to disturb so beautiful a creature."

While I was not to be treated to any more music, yet it was amusing to watch her coquetry. She would smile lovingly at one until he thought he was in the seventh heaven, and then turn to the other with the self-same smile. Finally she flew down from her perch to stroll off with Mr. Seabright, much to the dismay of Mr. Game.

Now Miss Sallie is right much of a flirt, and when she saw that Mr. Game was brooding over his treatment

in a far-off corner, she flew over the fence without so much as good-bye to Mr. Seabright. At first Mr. Game would not notice her; even her sweetest words were of no avail. Seeing that Mr. Game was still angry she concluded to see if smiling at Mr. Seabright would have any effect. It was like magic. Mr. Game was at her side immediately, pouring out his whole soul. He plumed his feathers until they shone like gold, and crowed both loud and long.

Mr. Seabright has quite a high temper, and when he saw how shamefully Miss Sallie had treated him he was angry indeed. He challenged Mr. Game, but Mr. Game did not propose to spoil his bliss, so lately acquired. He then tried to fly over the fence, but it was too high. His temper now got the best of him, and he attempted to burst through the wire meshes, but that was impossible, and he was fast losing his feathers. Rather than see the hateful sight he walked over to another part of the yard, vowing that if he ever got the chance he would give Mr. Game a whipping that he would never forget.

Once a week I turn my chickens into the garden, that they may have holiday, but never Mr. Seabright and Mr. Game at the same time. Having had a partition built I turned them both in. Mr. Seabright, instead of going on with the rest of his family, hid in the grass in Mr. Game's yard. Mr. Game had hardly commenced his wooing when who should appear but Mr. Seabright. Mr. Game was both startled and angry. From a lover he changed to a knight in a twinkling. How they did eye each other! You could almost see the daggers. They were close together now, each watching his chance to close in. Mr. Seabright threw sand and the battle commenced, for no gentleman chanticleer will take that

insult. The ground was soon covered with feathers; Mr. Seabright sent his spur through Mr. Game's comb, bringing first blood. Mr. Game responded by closing Mr. Seabright's left eye, so honors were about equal. Miss Sallie, like all the fair sex, could not stand the sight of blood, and knowing too that she was the cause of all this strife, rushed between the combatants, begging and crying for them to stop, but in vain. They had sworn to fight to the death.

Knowing that I would be the loser which ever won, with the help of my little brother I caught these two duellists. They were in a terrible plight. Mr. Game had a hole through his comb and it was bleeding profusely, and his prettiest feathers were gone. Mr. Seabright's left eye was badly hurt, and he had several gashes on his breast. After dressing their wounds I put them in their respective yards.

One morning about a month later my little brother came running toward me, shouting: "Poor Miss Sallie has hurt herself and is 'most dead."

Thinking that the rivals had turned against her I rushed into the yard and found Miss Sallie unable to walk. Tenderly carrying her into the house I searched for the death wound, but could find none, nor could I find anything the matter, yet she was unable to walk.

When Mr. Game learned that his love was hurt he was the most dejected fellow I ever saw. He would eat nothing, nor would he take part in any of the parties and festivals with the rest of the young folks. As for Mr. Seabright when he heard the news, the hard-hearted fellow said never a word, but went on courting as if nothing had happened.

In the afternoons I would place Miss Sallie's cage out in the yard in the sunshine. Mr. Seabright would parade by with some new beauty, with never a look of consolation. Of course this hurt Miss Sallie, but she stood it remarkably well. Mr. Game was exactly the opposite. He would sit by her and talk for hours at the time. Every now and then he would bring her choice bits of grass, and occasionally a worm or a bug, and give it to her like a mother-bird feeding her young.

In a few days Miss Sallie was herself again, and once more reigned as belle. Mr. Seabright was all smiles now, but it was useless. Miss Sallie cut him on every occasion.

Several months have passed. Miss Sallie is Mrs. Game now. Mr. Seabright has never married, and it is whispered among the inhabitants of the barnyard that he loves Miss Sallie still, but I notice that he flirts with the girls as of old. Mrs. Game no longer warbles on the back-yard fence to admiring chanticleers, but listen: Mrs. Game is practicing "Rocky-a-bye-Baby," for in a few days she will be the happy mother of a feathery brood.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.		PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.	
W. L. VAUGHAN	Editor	J. A. McMILLAN	Editor
T. E. BROWNE	Associate Editor	P. R. ALDERMAN	Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. L. VAUGHAN, Editor.

We feel it necessary, in justice to the editors, to apologize for the lateness of the January "STUDENT." The magazine is dependent upon the students for contributions, and the editor can not force them to write. As we can not make something out of nothing, we were forced to hold the issue until a sufficient amount of material could be collected. It is unfortunate that those who *can* write are so sadly lacking in time!

The Three-
Period System
of Examinations.

It seems that, just before the fall examinations, the Faculty and Examination Committee were at a great loss as to the proper arrangement of examinations—whether to keep the new three-period system of the spring before, or to fall back to the regular old three-hour system. They finally decided upon the last. Whether they did the wise thing we can not say, but their decision certainly proved fatal to many students, and to some who did well under the new system.

It is not for us to direct the course of our superiors. but we think they will grant that, as far as practicable in such matters, they should direct their actions according to the desires of those most concerned. We can not speak for every student, nor can we stop to argue the matter here, but we think the consensus of opinion is in favor of the new system.

College Lectures. "College lecture"—the words have an unfamiliar ring. Indeed, when have we had a college lecture? There have been times when Wake Forest was frequently enlivened, and the monotony of regular duties broken by an hour's entertainment from the stage. It seems now that these times are "a thing of the past." In truth, here lies one of the weaknesses of our College system. It is very hard for a student to remain interested in his studies for four long months without any diversity. But one may say that such things break in upon the work and cause demoralization. Not so, nature has so constituted the human mind that variety is necessary, and unless that variety comes to turn the brain from its accustomed course, its action, very often, grows feeble and its grade of work falls to a lower plane. Besides, lectures are equally as instructive as regular class-room work, and, in some cases, more so. Then let us have some lectures!

But upon whom does this duty fall? Is it the duty of the Faculty? We think not. A man will not come without some pecuniary inducement. The Trustees have such matters in their hands. We think they should provide for a regular system of lectures—at least one each month. We hope they will give the matter their attention.

**New
Books.**

While visiting the Library one must necessarily notice the frequent and repeated calls for "new books"—especially new novels. It has heretofore been the custom of the Curator to purchase, among every lot of new books, a number of popular novels. These novels are read with eagerness, and frequently a book is worn out before it can find its place in the shelves. But very often a book is lost through the carelessness and negligence of the borrower. In such cases, even if the book is paid for, it sometimes takes years to trace out the loss and replace the book. Under these circumstances the Curator has decided to stop purchasing fiction, until some means can be provided for preserving it. Cannot we—the Student-body—provide this means by individual carefulness?

The Book Committee has just placed a number of valuable and interesting books in the Library, but for the above reason there are no novels. We cannot give a list of them here, but it is interesting to note that quite a number are North Carolina books.

**The Roanoke
Island Cele-
bration.**

The great historical movements which are so much interesting our State to-day are greatly to be commended. The latest, and probably the greatest, is the Roanoke Island Celebration, which will take place on Roanoke Island—the landing place of the first colony in America, the birth-place of Virginia Dare, the scene of the famous "lost colony." All this should make it of interest to the whole Anglo-Saxon race of America, and of special interest to every patriotic Tar Heel.

The people of North Carolina can but feel grateful to Senator Simmons for his effort to get a \$50,000 appropriation for the celebration, and we can see no reason why his effort should not succeed. No man in the United States can doubt for an instant the worthiness of the purpose, and no one should cast a heedless glance toward the days of the first effort at colonization in America. Surely enough appropriations have already been made in the North to justify many such as this in the South. The time is ripe, and the South—struggling upward toward the highest advancement—certainly deserves some special favors from our National legislature.

BOOK REVIEWS.

By W. L. VAUGHAN.

North Carolina History Stories. By W. C. Allen. (B. F. Johnson Pub. Co.)

For years North Carolina has been sadly deficient in history. Of late, however, patriotic Tar Heels have thrilled with pleasure to see the rapid advance of our State along this line. No one has contributed more to this advance than has Prof. W. C. Allen, Superintendent of the Waynesville Schools, in his "North Carolina History Stories." They are issued in five parts, of about fifty pages each—a very handy size for little children. On the outer cover is a picture of the reading of the Mecklenburg Declaration. The type is large and clear. The books fill, in every way, the purpose for which they are intended.

Professor Allen tells us, in his preface, the purpose of the work:

I. To stimulate study in North Carolina history.

II. To give supplementary reading matter, containing interesting facts.

These stories are designed for use in the public schools, and are written in words simple enough for a child to understand. The work fills a long-felt need in North Carolina—that of a history, simple and easy, and interesting enough for children. Its immediate popularity has shown that its destiny will not fall short of the purpose for which it is intended.

As the work consists in a series of short sketches, it would be impossible to give an outline. The stories begin with the landing of the first English people, and present the most important features of North Carolina's history from this point down through the Revolution. Professor Allen will follow this series by another, bringing our State history down to the present time. Some of the titles will give one an idea of the work: Two Indian Boys, Visit to a Strange Land, Loss of a Silver Cup, Lane's Search for Gold, The Lord of Roanoke, Story of Virginia Dare, The Tardy Governor, The Carolina Pirate, Cornwallis in a Hornet's Nest, etc.

EXCHANGES.

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

The Davidson College Magazine for November is a marked improvement over the October number. The essays are of a high order, and "A Chronicle" is a splendid piece of fiction drawn from imagination. "The Freshman Plays Ball" is well done.



There is room for much improvement in the *Ga. Tech.* Before arriving at the pretty frontispiece, "Christmas Chimes," one has to glance over about five pages of advertisements, which would be more appropriate in the back of the magazine. The literary department contains the interesting story, "The Golden Heart." Another glaring defect is the lack of neatness.



The Buff and Blue for December is very good, and "Attila, The Hun," deserves much praise. "Paying His Penalty" is a unique love-story, and delightfully written; "Soliloquy of a College Girl's Clock" and "A Modern Fable" are told in a bright, attractive way. The editorials could be increased in number and improved; the alumni notes are interestingly written.



The biographical sketch of Otway Burns, by Kemp P. Battle, LL.D., is scholarly and interesting, and the best article in the November issue of the *North Carolina University Magazine*. The other two stories are readable; there is an absence of poetry. It would have been better had the editors published the first article, which covers thirty pages, as a serial in two or more editions, and this would have given space for more articles. The editorials are well written, but need variety, while the Alumni notes are poorly written.

The Christmas number of *The William Jewell Student* is inferior to the previous editions published this Fall. The best articles are "The South in Literature" and "The Hunt;" the former is a good review of what the South has accomplished in literature, whereas the latter is a charming story of a 'possum hunt. "His Kind Fate" is unworthy of publication in the *Student*. The editorial department and the alumni notes are wanting in variety.



The Christmas number of the *State Normal Magazine* is the best that has been issued by the editors this session. "A Bob White Family" is an interesting extract from stories of Bird Life by T. Gilbert Pearson. It is evident that the writer is thoroughly acquainted with the life and habits of the quail. The writer of "The Man with the Violets" takes an insignificant event and produces a novel love-story. The editor of the *Alumnæ Department* uses several trite expressions, and she needs to put more variety in her notices.



We always expect good productions in the *University of Virginia Magazine*, and our expectations are realized in the December number, for it contains excellent articles. "Milton and the Bible" is a careful and interesting analysis of the great influence of the Bible upon his work. "Her Life" is a sad love-story in which the beautiful character of a woman is portrayed. The plots of the stories, "The Princess Ola," and "Bad Ike of Sunken Valley," are excellent and are written in a charming manner. "Names and their Meaning" is an instructive article. There are eight pages of advertisements in the front part of the magazine which would make it look better if they were inserted in the back part. The retiring staff of editors are to be congratulated upon the issues of the magazine they have edited during the past Fall.



We acknowledge receipt of the following: *The Mercerian*, *The Carolinian*, *The Ottawa Campus*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Journal*, *The Guilford Collegian*, *The Furman Echo*, *Mississippi College Magazine*, *The Criterion*, *The Howard Collegian*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

T. E. BROWNE, Editor.

- '00. D. M. Stringfield, Esq., is practicing law at Manteo.
- '99. Charles H. Herring is bookkeeping at Scotland Neck.
- '98. Mr. O. E. Sams is at Rochester Theological Seminary.
- '96-'98. Mr. W. F. Stroud is in the railway service at Goldsboro.
- '94. Dr. W. P. Exum, Jr., is practicing medicine in Goldsboro.
- '93. Col. F. P. Hobgood is Inspector-General of the State Guard.
- '95-97. Dr. John D. Biggs, Jr., is practicing dentistry at Williamston, N. C.
- '97. Prof. A. F. Sams is succeeding well in his work in the high school at Cary.
- '00. Mr. John B. Bagley is in the cotton-mill business at Roanoke Rapids, N. C.
- '98. Mr. W. C. Parker, Jr., is train dispatcher on the Seaboard at Norlina, N. C.
- '98. R. H. McNeill is county attorney in the "State of Ashe." His practice is growing.
- '97. Prof. Gray R. King is succeeding well in his graded school work at Wilson, N. C.
- '87. Mr. D. A. Pittard has recently been elected president of Scotsburg Female College, in Virginia.
- '81-'84. Dr. L. G. Broughton has been called to Tremont Temple, Boston, but he has declined and will remain in Atlanta.
- '91. Mr. Bruce White, a rising attorney of Franklinton, has been elected as one of the vice-presidents of the Baptist State Convention.
- '93. Mr. Walters Durham is the cashier of the Mechanics Dime Saving Bank at Raleigh, and is treasurer of the Baptist State Convention.

'98. Mr. Edwin B. Gresham is the proprietor of the well-known Gresham railway restaurants. It is always a pleasure to see Gresham.

'01. Mr. A. R. Autry recently passed through Wake Forest on his way to the University of Pennsylvania, where he will pursue the study of medicine.

'98. Mr. E. F. Mumford, after taking a special course at Washington, D. C., is teaching in the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Morganton.

'95. Mr. Willis G. Briggs becomes editor of the *Times-Visitor* in Raleigh. Wake Forest is well represented on all the newspapers of the Capitol City.

'77-'78. Rev. A. D. Hunter becomes the virtual successor of Rev. Mr. Stringfield as collector of the North Carolina Baptist Educational Fund, and also of the Century Fund.

'93. Dr. W. A. Jones, who after taking his doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins University, hung out his card as consulting chemist in New York, is meeting with good success.

'73. Hon. Edward W. Timberlake is prominently mentioned as the successor of Hon. C. M. Bernard as United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina.

'50-61. Hon. Charles M. Cook writes the history of his regiment in Vol. 3 of the History of North Carolina Troops, edited by Judge Walter Clark. Whatever Capt. Cook does, he does well.

'97. Mr. W. H. Heck, who has been taking a post-graduate course in Columbia University, New York, will spend some time in England next summer, engaged in the preparation of his thesis.

'91-'92. A. P. Kitchin, Esq., becomes a member of Kitchin & Kitchin, attorneys, at Scotland Neck. The senior member, Hon. Claude Kitchen ('88), is the able Congressman from the Second District.

'99. John M. Brewer spent a few hours with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brewer, during the holidays. Mr. Brewer has recently been appointed to the position of teller in First National Bank of Weldon.

'91. Dr. H. A. Royster was recently married to Miss Louise Page, of Pincess Ann, Md. Dr. Royster is one of the foremost of the young physicians of the State, and enjoys a large and lucrative practice at Raleigh.

'98. Geo. W. Newell is practicing law at Williamston, where he has a good practice. He has recently associated Mr. A. R. Dunning ('99) with him. Mr. Dunning was formerly of Russell & Gore ('96), Wilmington.

'88-'92. Prof. O. J. Peterson becomes the editor of the *Argus*, a weekly published at Lumberton. This paper was formerly edited by J. C. McNeill ('98). Prof. Peterson is still conducting his flourishing academy at Lumberton.

'99. Rev. W. N. Johnson, of Taylor's Bridge, Sampson County, is engaged in building a school near his childhood's home, and also in work of an evangelistic nature, and for the present is not available to pastoral calls.

'97. Mr. Luther Mills, who after finishing college spent two years teaching at Franklin, Va., and then went into the knitting-mill business, has recently been appointed superintendent of the knitting-mill at Washington, N. C.

'78. Mr. Walter E. Daniel is fast becoming one of the foremost men of our State. He is now a thriving lawyer of the firm of Mullen & Daniel, Weldon and Petersburg, Solicitor of Second District, and president of the Bank of Weldon.

'00. We heard recently from Mr. A. Wayland Cooke, attorney-at-law, Greensboro, N. C. He reports that the goddess of fortune is smiling his way, that he is rapidly becoming rich, and that he may soon take unto himself a wife.

'91-'92. Mr. Charles P. Sapp is editor of the *Virginian-Pilot* at Norfolk. Mr. Sapp is one of the most brilliant journalists that Wake Forest has produced, and his rapid rise in his profession is a source of gratification to his many friends.

Mr. C. M. Heck ('00), who last year took the Master's degree at Columbia University, New York, is now at his home in Raleigh, N. C., pursuing special lines of research in Physics, his chosen study. Mr. Heck intends to enter Cornell University next year.

'98. R. C. Lawrence, Esq., is junior member of Hinsdale & Lawrence, attorneys, at Raleigh. Col. Hinsdale has an enviable reputation as a corporation lawyer. He recently favored our Library with a valuable contribution of books, among which was an almost complete file of THE STUDENT, substantially bound.

We note with pleasure the success which is attending Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr. ('01), at Oak Ridge. We understand that he is quite popular, both with his fellow-teachers and with the students. Prof. Timberlake won many honors while at College, and we are not surprised at the good reputation that he is now making.

'61. Gen. T. F. Toon, the popular Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been quite ill with pneumonia, and for several weeks his life was almost despaired of. We are assured now, however, that he is on the rapid road to recovery. Let us hope that he will be spared yet many years to serve his State as he has in the past.

'97. There is a worthy article in the *Biblical Recorder* by Richard J. Biggs, Jr., who is now in Germany, on "The Position of the Baptist in Germany." He tells of the hard blows that are dealt our brethren in that Empire, the restrictions placed upon religion, and yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, the cause of Christianity is gaining great strength.

'01. Prof. W. D. Adams, we learn, is making quite a success as principal of the Matthews High School. Prof. Adams was one of the strong men of last year's class, winning the Tom Dixon "Best English Scholar" medal, and serving with distinction on the editorial staff of THE STUDENT. His friends learn with pleasure the success which is attending his efforts in his chosen profession.

'91-'94. Rev. J. A. McKaughan has accepted and entered upon the pastorate of the New Bern Tabernacle. A native of Surry County, a Wake Forest man, for sometime missionary in Halifax County, for the past four years pastor of Albemarle, he is warmly welcome to this city and section where such laborers as he are indeed few. His wife and three children are expected to arrive by the middle of January.—*Atlantic Messenger, New Bern, N. C.*

Perhaps to no other member of last year's class was such felicity granted as to Prof. Harry Trantham ('00), namely, that of teaching in a female school. Prof. Trantham is instructor in Latin in Shorter College, Rome, Ga., and is sustaining the excellent reputation that he made at Wake Forest.

'98. Mr. T. Neil Johnson has got out a little pamphlet, "Suggestions for Home Study in the Life and Works of Jesus," which consists of questions for each day of the week and the passage from which the answers are to be obtained. It will be a great help to any one in the daily study of the Bible.

'95. "Our associate, Rev. J. S. Boyles, in addition to his work for the *Religious Herald* in Lynchburg, gave a day and a half to Richmond College and raised over a thousand dollars, \$435 of which was in cash. This was a fine piece of work, especially when it is borne in mind that he followed in the wake of two of our strongest men who had visited the Hill City in the same interest. We are proud of him."—*Editorial note in the Religious Herald.*

"On my return from the North Carolina Baptist State Convention I stopped over Sunday in Roanoke. I worshipped with the Calvary saints. But I did not preach, as your correspondent stated. I could not be induced to preach when there is a chance to hear Pastor Lynch. He preached, and what a sermon! What a preacher! The Roanoke pastors will have to look to their laurels. There is an Apollos among them."—*Letter from O. F. Flippo, Philadelphia, in Religious Herald.*

'89. "Mr. Fred. L. Merritt, for some years a member of the staff of the *News and Observer*, and lately that of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, left last night for Asheville to assume editorial management of the Asheville *Citizen*. Mr. Merritt is one of the brightest of the young journalists of the State and imparts life and vigor wherever he may be. The *Citizen* is very near to us, having been connected with it for quite twenty years, and its success is of course a matter of our concern. We can therefore commend to our friends in the Mountain Metropolis and section Mr. Merritt, who goes thoroughly equipped for his responsible position, and who will give them a paper as lively and interesting and invigorating as are their own mountain breezes."—*Morning Post.*

87-'91. Rev. Frank M. Royall requests us to address his *Recorder* to Pelzer, S. C., as "I have come back to the Baptists, where I am going to stay. And I would like to warn all other persons to keep away from Mr. Dowie's church. I am a Baptist, and God brought me back home." We are glad for this brother's return. We hope his experience will make him more reluctant to follow up every impulse without regard to the sobering sense which God gives men to guide them; for sense—brains—is more surely a means of divine guidance than emotional impressions that come from heaven only knows what or where or whom.—*Biblical Recorder*.

'98. Mr. John Charles McNeill has opened a law office in Laurinburg. This is all very nice, but those who know Mr. McNeill's extraordinary literary endowments are in hopes that he will give his entire time and attention to literature. He distinguished himself in the English department at College, becoming adjunct professor, and his work on *THE STUDENT* is well known. Since leaving College Mr. McNeill has written a good deal, contributing to the leading magazines. His latest efforts are contained in the January *Century*, where he has three poems. We predict great things of McNeill. Watch the February *Century*.

The following is what Mr. Bailey says about him: "In the *Century Magazine*—which stands at the head of all printed things on this side of the earth—in the January number will be found three poems by John Charles McNeill. The editor of the *Century*, Mr. Gilder, is himself a poet. Recognition by him means a great deal. We would not conceal an unusual degree of pride in this first triumph for Mr. McNeill. He is a North Carolinian, of the glorious Scotch lines. He is a Wake Forest boy, one of Professor Sledd's men. His father is superintendent of Spring Hill Sunday School, and somewhat of a poet himself, as some verses in our possession will prove. His son was marked by fellow-students as a poet, a natural-born poet; and we sincerely believe that he is. We have read no lines lately that surpass his "Sundown" and "If I could Glimpse Him," in the *Century*. We have written for permission to reprint "Sundown." There is already such promise in Mr. McNeill that it will be a shame if he gives attention to anything but poetry."—*Biblical Recorder*.

CLIPPINGS.

'TIS PASSING STRANGE.

'Tis passing strange that all the girls in town should be—
Not angels quite—save one, and she—
An angel's counterpart.

'Tis passing strange, again, the way I'm prone to do—
To call her sweet, and fair and true,
When she has stolen my heart.

—*W. W., in the University of Virginia Magazine.*



THE MISTLETOE.

I see two forms—both fair and tall;
I hear—what do I hear?
It is my Lord of Montfort Hall;
It is my Lady, dear.

The fire gleams upon the hearth,
The yule log's all aglow,
Its light leaps out to aid the mirth,
And plays among the mistletoe.

Ah! do I see? or do I dream?
Where hangs the mistletoe?
See I the real, or things that seem,
And were but long ago?

Is love a dream? is beauty fled?
You answer me, Not so;
Then why should beauty's flower lie dead,
Or love forget the mistletoe?

—*J. W. W., in the University of Virginia Magazine.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. A. McMILLAN, Editor.

EXAMINATIONS: Christmas! Newish!!

MISS JANIE TAYLOR attended the Baptist State Convention at Winston.

MISS MINNIE CANADY, of Durham, has been visiting Miss Mattie Gill since early in December.

PROF. AND MRS. C. C. CRITTENDEN spent the holidays at Prof. Crittenden's old home in Virginia.

PROF. C. G. KEEBLE, who is principal of the Winston Academy, visited friends on the Hill during the holidays.

MR. JNO. POWERS spent the holidays in Murfreesboro. We understand that Mr. Powers had *important business* in that place.

SHORTLY AFTER returning from Winston, where he attended the Convention, Dr. Taylor spent several days in New York on business.

MISS MARY PUREFOY, who has been in Raleigh for several months, has returned. And, to the delight of her many friends, has come to stay.

IT SEEMS that we have had an unusual number of sad deaths here within the last few months. Mrs. Johnson died rather suddenly about the middle of December. At the time of her death Prof. Johnson was too sick to attend the funeral services, and we are sorry to state that he has shown no improvement since that time.

I SUPPOSE that you wonder why the boys were all so anxious to meet the southbound trains the first few days in January, but your wonder will cease when you learn that they had *sisters* aboard.

MISS ANNA TAYLOR, of Atlanta, Ga., spent several days visiting Misses Mary and Janie Taylor. Although Miss Taylor's stay upon the Hill was short she made a host of student friends, who hope that this will not be her last visit.

MISSSES SOPHIE LANNEAU, Ruby Reed, Isabel Gulley, Lethy Davis, Maggie Allen and Mary Vernon, after making the whole town happy for two weeks by their presence, have returned to Raleigh, where they will resume their studies at the Baptist Female University.

THERE HAVE LATELY been some new additions to the improvements in the gymnasium—mats, dumb-bells, etc., but especially a splendid punching bag. The last-named at once stepped into the lead in popularity; so much so, in fact, that crowds could be seen awaiting their turns to try their skill and power. Two "newish," greatly disappointed over not being able to "swat" the leather, resolved to try their skill in single, double and tripple passes on one another's cranium. Meeting upon a suitable spot, they rushed together "like wild men from Borneo," and their attitude was anything but amorous. The feature of the combat was that one was compelled to "go way back and sit down."

THE MANAGER of our baseball team has been fortunate in securing the services of the famous Atz, third-baseman on Raleigh's team last year, as coach for the coming season. With Mr. Atz as coach, and with the number of aspirants, we see no reason why we should

not have the best team this year that we have ever sent out. But the quality of playing depends a great deal upon the amount of practice. The boys seem to realize that if they are to make the team they have got to work for it. And as early in the season as it, is the ball grounds are crowded every afternoon. The ball cage is now ready for use, and when the weather does not permit out-door playing the pitch and catch should use the cage.

ON THE NIGHT of December 31st, a party of young people met in Prof. Crittenden's lecture-room to witness the passing of the old and the coming of the New Year. Amidst the games that were played came a shower of *bright ideas*, such as only the Wake Forest girls can have. Between the games Miss Anna Taylor and others delighted the party with selections of the latest songs.

Everyone had a good time notwithstanding the rather stringent rules of the chaperones, which were written in large letters upon the black-board. Their injunctions were something as follows:

- I. No whispering allowed (aloud).
 - II. No word rhyming with *dove* to be used by any of the party.
 - III. The subject *Marieing* is not to be monopolized.
 - IV. There shall be no *Sprinkle* of soft phrases.
 - V. No one shall be *Anna-mated* to-night.
- Pledge-----

Much to the credit of the young men this pledge was not signed until the day following.



STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901.

Ever since the first appearance of my menses they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years.

NANNIE DAVIS.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Nannie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing those terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

WINE OF CARDUI

will bring you permanent relief. Console yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhoea, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

No. 5.

BLIND ALLEN DUNN.

BY W. L. P.

Yas, sir, thank you! fur dese ole clo'es
Ain' keepin' out de win' jes' right.
De arctics he'ps, but my lef' foot toes
Is hurtin' putty bad to-night.

You see, to make time, I mos'ly saws
Wid my right han'—de lef' 's no good;
So workin' dat side de right foot thaws,
But de lef' 's as cole as de wood.

When I gwine home? Not twell day, I 'spose;
I want to keep ahead of de fires.
De 'fessors an' boys shan' freeze, de Lord knows,
Ef de win' do blow an' my ole arm tires.

De sun may set an' de sun may rise,
My saw don' trouble 'bout de sun;
It cuts all day widout no eyes,
An' de night an' de day 's all one.

Supper? Al'ays I eats at home.
I can' lay down a snack up here,
Fur somethiu' 's got it before I come,
An' it's little fur a snack I keer.

Thank you kindly! I'm thawed out good—
Dat lazy foot, 'cludin' de knee;
Ha' to pull on my arctics and git to my wood,—
Don't you hear de win' whistlin' fur me?

A NEW SOUTH IN A NEW CENTURY.*

BY A. J. BETHEA.

We are standing in the daybreak of a new century. The stars of a long night have faded from the sky and we behold the golden tints of a brighter day. Here and there in the unrest of the dawn we see signs of new life ; here and there multiplied forces are at work which foretell an era of material and moral progress whose transcendent achievements will stand without an equal in all the annals of history. Mute and motionless we stand with knitted brow as we witness the rapid changes in this republic. A republic which has eclipsed the visions and dreams of its founders by the lustre of actual accomplishment, a republic to which is committed the safe-keeping of American democracy and Anglo-Saxon civilization, leaps into other paths of progress, begins a new policy, and lifts an aspiring eye to a destiny which the mind of man can neither measure nor comprehend. In the obscurity of the morning our national leaders have turned into unbeaten paths and cry, "Change! Change!" Every section of our united country thrills and throbs with life, and either for weal or woe the old order has given place to the new. Doubts, fears, perplexities, anxieties, and sometimes anguish, may arise in our souls as we turn our gaze to the future ; but whether we will or no we are swept along in this irresistible current of progress.

Amid these seething activities in which our republic will be engaged in the twentieth century, in this national development, in an era of high and palmy prosperity, we face about and ask what is to be the destiny of the South ?

*Oration delivered at the sixty-seventh anniversary, by the orator of the Phi. Society, February 14, 1902.

What part is she to have in this marvelous march of progress? If I mistake not, I glean an answer from the history of the past, from hallowed memories of heroes and sages, from noble triumphs on bloody fields of battle; it comes from the inspiration of the present; it comes from the bosom of the future with its hopes and promises, and these gathered voices assert the eternal truth that the South will stand as she has always stood for valor and virtue, for purity and patriotism, for loyalty and unselfish devotion to duty.

Unless all indications are misleading, the South is destined to become the leading section of this nation. In the nineteenth century her history was one of struggle, but this has made her strong. The North has surpassed her in material prosperity, but the South has evolved a civilization which gives her the vantage ground. During the long lapse of the ages no other country has had such a rich inheritance, because no other has had such a varied experience. The South, replete with a history of intermingled adversity and prosperity, of matchless achievement, of glorious victories of conservative principles and a long struggle for constitutional freedom, has a heritage of priceless value. No drop of blood poured out between Manassas and Appomatox was shed in vain. The thousands who sacrificed their lives on the altar of their country will serve as stepping-stones to higher things. The graves of her sons which lie mingled with the dust of every state from Maryland to Texas have taught their lessons, and will continue to teach them as long as a human heart shall be found to beat to the transports of patriotism and liberty. In ancient times the Egyptians reared lofty pyramids which rose in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur against the very skies. There they stood in wonderful majesty and grand seren-

ity to tell succeeding ages of the perfection of Egyptian art and the extent of Egyptian power. But skill and power are not sufficient for generations to transmit to generations, they must have high ideals of manhood and virtue with which to fire the national heart. These we have, and so we are cheerful about the future. The Old South stands as a colossal figure around which is gathered imperishable fame, and on whose brow are placed unfading laurels which will present to the gaze of posterity an object of honor and emulation. Yorktown, King's Mountain, Gettysburg, and Appomatox are beacon lights looming up the pathway that leads to loftier heights. I rejoice that our tattered battleflag has been furred forever; I rejoice that the sons of those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray stood shoulder to shoulder at Santiago and Manila and fell side by side amid the smoke and storm of battle, and with their blood wiped out the last trace of sectionalism; I rejoice that the great President McKinley lived to create a sentiment of patriotism that knows no North, no South, no East, no West. But the memory of a past rich in patriotism, intellect, and statesmanship wisely cherished will inspire the new South to a truer life and a nobler endeavor.

"Yes, give me a land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom,
For out of the gloom future brightness is born
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn."

The birth hour of the twentieth century gave a deeper and broader significance to Dixie. It meant that war, reconstruction, and sectionalism were gone; it meant that there would be a new South, industrious, progressive and prosperous, the idol of her people, the pride of Americans and the admiration of the world. The history of four decades is an index to the future. In 1865 the

South was left in a pitiable plight. Her armies, prouder than those Napoleon led, were foiled and beaten in battle. The pride and glory of her yeomanry lay slain and shroudless at her feet, and the government for which they fought staggered and fell. Pillage and plunder made her condition worse. With fire and sword Sherman invaded her borders and marked and marred his march with devastated fields, charred ruins, and desolated homes. But a handful of men were left. They had been brave in the din and clash and carnage of war; now they were undaunted in defeat. They went to work. Implements of war were converted into useful tools; fruits and flowers of every kind flourished on the graves where heroes sleep. The threads of a broken civilization were gathered up with marvelous rapidity and Dixie, though with bosom bruised and wounded, with garments rent and rolled in blood, yet, without a stain upon her glittering escutcheon, has struggled through the long agony of years and, by slow degrees, has lifted herself into the light of promise.

The development of the South's material resources and the accompanying industrial revival in this century will find no parallel in history. We are fast becoming a manufacturing people. Already the clatter of machinery and deafening whirr of wheels break in upon us. Industry has finally been released from the fetters of restriction and found a natural home in the South. The ascending smoke from ten thousand lofty chimneys will soon tell of the changed life of our people. Our graceful rivers will no longer roll unused to the sea, and our mountains, so marvelous in their majesty, will yield up their bountiful treasures.

The South is richly endowed with all the three requisites for the production of wealth; with natural resources,

capital, and labor. Its territorial domains enclose the grandest belt of forest, valley, and prairie that the world has had in it. Since the beginning of time no people has possessed such a territory, so rich in resources, so varied in production, so magnificent in physical aspect. "A perfect climate above a fertile soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone," and every section is in touch with field, forest, and mine. Add to this her increasing millions, supplemented daily by foreign capital with an abundant and cheap labor, and the South is given an independent and assured industrial advantage.

Hand in hand with advanced conditions will come a foreign population in amazing numbers. Proud cities will spring up as if by magic, and railroads will thread these Southern States. Every article which is useful to man, from a steam engine to a tooth-pick, will be made in our borders, and steam and electricity will do for the South what they have done for the North.

The commerce of the world lies in our grasp. The Isthmian canal, when completed, will stimulate industry and work a commercial revolution. The great statesman, Henry Clay, once said "the execution of it will form a great epoch in the commercial affairs of the whole world." It means much to every section of this republic, but more to the South. It will make her the center of trade. It will eliminate distance and put her in touch with the teeming millions of the Occident and Orient, and the tides will swell with commerce as they ebb and flow on our Southern shores. I believe that the day is near at hand when a commercial city will be built at Wilmington or Charleston which will be to the modern world what Venice and Carthage were to the ancient world.

Concurrent with this industrial drift is the growing tendency towards education. I do not pose as a prophet, but I verily believe that eye hath not seen nor ear heard such advances as the South will make in education in the twentieth century. In the past she has woefully neglected this all-important matter, and for this reason she has been outstripped in the race of progress by other sections. The reason for this is apparent. For thirty-five years the South has been handicapped by the most bloody and destructive civil war recorded in the history of the world. Left with his home in ruins, his money stolen, his slaves free, his farm destroyed, his stock killed, his bright-eyed children and loving wife suffering for food and raiment, the hero in gray, battle-scarred but undaunted still, stepped from the trench into the furrow and began to work out his own existence. Standing on the brink of poverty, without means, without sympathy, derided, mocked, snubbed, disfranchised and ridden to death by carpet-baggers and taxed to pay pensions to the man whom he had fought in battle, there was little that the old veteran could contribute to the education of his child. Thus, what was at first a necessity, later drifted into chronic negligence, and so ignorance has hung like Egyptian darkness over our land and people, enveloping them in the mist and fog of intellectual night, freezing the genial current of the souls of our youth and obscuring the luster and glory of Dixie to the eye of the civilized world. By bitter experience we have learned that we cannot prosper as long as we remain illiterate, and in the years to come educational and intellectual achievements will answer back every sound of factory and furnace. Already reforms are being introduced into our schools, and plans devised for their extension, so that

the day is near at hand when a common school education will be within reach of all. The initial year of the new century has wonders to tell; it tells of an ever-increasing endowment of our colleges, it tells of the founding of new ones; it tells, best of all, of the press and pulpit, the politician and teacher harmoniously proclaiming the cause of education, all of which shows that a revival of learning is at hand. The scout of progress from his mount faces about, and, looking southward, sees thousands of schools and colleges towering aloft on the heaven-kissing hills of the sunny South. More than this, he sees a great Southern university fashioned from some seat of learning like that of our *Alma Mater*, which for beauty and symmetry, for sacredness and learning, will rival those of ancient or modern times, and where in the ages to come the sons and daughters of Southern soil will gather to slake their thirst for knowledge.

At the battle of Leuctra when all was at stake, the brave Epaminondas turning to his men, shouted, "Only one step forward!" That step was the salvation of his country. The forward march is being sounded by our heroic leaders in the cause of education throughout the length and breadth of the South, and if our people advance, which in faith and loyalty they must do, our interests will be secure and our country saved, for it will be raised from "suffering into peace, from trouble into content, from death to life."

But it is not enough to have an educated citizenship; we can and must have a literature—a literature that will immortalize a chivalry, courage, patriotism and grandeur of life unspeakable, and which will daily weave its golden threads into the warp and woof of the character of our people. If history teaches anything, it is that nations

perpetuate their existence and leave an impress on civilization only in so far as they have a literature. Without it, what are empires, what are republics, what are nations? The powerful and prosperous nations that flourished for two thousand years on the Nile and Euphrates were not destitute of heroes, patriots and statesmen; but for the want of a popular literature their memory lies hidden in the ashes of their crumbling ruins—the mighty cities they built and the seats of their power are desolate wastes. The races of men they ruled, their traditions, their unspeakable treasures, and even their language are lost and forgotten because they were never impressed on the undying page of written literature. Our debt, then, to the past and advantages in the present and obligations to the future call us to the task of literary production.

And why should not the South become famous for its men of letters? The greatest authors, artists and statesmen of all history sprang from those countries whose climatic conditions were almost identical with our own.

"Since the world began,

No fairer land has fired a poet's lays or given a home to man."

For examples of Southern talent, let the eloquence of orators, the spirited stanzas of Timrod, and the soft, sweet strains of Poe speak. Material, too, is not lacking. Vine-clad hills, blooming orchards, wearing the livery of Eden, rich pastures and waving crops stretching from village to village, the aboriginal forest, the stately oak, the historic palmetto, and rivers that "tumbling or loitering run wanton to the sea"—these are the materials conducive to poetic genius and from which the poet can draw the grandest and sublimest inspirations. There, too, is the private soldier, a hero to be made famous not only by tradition

but in story and in song. The cause for which he fought, the suffering which he patiently, piously, heroically endured, and the courage and daring which he always exhibited will yet "awake to ecstasy the living lyre." Can the artist paint his deeds upon the sky? Can the sculptor carve them upon the great wall of humanity? No! It is beyond the reach of brush or chisel to redeem to the imagination such men, such scenes as shine in all of their battles for their country. Not until some new-born Homer shall rise to touch the harp can mankind be touched by a sense of their heroic deeds, and then alone in the grand majestic minstrelsy of epic song. The South in the future will be the field of American fiction. In all history no cause has had so many of the elements of pathos as that which failed at Appomattox, and no people ever presented to the novelist such a marvelous array of curiously contrasted lives.

"The history of literature shows that it was those who were cradled amid the smoke of battle, the sons and daughters of heroes yet red with blood, who have given to the world the loftiest strains of genius." On account of the woefulness of her too recent past and the advantages of the present, these Southern States are destined to rear historians, novelists, poets, scholars, and scientists who will stand head and shoulders above any that America has produced. With materials so bountiful, with climate such as we enjoy, and with talent at hand, we may fondly expect the South to become the Hesperian Garden of American literature.

But in this century of transition and development, I am proud that the religious world is not neglected. Southern people have ever been strict adherents to the faith of their fathers. They are noted for their high

type of moral character and christian living. 'Ritualistic religions, Mormonism, Skepticism, Christian Science. and other "later-day vagaries," are exotic plants which do not flourish in our soil. A larger per cent of our people are attendants on church than in any other section, and the Sabbath is kept with a sanctity almost divine. Here the American nation must look for its spiritual life.

Charitable institutions have increased until the helpless and poor have all their needs supplied. Churches, temperance societies and religious organizations of all kinds are increasing at a rapid rate. Crime and drunkenness are becoming more and more unpopular, and a high sense of moral duty is being diffused among our people, so that the day seems dawning when moral suasion will do for our country what politicians and lawmakers and constitutions have failed to do.

But, ladies and gentlemen, I would not have you think that this awakening in the South is a harbinger of the millennium, nor that Utopia is yet in sight. We are plunging in a period of material prosperity hitherto unequalled. We are inundated with improvements and we wallow in progress ; but to those who realize our real condition and love their country, the responsibility which faces us to-day appears almost staggering. Industry may bring material blessings, but hand in hand come social disorder and discontent. Labor and capital may fight, creeds may clash, and a thousand ills may come to corrupt the body politic. Towns and cities will grow up in a day, but the rural districts may be depopulated and left a barren waste. Radical and evil changes may pour upon us, sweeping away the time-honored landmarks of truth, righteousness and justice. Theories, faiths, and institutions hitherto unknown may implant

themselves into our soil and crowd out the glorious principles which have made us a proud but noble people. We have declared in terms and tones unmistakable that the Negro is unprepared to cast a free ballot. But this problem still hangs over us like a great cloud—a problem, the like of which was never before intrusted to man, and upon whose right solution the entire world watches with the deepest concern.

Whence is to come the power to stay these evils and guide the South in the paths which destiny has marked out for her? In what lies her hope in the future? It must rest in the simple faith and integrity of her people, honest and upright in their lives, and true to every post of duty. The home is the ark and covenant of our safety. Around this benign institution of Southern pride there is gathered a halo of imperishable beauty, for it is the shrine where our fathers worshipped, the temple of their happiness. From these homes have come the men who have held the seats of highest power and wielded the most commanding influence in American history. Our strength is not in armies and navies and forts. "If you would know why Rome was great," says a student of history, "consider that Roman soldier whose armed skeleton was found in a recess near the gate of Pompeii. When burst the sulphurous storm the undaunted hero dropped the visor of his helmet and stood there to die." If you would know why the South is great, think of that man who toils at honest labor and whose home is his castle, resting in tranquil peace, where each evening he gathers his noble wife and prattling children around him, kneels down and invokes the unspeakable blessings of a divine Providence.

Let us preserve untarnished our high type of woman-

hood. I have no patience with that thing which has neither the manliness of a man nor the womanliness of a woman which wears bloomers, plays foot-ball, goes to the circus, enters politics, speaks on the hustings, and bears the undignified appellation of "New Woman." Senator Vance once said, "We have some of the prettiest girls and laziest men in the world." Our men have improved on that. They have found that it is better to wear out than to rust out. But we are willing for the women of the twentieth century to emulate the modest refinement and virtue of their mothers—those heroic women who, like Florence Nightingale, were ministering angels in time of war, and queens of their homes in time of peace, for such women and such a type of womanhood carry the hope of our land.

In this new life the South needs men—men whose hearts are pure, whose hands are clean and whose patriotism is great. As proud as I am that when Dixie needed statesmen she had a Washington and Jefferson and Henry and Calhoun and Vance who graced every forum and added new meaning to statesmanship; as proud as I am that when she looked for leaders she had a Jasper, and Lee and Jackson, and Hill and Pettigrew who emblazoned every field and wrote their names high on the pillars of fame; as proud as I am that when the drum beat to the tune of Dixie thousands of her sons marched boldly to the fray and enriched every battleground with their noble blood, grander still is the thought that when she calls for men in the twentieth century thousands yet will come to grapple with her problems, minister to her wounds, protect her fortunes, and educate and uplift the fallen at her feet. If I could climb some lofty height where I might catch the ear of all her sons, I think I

would shout in one loud acclaim, "Young men, stay here!" Here where talent will be recognized and labor rewarded. Strive to make your country, as she has ever been, the home of the true, the just, the brave.

Endeavor to make her the peer of Greece and Rome in art, in sculpture, in story and in song. Stay here where brimming rivers flow, where birds sing, where flowers grow, where the sweet aroma, bounteous fields, and plenty and peace are the rich blessings of God. This done, and I see a South, like her characteristic history, conquering. I see her regain her old place as a national factor, I see peace and sobriety in her borders, I see her building higher and higher the bulwarks of freedom, liberty and right, and finally victorious in her destined race. In her prosperity she will be like the bronze "Athena, standing in massive solidity upon the living rock of the Acropolis, crowned with the insignia of victory and empire, armed *cap-a-pie* to defy every foe, the gilded tip of her burnished spear catching every ray of the sun and guiding the sailor from afar as he brought the products of every clime to lay them at her feet." Thus I hope the sunshine of a new day will fall upon her and bring to pass my dream of perfect truth and perfect justice.

"Great God! We thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvest wave, her cities rise,
And yet till Time shall fold his wing
Remain earth's loveliest paradise."

WHICH LOVE PROVES TRUE.

BY E. B. FOWLER.

I.

Roy Melvin awoke and started up with delight. At last his long-cherished hope of attending the university was to be realized. He had fully discussed the matter with his father and mother and his trunk was already packed. Looking out upon the calm September morning, he wondered how he could part from home and from her who lived in the large grove only a half-mile away. He dreaded the farewell.

Roy's home was a commodious frame structure, painted white and furnished with the inevitable green blinds. Thence passing down the main road, after descending one hill and climbing another, one would come to an avenue which led upward to the left between rows of shade-trees. On the crest of the rise stood an old-fashioned Southern residence. Built of well-hewn, native timber, two stories high, the sturdy mansion, despite the fact that the storms of many winters had discolored the paint, remained firm—a part of the landscape around it. Flowers bloomed in the garden; birds sang among the clustering branches overhead.

From an oak was suspended a swing. In it, idly moving to and fro, sat a maiden of fifteen or sixteen. She was bonnetless and down her back fell rich braids of raven hair. Her dark eyes sparkled as she glanced up the road.

Soon a figure was seen coming over the hill. The girl knew that it was Roy, and that he was coming to say good-bye. She unconsciously recalled what they had been to each other. With bare feet they had waded in

the brook at the foot of the hill and made mud pies. Tiring of this they had roamed the fields for wild flowers, and Roy, filling her hair with fresh roses, had backed off and looked long at her till she laughed. Then he had drawn nearer and said :

"We shall always play together this way, shan't we, Stella? You will be the queen and I shall crown you with pretty wreaths of roses. What fun it will be!"

Smiling, she had answered :

"Oh, yes, we shall play together a long, long time."

Thus they had lived from childhood to youth. But how would it be when he had gone to the university, where change of environment wrought a change of feelings, hopes, views of life? Would he be the same or would the engrossing work of the new life cool the ardor of his affection?

The subject of her reflections walked rapidly up the avenue and greeted her in his frank, manly way.

"Well, Stella," began he bravely, "I leave for the university this afternoon and I have come to bid you good-bye."

"I am glad for you," said Stella. "I know you will lead your class, and how proud of you I—or—I mean—all of us will be."

Without observing her confusion, Roy continued :

"I am really sorry to leave you. We have been together constantly since we could remember. I love to think how we used to play keeping house, and I have often found myself dreaming that some day—" He stopped short at sight of her blushing face.

She was silent.

"You are unhappy to-day," he ventured. "I hope you have not been ill."

"Oh, no," she answered, attempting to smile; "I was only thinking."

"Of what?"

"Of the delightful life at the university."

"It will not be so with me, for I shall be thinking of you sitting here in the swing and I shall not be here to swing you. But I must hurry back," he added, taking her hand. "Good-bye, Stella."

"Good-bye," she murmured as a tear stole down her cheek.

When Roy saw her bowed head, the glory of her hair, the transparent reality of her beauty and purity, seized by an irresistible impulse, he pressed her to his heart with one rapturous kiss—and was gone.

II.

The cool days of November and the wind in fitful gusts driving the scattered leaves found Roy less than two months at the university, yet already admired and esteemed by faculty and students. Now came the annual reception to the Freshman class, when the society of the town turned out to welcome the new students.

As Roy and his gay friend of the Junior class, Reginald Long, walked through the wide campus towards Northgate Hall, the latter suddenly gripped his chum's arm and said:

"By the way, Roy, you must meet President Anderson's daughter to-night. You know she has just returned on a vacation from Paris, where she has been studying during the past year. She is clever, cultivated and has beauty to back it."

They entered the hall. The band discoursed from the gallery. Here and there were groups conversing and

laughing gaily. The two paused before a mirror. Roy happened to glance at it and caught sight of the reflection of two penetrating eyes watching him intently. The next instant the image disappeared, but not before he had noted a noble cast of features and a gracefully moulded form. Turning his head, he was unable to discover the one seen in the mirror.

The friend led him along, introducing him to the young ladies as they passed up the aisle. Roy might have been taken for a Senior, only that air of superiority was absent. He was tall, well-proportioned, and his keen eye was constantly shifting and lighting up an otherwise quiet countenance. Whispered inquiries were heard on all sides.

"What Freshman is that tagged to Reginald Long?" queried one smart belle.

"Oh," answered a Senior with a consequential air, "that is Melvin, who is making such a record. They say he is good for the Oratorical Medal, is already mentioned for the Kappa Phi Fraternity, and will certainly make substitute pitch on the 'varsity nine."

All looked at him with increasing interest until he was lost in the crowd. Roy was thinking ever of the face in the glass, heedless of what was passing around him. Suddenly Reginald whispered :

"There she is."

She was coming up the aisle with her father, who turned to greet an elderly lady, when Reginald stepped forward with a bow.

"Miss Anderson, permit me to present my friend, Mr. Roy Melvin."

Roy bent low. Raising his eyes he recognized the figure in the mirror.

"I believe we have met—or, rather—I beg your pardon—I—I—" and he paused in his embarrassment.

Miss Anderson flushed crimson but appeared surprised.

"I can not recollect having had that pleasure. It must be an illusion of fancy."

"Or rather an ideal of the imagination, often dreamed of but just realized," put in Reginald, who, having thus extricated his friend, excused himself.

Till the reception was over, Roy sat like one under a spell while Miss Anderson told him of her travels, the people whom she had met and of her life as a student in Paris.

At last, Reginald came and pulled him away. He held out his hand, looked into her clear eyes, murmured something about the happiness of meeting her, and followed his friend out into the night.

"Old boy, you are gone," exclaimed Reginald, slapping Roy on the back. "You have my sympathy; but isn't she a stunner?"

His companion drew a long breath and said nothing.

After that Roy called on Miss Anderson frequently during the long winter months. There was a tinge of melancholy in his character which appealed strongly to her susceptible mind. He suppressed this feeling and looked resolutely into the future, determined to fight a man's battle. When, therefore, he perceived the spirit and buoyancy of this young lady's disposition, he began to dream of the possibility—but hold! for there broke through his vision a radiant form, the flush of perfect health on her cheek, swinging beneath the oak with her dark hair flying to the breeze. What did she think of him? Had she noted the growing coldness of his letters? Ah, no! she believed, she trusted. His conscience smote him.

"But," he reasoned, endeavoring to justify his course, "she surely can not wish me to keep to myself and miss the refining influence of society. There is no harm in spending a few hours in social enjoyment."

Stella could not conceal from herself that Roy had changed. He no longer referred to the scenes of former days nor did he even express a wish to see her. Pondering these things her young mind could arrive at no conclusion save that, though he had grown strangely indifferent, she still loved him with all her heart.

Windy March blew in. Roy was the idol of his class, and his popularity increased as his talents were recognized. - One night he retired after an evening of hard work. He was awakened by the alarming tones of the university bell, followed by the cry of fire. Hastily dressing he quitted his room and hurried towards a lurid spot on the horizon at the north end of the town. Past students and citizens he ran till he turned into Main street. He groaned at the spectacle which burst upon him. The president's palatial residence was ablaze, and there was no fire company in the little town. He flew up the walk through excited, staring crowds. The fire had originated in the kitchen and was being fanned to the front by a strong breeze. A woman's despairing wail rose above the roar of the flames:

"My daughter, my daughter!"

Suddenly a form appeared at a front window high up above the ground. It was Lilian Anderson. At that moment a volume of smoke issued from the door and the roof began to sink. Without a moment's hesitation Roy seized a passing bucket. "Here, dash this water on me," and he disappeared within the burning building.

He mounted the stairs, turned to the right and felt his

way down the passage, for he could not see. Reaching Miss Anderson's door he turned the bolt. It was locked! A crash sounded above him and warning shouts came up from below. Stepping back, he lunged against the door. It flew open, throwing him to the floor. Regaining his feet he saw her at the window. As she placed her foot upon the sill, Roy caught her in his arms and made for the door, while the scorching heat overhead threatened every moment to overcome him. Descending the stairway with his precious burden, he sought the outer entrance. He could not find it. Tongues of flame shot up the hall and he was almost suffocated, when a breath of cooler air struck his face. He rushed in the direction whence it came. He saw the eager throng, he heard the glad hurrahs, and he knew no more.

"Is she hurt?" were his first words.

"Not seriously, I hope," answered President Anderson, who bent over the boy as he lay on the cool grass of the lawn. "She has only suffered a severe shock. My brave young man, you can not know how deeply a father's heart thanks you for the heroic rescue of a dear daughter."

Mrs. Anderson came forward and poured forth her gratitude in tears. Reginald Long was the first of the "boys" to clasp his hand with a "God bless you, old boy, that was a brave deed and just what I expected of you."

Roy was soon able, with his friend's support, to walk to his room, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the students.

When Stella read the whole story in the papers, she sank into a seat overwhelmed by mingled emotions of hope and fear, joy and despair.

Then came a letter.

"MISS ESTELLE GORDON:

"I write to say (what perhaps you have already determined) that we must henceforth be only friends, if indeed we have ever been other. I shall not forget our long companionship and the joy it has given me to know you so well, but I believe my heart to be elsewhere, and I can not longer assume a false attitude towards one whom I respect as I do you.

Sincerely,

ROY MELVIN."

As Stella read the letter, tears rolled down her cheeks and dampened the paper. That was all. She went about her daily duties and no one could say but she was as cheerful as ever. Yet the lustre of her eye was softened and her bright smile was tinged with a wistful sadness.

III.

Vacation came. Roy left the university to visit his cousin in the city before returning home. A week after his arrival small-pox broke out in the city. Roy immediately set out for home, where he was received with open arms. Within two weeks he was taken suddenly ill. A physician was summoned. He pronounced the disease small-pox. When this became known an officer of the law arrived and forced Mr. Melvin to have his son quarantined in a vacant cabin a mile away in a secluded spot. There, guarded and attended by two physicians, he hovered between life and death.

When Stella heard of it her old love flamed up, and in her distress she cried:

"I must go to him!"

Notwithstanding she had been vaccinated the previous year, her mother was alarmed at her decided manner and strenuously objected, while her father forbade her

mentioning the impossible suggestion. For once she was obstinate. One night in early June, as the pale moon rose above the tops of the trees, Stella stole from her bed, slid down from her second-story window by means of sheets tied together, and struck across the fields toward the cabin. Nearing it she saw a light gleaming through a crack. She crept to the door. The guard had stepped inside. Utterly dumb with astonishment the guard and physician stared at her as she crossed the little room and dropped on her knees by the bedside of the unconscious youth.

"Miss Stella," one of the doctors managed to articulate at last, "we can not permit this; you must leave at once. It will nev—."

She rose and faced them.

"I know, sir; but he was the playmate and dearest friend of my childhood. He needs the care of a woman—mine; and besides, I have been vaccinated."

They saw the futility of further remonstrance and said no more. So Stella remained with him who still held sway over her affections. She slept little and ate less. She watched and waited for the slightest indication of improvement. His youthful face was covered with blighting sores, but she heeded them not. To her he was as handsome as of old.

Three weeks dragged by and the physician declared the crisis past. Roy began to notice those around him. Stella observed this and her haggard face brightened. As he grew stronger his eyes would follow the girl's every movement around the narrow room. When she bent above him, placed her soft hand on his brow and looked at him with a sympathetic glow in her eyes a wave of happiness surged through his soul, only to be succeeded

by a pang of remorse. He felt that his love for Miss Anderson had been only a fleeting passion—an admiration of her piquancy and cleverness. He heartily repented the fatal step, but saw no way of escape. Even were he free, he dared not hope to win the confidence of Stella. She would regard his strongest protestations with distrust.

The exertion of his troubled mind made him restless. Stella gently approached his bedside.

"Roy," she said, "you are uncomfortable. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Alas," he answered, "I fear not. I must bear it alone."

She sighed before replying that "perhaps if his friend knew of his condition she—"

"No, no," he interrupted with energy, "it is not that, for I could easily pardon her neglect. It is you—you whom I have wronged; and when I think how helpless I am—oh, how your kindness stabs me. But it is too late, too late," and he sank back exhausted.

Stella stood trembling with fear at his agitated features, not knowing how to answer. But her heart divined too well the drift of his disconnected words. His vows were plighted with one he did not love.

There was a movement at the door, and Stella barely had time to brush away her silent tears when a negro boy glided into the room with a letter for Roy. He glanced at the handwriting and handed it to Stella with the words, "Read it." The girl hesitated, but seeing the agony of suspense on his face she broke the seal and read:

"MR. ROY MELVIN:

"Inasmuch as I am on the point of returning to Paris I deem it eminently necessary that we arrive at a definite understanding of our relations to each other before my

departure. Your continued silence leads me to infer that you have reached the conclusion which has forced itself upon me, namely, that our attachment, formed and encouraged by peculiarly romantic circumstances, could only exist under their stimulation, and that time and separation, the supreme tests, have proved that our engagement was premature, and consequently unwise. Therefore, I release you from every vow and take the same liberty for myself, trusting that in future our friendship may be more real and lasting because founded on a true basis.

LILIAN ANDERSON."

"She is right," cried Roy, "it was a mistake. For days I have realized that I loved you, only you." In his despair he had clasped her hand.

In vain she bit her lip and averted her face to stay the rising flood.

"Stella," he spoke almost in a whisper, "I have suffered for my folly. O, forgive me—trust me—love me as you once did."

With a great heave of her bosom, as though to unburden her soul of years of accumulated affection, she flung her arms about his neck, and, pressing her face against his pale cheek, she sobbed:

"O, Roy, my first—my only love."

A CORN-SHUCKING SONG.

BY WILLIAM H. PACE.

I.

W'en de Pa'tridge am er buil'in' his nest in de Spring,
An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin',
An' de Lark am er soarin' an' er soarin' on his wing,
Den dis old nigger's des ez happy ez er king,
An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin'.

II.

Hit ain't so mighty long 'fo' de water-million's ripe,
An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin'.
An' den dis ole nigger take' er 'special delight,
An' he's gwine fur ter get 'im er big un at night,
An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin'.

III.

Den co'n shuckin' time hit come on a'ter dat,
An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin'.
An' de niggers dey 'semble an' 'dey talk an' chat,
Ez de grub hit bil's an' sizzles en de vat,
An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin'.

IV.

All de year 'roun' dar's sumpn gwine on,
An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin'.
From de plantin' er de seed ter de shuckin' er de co'n,
An' de poor ole nigger wuks night an' mo'n,
An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin'.

V.

But some dese days I's gwine ter be white,

An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin'.

An' de white folks dey'll be ez black ez night,

Kase de Lord gwinter take us an' set us on his right,

An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin'.

IV.

Fur de good Lord say de las' shall be fus',

An' we ain't gwine home twel mornin',

An' de parson say he wuz talkin' 'bout us,

Ef we wouldn't lie nor steal nor cuss,

An' we ain't gwine home twell mornin'.

AN UNBROKEN FAITH.

BY RAYMOND C. DUNN.

Carriage after carriage was driven up the brilliantly lighted Hilburn avenue, and its load of fashionably dressed humanity deposited before the door of the palatial residence of Col. Wallace Starnes. Within, all was gaiety and pleasure. It was the night before the first of June, and to-morrow Atlanta was to send forth a portion of her noblest sons to uphold the honor of a united flag. But all thought of to-morrow was lost amid that gay throng which had assembled at society's favorite retreat to pay their last respects to those whom duty called abroad.

Col. Starnes was a true Southerner of the old type. He had borne the brunt of four years of civil strife, and, laying down his arms at Appomattox, had repaired to his native State and town, there to rebuild his shattered fortune. Here in Atlanta he had struggled and won, and now with his daughter, he lived in ease and splendor, the soul of honor and hospitality. Age alone prevented him from joining "the boys" to-morrow, but nothing was spared to "give them a send-off that they will always remember," and to-night this "send-off" was in progress, complimentary to the officers and men of the First Regiment of Atlanta Volunteers.

The beauty and chivalry of Atlanta were gathered together in that brilliantly lighted ball-room at the old ante-bellum mansion, and, as the sweet strains of music issued from the orchestra hidden behind a light curtain in the northern corner of the room, Chivalry clasped Beauty in his arms and whirled her away among that mad throng of gay humanity. The glitter of the shin-

ing buttons of the soldier's uniform matched the sparkling of the diamonds on his partner's hand and in her hair.

Bending low, as they whirled to and fro, Brainerd Alston listened with attentive ear to the words which fell from the lips of Gwendolen Starnes. The hostess of the occasion, she leaned upon the arm of the officer of highest rank. He, with large piercing eyes, black hair parted in the middle, showing to advantage his manly and youthful brow, his countenance displaying great depth of character, his broad shoulders crowned with a captain's epaulets, his shapely figure, clothed in a tight-fitting uniform of blue flannel—in all his dashing manner, elicited the admiration of all on-lookers.

Large hazel eyes, expressive of deep emotion; dark brown hair, fixed in the latest Parisian style and clasped at the back of her head with a diamond brooch; a matchless forehead, a mouth small and rosy, skin of velvety softness, a faultless figure dressed in a gown of white satin—characterized her who leaned upon his arm. Gwendolen Starnes was the only child of a wealthy father, and since the time she had entered society, two years before, all Atlanta had been at her feet, but still she was unmarried, with perfect devotion to her father, the very idol of whose eye she was. She had never seen one among all those, who had laid their fortunes at her feet, whom she cared enough for to leave her father's home. Still she reigned supreme, even those whom she had refused returned to do homage to her beauty.

Brainerd Alston, the only son of wealthy parents, a graduate of Harvard, and now a rising young lawyer of Atlanta, on the declaration of war with Spain had been chosen captain of a volunteer company representative of

the wealth and society of that city. He had met Gwendolen Starnes at the Governor's ball the year before, and following the example of the rest of his sex he became another devoted admirer. Many times since then he had been on the point of pouring forth his heart to her, but something always happened to prevent him. And to-morrow he was to leave her, and yet he had told her nothing! He resolved to take advantage of this, his last chance, and lay his hand and fortune at her feet, to-night.

The music ceased. The dancers dispersed to different parts of the hall. Brainerd accompanied Miss Starnes into the conservatory, where they found a cozy retreat away from the rest of the crowd. Here he told her the history of his love.

"I met you at the Governor's ball last year," he said, "surrounded by scores of admirers. I at once joined that happy throng and became the most ardent of them all. From that night I have loved you as only a man can love, and I could not bear to leave for Cuba to-morrow without telling you in words what my actions must have told you thousands of times."

Gwendolen Starnes had had dozens of men to tell her of their love for her in words similar to those of Brainerd's, and yet no blush was ever known to mount her cheeks before, no such light had shone in her eyes.

"May I carry with me to-morrow any hope that I will ever have your love? Gwendolen, do you love me?" he continued.

The dark brown eyes were lifted to his, and they revealed the truth.

"Yes, Brainerd, I do love you. I can keep it from you no longer. Long before I met you I had my ideal, and when I saw you for the first time I knew you were he. I have never loved anyone —"

"Beg pardon, Alston, for interrupting, but the next set is forming and Gwendolen's name is on my card for this waltz," suddenly broke in handsome Jack Durham, Gwendolen's first-cousin, and lieutenant of Alston's company.

* * * * *

Strolling on the lawn half an hour later, enjoying a quiet smoke and thinking over the happiness that had come to him that night, Brainerd Alston suddenly paused as he heard voices near by, and looking in through the open window saw Gwendolen and her handsome cousin sitting just within the conservatory. With eyes transfixed on her who had just plighted her troth to him, he remained standing near the window, seeing but not seen.

"By Jove, I've never seen her look better. And to think she loves me and is going to be mine! How the rest of the fellows will envy me!" he mused. "How proud I'll be of her! I will prize her above all else. I'll be awfully jealous though, till she is mine. I don't like the way Jack Durham looks at her, nor the way she returns his look. Pshaw! Here I am getting jealous already, and of her first cousin, too; in fact almost a brother. I believe I'll listen to what she's saying to him."

"Yes, I do love you. I can keep it from you no longer," Brainerd heard her say, never once thinking it was of him she spoke.

"O God! She has deceived me!" he cried as he hurried from the place. "Curse her! I'll never look on her false face again. To think I've been such a fool as to let her —"

"Excuse me, Captain," said a voice at his elbow, "but I've been looking for you everywhere. Here's a tele-

gram for you, and it looks like it might be on important business."

Brainerd seized the telegram, rushed to the nearest light and read:

"SAVANNAH, GA., — 14, '98.

"TO BRAINERD R. ALSTON,

Captain Commanding First A. V.,

Atlanta, Ga.

"Leave with troops for Savannah to-night. Special train. Embarkation day earlier.

(Signed)

"JOSEPH H. POTTER,

Com. Ga. Vol."

"Thank God!" cried Brainerd. Never will order be more cheerfully obeyed. I'll leave that cursed flirt forever."

* * * * *

Two weeks had passed and yet Gwendolen had heard nothing from Brainerd. "What can be the matter with him? Why did he leave without seeing me? Why doesn't he write?" were questions she often asked herself but could find no satisfactory answer. Yet she was too true to doubt him, and attributed his silence to the activity of his army life, for several times she had seen in the papers accounts of skirmishes in which he had taken part. "I know Brainerd would write if he had time. O, how I wish I could see him."

The fighting at the front grew fiercer and fiercer, and the skirmishes more frequent. Soon came the call for army nurses, and the Red Cross Society of Atlanta, of which Gwendolen was president, made a ready response. A week later she was on the scene of conflict, taking an active part in the care of the wounded, throwing her

whole soul into the work of saving her countrymen. Never once had the thought occurred to her that here, among the dead and dying, was she to meet him whose image was next to her heart.

Meanwhile, Brainerd was in the very thick of the fight, his reckless daring and venturesome spirit being an inspiration to his troops and a cause of terror to the enemy. In every engagement he distinguished himself by some rash charge into the very ranks of the enemy, cutting his way through their lines, and returning to his command without injury to his seemingly charmed life. With a determination to forget her who he thought had played him false, he longed for the war to become fiercer and the battles more frequent.

At last came that daring charge up San Juan hill. Far in advance of his command, calling his men to follow him, he rushed up that fatal hill amid the deadly fire from the enemy's guns.

"Forward, my lads!" he shouted. "On and up! Charge the hill! The day is yours. They are yielding." At the very summit of the hill he fell, with a Spanish bullet through his shoulder.

The battle was over. The fort had been taken. Tenderly his men bore their noble leader to the army hospital, and there placed him in the hands of the Red Cross nurses.

For days and days, even for weeks, Brainerd Alston lay struggling between life and death, yet he fought the battle nobly and was rewarded with victory. He was at length permitted to sit up for awhile each day, while his every want was supplied by some fair nurse. One day while sitting just within his tent he saw a figure wearing a Red Cross come out of the tent directly in front

of him and start towards his own. He knew that that nurse had never before come to his tent, and wondered what was now her errand.

"My God, it's Gwendolen!" he cried excitedly when the figure came nearer to him.

"Brainerd, oh Brainerd!" she cried as she ran eagerly towards him, "have I found you at last?"

"Mrs. Durham, I presume," coolly remarked Brainerd, as he stepped back and politely touched his cap.

"What!" she cried. "What can you mean by receiving me in this manner? What do you mean by calling me by that name? Oh, Brainerd, tell me what you mean?"

"It seems as if Miss Starnes—since you disown the name of Durham—has forgotten the words she spoke to her cousin just after her waltz with him on the night of the reception at her house," answered Brainerd in chilling tones. "But since she has told so many the same thing, it seems only natural that she should forget any particular time," he continued with somewhat of a sneer.

"Brainerd, Brainerd, tell me what you mean by such things? What did I tell Jack? I have always told him everything. He's just like a brother to me. Oh, tell me what I told him that night?" she pleaded in distressed tones.

"Does a young lady usually address her 'brother' in such words as 'Yes, I do love you. I can keep it from you no longer?'" questioned Brainerd in a sneering tone. "If so, I am to infer that when you said those words to me you were treating me as a 'brother,' am I? And 'brothers' don't count, of course? I must say Miss Starnes is an adept at explanation," he added ironically.

"Oh, Brainerd, you are the only one to whom I have

ever said such words; the only one whom I have ever loved. But—oh, yes! It is all plain to me now," a new light coming into her eyes. "You are right, I did talk to Jack after the waltz, and he was telling me that he was so 'anxious to see his "little sister" (for he always called me that) married to some noble man,' and I told him what I had just said to you. Oh, Brainerd, did you believe that I was false to you? Oh, God," she cried in agonizing tones.

"Oh, darling, forgive me! I did doubt you, but, oh, let it pass. Will you forgive me?" he pleaded, holding out his arms.

She rushed into his open arms. Her head nestled close to his bosom. He was forgiven.

THE BATTLE OF ELIZABETHTOWN.

BY WILLIAM B. SHAW, JR.

About the time of Cornwallis' march through North Carolina, 1781, after his defeat at Guilford Court House, there was a civil war going on in Cape Fear region between Patriot and Tory.

It is well to remember that the Tories of North Carolina consisted of two classes of far different character and motive. Early in the war the Scotch Highlanders, from perfectly honorable motives, the sacredness of an oath but recently taken, had remained attached to the Royal cause. These, however, were defeated at Moore's Creek Bridge in the war and their activity was destroyed. The Tories that were now causing trouble in the Cape Fear region were of a far different type. It was that Tory, heartless and without principle, caring not for his honor or the welfare of his colony, turning against his fellow-man, who brought on this civil war in the State, in which neighbor was arrayed against neighbor.

Elizabethtown, a small village in Bladen County, on the Cape Fear River, had been established by the British at Wilmington as an outpost, and was in command of Col. Stingsby, an Englishman of high culture and moral standing. He had been a resident of Wilmington ever since coming to this country and took little part in the war, declining at first to accept a commission, but was finally induced to take charge of the Tories in Brunswick and Bladen Counties.

From this fair region of the Cape Fear, which had been long the seat of many elegant homes and cultured families, many Whig households were driven into the upper counties for refuge by these merciless Tories who,

encouraged by the British under Major Craig, then in Wilmington, were ravaging the country in every direction, insulting and plundering the most respectable families, destroying property, burning dwellings, and committing the most horrible outrages.

Of course, the Whigs did not look on with acquiescence. Though their number was few—only one hundred and eighty men in the whole community—they banded together to rid themselves of these unfriendly neighbors. With the fearful odds of five or ten to one, they adhered to their principles with heroic firmness, and did good service in the cause of freedom. Colonel Thomas Brown, the regular commanding officer, had been wounded in a skirmish with the British regulars near Wilmington only a short time before, and was unable to continue in active service. Colonel Robeson, at the request of the wounded officer, took command. Feeling too weak to attack the Tories in a body, or in any way to avenge the wrongs they were daily suffering from these remorseless marauders, they petitioned Governor Burke to send aid, but to no purpose. At last, after lurking around in the swamps carrying on a kind of guerrilla warfare, they set out with Colonel Robeson, as their leader, to secure the assistance of their fellow-Whigs in the upper counties.

They marched through Duplin, Johnston, Wake, Chatham and Cumberland Counties, telling everywhere of the distressing condition of their families at home, and begging the men to join them in their undertaking. Though they were kindly received in every neighborhood, not a single man could be induced to leave his family and march against such a man as Stingsby and his Tories. This was disheartening to these brave sons of liberty, still, with Spartan courage, they marched on

from house to house and village to village, until at last, after a steady march of six weeks they turned their faces homeward.

On reaching Duplin, Colonel Robeson found that out of the one hundred and eighty men with whom he had left the Cape Fear region, he only had seventy-one, and these half-naked. But still they did not give up. He now called his little band together, and after stating his determination to return and drive out these wicked Tories, called on every man that was willing to follow him in this desperate undertaking to step to the front. At the word every man save one came forward, fired by the purpose of ridding the country of this enemy.

These seventy men were all mounted and equipped with arms, but their horses were mere skeletons, while they themselves were ragged and without a change of clothing, and but little ammunition. So equipped, this small band, early one morning, set out to give battle to the same four hundred Tories, whom six weeks ago, when the difference in their numbers were not half so great, they felt too weak to encounter. Their march lay through a country already laid waste by the enemy and only occupied by a few unfriendly inhabitants. Thus they continued for two days with nothing to eat, and the horses only eating what grass they could gather by the roadside as the company stopped for rest. Finally, on the evening of the 28th of September, as the sun was sinking, they came to the bank of the Cape Fear just opposite the little village of Elizabethtown.

Here they halted to await the setting of the moon. This occurred just before day, and Colonel Robeson began to put his men in motion. One man was left to take care of the horses, while the sixty-nine, undressed and

holding their clothing and arms well above their heads, waded the river, which was about breast-deep. Having successfully crossed the river they resumed their clothing and prepared for action. They found themselves in a narrow cane-bottom. This was skirted by the road, just beyond which was the Tory camp. Separating themselves into three companies, with the stillness of death they began to approach the camp from three directions at the same time. The signal of attack was to be the firing of the first gun by a Tory sentinel. Then the order was for each company to advance, and at the command of its leader fire into the body of surprised Tories and fall back to reload.

"Stand! Who goes there?" was the cry of the Tory sentinel, as the little company of twenty-three men advanced like a dark shadow. The sentinel then firing his gun into the air, fled into the woods. In an instant the Whigs rushed up from every side and poured a volley into the midst of the surprised Loyalists, which threw them into complete disorder.

It was a dark night, and nothing could be seen save the flash of the Whigs' guns as they poured volley after volley into the rudely aroused Tories who, thoroughly surprised by the attack, were rushing to and fro in amazement, seeking some place for refuge. Colonel Stingsby, in trying to rally his men to action, was mortally wounded. His fall completed the panic already begun by the first volley.

Everything seemed to favor the Whigs; even their watchword did no little service. As true Patriots they had chosen the word "Washington." They were attacking in the dark, and in three companies, therefore had much occasion to shout it from rank to rank and

man to man. The Tories in their panic, thinking the "Father of his country" was upon them with all of his host, fled from the field; some were lost in the surrounding woods, while many rushed headlong into a deep ravine, now famous as the "Tory Hole."

When the battle was over and the victory won, the day was beginning to dawn. Seventeen of the Tories, among whom was their brave leader, were found on the field, but not one of the Whigs was killed and only four were wounded. The Patriots supplied themselves with all the arms and ammunition they could carry and returned in triumph to the opposite side of the river. Then they marched across Colly swamp, where they encamped. Thus the power of the Tories was completely broken, and they never made headway in that section of the country again.

This little battle has been altogether neglected by the historians of the Revolution. It is true that it was principally of local interest, yet during all this renowned struggle no more heroic attack was made, or battle gained against greater odds.

A MARRIAGE AMONG THE FOUR HUNDRED.

BY WILLIAM H. PACE.

The house of Mr. James A. Phillips was brilliantly lighted. In the blue parlor were gathered the few invited guests, among whom could be seen the social leaders of Greater New York. The room was tastefully decorated with roses and carnations, and here and there a touch of smilax. In the southwest corner was an altar, upon which burned scores of candles in silver candelabra. Behind this were banked American Beauty roses, carnations and orange blossoms, in the midst of which were lighted candles so arranged as to form a cross. Before the altar was placed a snow-white bear's skin, upon which the bride and groom were to kneel in prayer.

Elizabeth Phillips, the bride-elect, was a sweet-natured girl of eighteen. Fluffy brown hair, deep solemn brown eyes, fair complexion and winning ways had made her a favorite, and such a one as knew no rivalry. Although her father was the owner of millions she despised display, and this added greatly to her popularity. Great was the number that had striven to win that fair hand, but equally as great was the number that had failed. More than once she had been engaged by the social gossips, and more than once had the match-makers concentrated their efforts upon her, but only to meet with stinging defeat. Some blamed her for her indifference and seeming blindness to the admiration of her numerous rich suitors, while others excused her on account of her age. Consequently, the announcement of her engagement to Lord Pepys created a great stir and sensation among the social leaders. She had always declared she would never marry a noble, but—well, she loved him

and could'nt help it. Elizabeth had met him in England the summer before and had fallen desperately in love with him. He also was completely captured by her winning ways and soon began to make known his love. At last they became engaged, but their marriage was delayed by the serious illness of Lord Pepys. Now, however, he had recovered, and to-night they were to be united in marriage.

Soon all was in readiness. The piano began to give forth the sweet strains of Lohengrin's "Wedding March," and the rustle of skirts and a half-smothered whisper announced the approach of the bride. In a few moments she entered, leaning upon the arm of her father. How beautiful she looked! She was gowned in white silk and had a long sweeping train. Her bridal veil was daintily clasped on top of her head by a diamond brooch. In her hand she carried a large bunch of orange blossoms. Two small girls preceded her, each bearing a large bunch of fragrant pink roses, while two others followed and carried her train. At the altar she was met by the groom, and an exceedingly handsome couple they were. While the soft notes of the piano came floating into the room as from a distance, the minister began the impressive service. Nothing could be heard save the minister's voice, the low notes of the piano and the foot-beats of a running horse, which increased in loudness as the animal approached.

Was there anything the matter that one should be racing down the street at such speed? Listen! Was it some one calling the name of Elizabeth?

"Elizabeth Phillips, Mr. Phillips, Lord Pepys! Hey there, stop that service! I say, stop that service!"

Could it be true that some one was trying to interfere with such a sacred ceremony?

The voice of the minister, however, drew their attention from the voice outside.

"Lord Pepys, will you take Elizabeth Phillips to be your lawful wife? Will you be faithful and kind to her through wealth and poverty, through health or sickness?"

"I will."

"Elizabeth Phillips, will you take Lord Pepys"—

"My God, man! Stop that!"

All eyes were at once turned to the speaker, who now stood in the door glaring at the minister. He was below the medium height and unusually stout. His hair was of a dingy red color and his face exceedingly red. An ugly white scar on his left cheek, together with his stumpy nose, by no means added to his good looks. He was bespattered with mud from his boots to a little cap which was placed saucily on the back of his head.

"Don't marry that couple, I say. That scoundrel there is already married," he fairly shouted as he pointed to Lord Pepys. An expression of horror came upon the faces of all present, and now Lord Pepys became the object upon whom all eyes were turned. Pale and trembling, with clinched fists he advanced rather slowly toward the stranger.

"You lie, you low-life brute. Retract that statement or, sir, I will crush you as I would a dog!"

"Lord Pepys, stand aside, sternly commanded Mr. Phillips as he stepped between the two as they stood glaring at one another with the look of hatred on the part of one and of despair, yet determination, on the part of the other.

"I—"

"I command silence of you, sir, until this accusation

has been cleared up. Stranger," said he, turning to the intruder, "upon what grounds do you make such a serious statement?"

"'Tis a—"

"Silence, Lord Pepys. I demand the right to question this man. My man, this is a serious charge to bring against a man with an unquestionable character like that of Lord Pepys. I have personally inquired into all matters pertaining to his family and character, and not once did I hear the slightest thing against him in any respect. After doing that, I gave my permission for his marriage to my daughter. But you, sir, have broken up that most sacred of all ceremonies, and now I, as father of Elizabeth, demand to know upon what grounds you place your charge?"

"Sir," replied the stranger, placing his hand over his heart and bowing, but not once removing his eyes from My Lord, "I most humbly beg your pardon if I have interfered with a ceremony held so sacred by all good people, but utterly ignored by black-rascals; for, as I do not class myself among the latter, I place it over and above all others. But I came not of my own freewill and accord, but as a duty which I felt I owed to you and your daughter, as well as to my sister.

"'Tis a long story, so I will not attempt to relate it all, but only the part that most concerns you. The most important part, that is the one I think most important, I have stated before. My Lord Pepys is the husband of my sister but has seemingly forgotten the fact. Eh, My Lord?"

"'Tis an infamous —"

"I understand," continued the stranger, again bowing to Mr. Phillips, "how it would be hard for you to take

my word against that of My Lord, especially in a matter of as much concern to you as is this one. Knowing this would be the case, I advised my sister to follow me as speedily as possible. By this time she should have almost reached here, so with your permission I retire to escort her in." Making a low but derisive bow to Lord Pepys, and smiling the while, he slowly backed from the room.

"'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie! I say, Mr. Phillips, it is all a lie. Elizabeth, ah, poor little girl," and kneeling attempted to raise the form of the fainting girl from the floor.

"On your life touch her not. Lay not your dirty hands on her," cried Mr. Phillips as he whirled My Lord from her. "Elizabeth, my child, my love, this is a severe strain upon my little girl," and tenderly taking her up in his arms he bore her from the room.

"Where is he, in there? Ha, ha, ha! My Lord Pepys, you thought you would get rid of me, did you? Ha, ha, ha." The derisive words and laughter of the speaker attracted the attention of those present. She was tall and somewhat handsome. She noticed no one in the room but Lord Pepys, but upon him she continually kept her flashing black eyes. In her arms slept an innocent child not more than three years of age. Its little head nestled close to its mother's breast and its golden curls completely covered her arm.

"So My Lord, you grew tired of me and came to get you another wife, did you?"

"Oh Matilda, Matilda, will you always dog my every step?" and Lord Pepys sank into a chair the picture of despair.

"Oh, yes, you know me now, do you? 'Tis a pity you can forget me so easily. Eh, friends? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Madame, this is no time for senseless joking and derisive laughter, but indeed one of grave consequence to all concerned, for by everything that is good and true if this be a made-up tale on the part of you and your escort, you shall be well paid for your trouble. For your own good, then, beware of an untruth.

"It is claimed that Lord Pepys here is your lawful husband, a statement, however, which I am forced not to believe unless you produce sufficient proof to that effect. Have you anything to prove beyond the shadow of doubt the truthfulness of such a statement? If not, I again warn you—that you shall surely receive your richly deserved reward for your attempt to injure the character of an innocent man."

"Eh, who is this that threatens so loud and deep?" Half turning she calmly and scornfully looked Mr. Phillips over from head to foot.

"Am I mistaken? My kind sir, are you the little man that made so many threats? Methinks I understand some one to ask, although I am sure it could not have been this small fellow, if that man was my husband. Am I right?"

"You insolent witch, if—"

"My little man, I beg of you to abstain from any more threats, for I sincerely believe you will injure your health. Ha, ha, ha! But, sir, as you seem so desirous of knowing the truth about this little affair and as your threats alarm me, so I will hold you in suspense no longer. Truly he is my husband, although I am as ashamed to own him as he is to recognize his dead wife. Ha, ha, ha! Proof? Do you wish any more than this? Here is the license by which we were married. Eh, My Lord?"

"Enough, enough from you, madam. Now My Lord,

what have you to say in your defence?" and Mr. Phillips leaned forward as if the better to catch his answer. The pale lips of the condemned man were seen to move, but no sound could be heard. With closed eyes and pale visage he seemed entirely unconscious of the bated breath and anxious countenances of his silent listeners.

"My Lord, for God's sake speak. Hold us not in such agony!"

"Ah, excuse me, I was thinking of long ago. What was your question? Oh yes, yes, yes. It is—is—it is true," grasping his chair he staggered to his feet.

"What, true? You low-life wretch, do you to say it is true? Oh, you wretch, leave my home. Clear out, or I swear I'll kill you. Do you hear?"

"My friend—"

"My friend nothing! Defy me no longer by remaining, for you do so at the peril of your life!"

"Mr. Phillips, I beg of you to calm yourself for just a few short moments and injure not yourself by refusing to hear the statement of a dying man. With your permission I will take this chair, as I feel myself growing weak. Listen, sir, and you shall hear the truth as it comes only from the lips of the dying.

"When I was a young man, about nineteen years of age, I was thrown with a wild set of men and women and fell a victim to drink and gambling, in consequence of which I contracted a heavy betting debt. My father, whose patience I had completely exhausted, disowned me and drove me away from home. Having been indulged all my life, I was too lazy to do work such as was offered me, and therefore I found nothing to do. One night I saw that woman while she was acting in His Highness Theatre, and was struck with her beauty. I obtained an

introduction, and as she was immensely rich I soon became engaged to her. We were married, and, of course, lived very unhappily. At last I left her and swore never to return. In the meanwhile I met your fair daughter, and being in sore need of money feigned love and pressed my suit successfully. Our marriage was delayed, not on account of my serious sickness, but because I was then thinking of a plan by which I could rid myself of my first wife. At last I decided to poison both my wife and child, and as I was too weak to do it myself I hired a villain to carry out my dirty work. This man turned out to be my wife's brother who, since my departure from her, had been secretly following me. Before many days had expired he returned and reported her death. I was then free to marry Elizabeth. But, alas! as you have seen, it was only a well-planned lie, and now I am caught in my own trap. I alone have been responsible for the life I have lived, and now regret the course I chose. This world has no longer its joys and fascinations for me, nor has it a place on its broad bosom for such a wretch as I. All is lost. My last resort is in death, and the sooner I meet it, the more welcome will be its peacefulness."

Snatching a small vial from his vest pocket he emptied it with one huge gulp and sank to the floor with violent convulsions. Their work was all in vain. His lips, however, were seen to move, and amid that unspeakable silence which hovers over death, they caught his last words:

"For-g-give m-me an-and t-t-tell her t-t-t-to for-g-g-get m-m-me. Good-b-b-b—"

"Ha, ha, ha! So you have gone where I can not dog your every step. Eh, My Lord? Ha, ha, ha!"

FAULTS IN STUDENTS' STORIES.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

The object of this article is to point out some of the more characteristic faults found in stories contributed to college magazines and to suggest means of avoiding them. I do not mean general faults of sentence structure and composition, which can be avoided only by a correct knowledge of the principles of rhetoric, best learned for the most of us from some manual, but faults that come from inexperience and false notions of what goes to make something worth reading.

These faults are, perhaps, the most patent in stories. This is because story-writing is the most common form of student composition. Everyone can tell a story of some kind. It takes no great amount of preparation, no wide range of reading, no great effort of the imagination. One needs only to sit down and put his pen to running, until at the end of some fifteen hundred words he has told something. In this way numberless stories are spun off and handed to the editor. Of course, in most instances, they are altogether worthless.

The first and most fatal error with these stories is that the writer chooses a subject that he knows nothing about. He lays his scene in Switzerland; he knows at first-hand only country or village, but chooses to write of New York society; or, as happens hundreds of times, though he has lived all his life among the mountains, he will try to describe life at sea, leaving his mountains for the pen of some one altogether ignorant of them; or he will essay a story which would require accurate knowledge of cricket, when he does not even know the shape

of a bat. Such stories are absolutely uninteresting. They are, at best, only weak dilutions of some genuine author's true wine. They lack the interest that can come only from one who has seen with the eye and felt in his heart. So Dickens was a successful story writer, because he wrote of Englishmen, and not of all Englishmen; he left a certain class to Thackeray, another to George Eliot, and confined himself to those whose daily life, wants, hopes and fears he knew, and appreciated. The young writer, on the other hand, is apt to imagine that he can write a story as a *tour de force*. This is an impossibility. One whose sympathies are not keen enough to have found matters of absorbing interest in the life of the people among whom he has lived, will find it beyond his powers to write an engaging story on any subject. The world will always welcome those who have seen, who have felt, and who can tell.

The historical story, while a seeming exception, is not really so. Even in this, the successful writer must have relived the life he depicts. He must, in a way, write out of his own experience, and draw on a knowledge of his subject more intimate than that of any other man.

Another fault, like the preceding, is lack of naturalness. This comes from a mistaken notion that a story must deal with the extraordinary, with colonels and generals, congressmen and governors, bank presidents and railroad magnates, and the very best-looking men and women in the world. One would think from reading stories full of such nonsense that "plain living and high thinking are no more." But this bad conceit goes further, and infects the very language of the writer who gets caught in its meshes. Like M. Jourdain, in Moliere's great comedy, he seeks for some more polite way of say-

ing "Madame, your beautiful eyes make me die of love." It is just this bombast and extravagance, which, according to Mark Twain, has been the greatest drawback to the development of a good prose style among Southern writers, and for all of it he says Scott's novels are to blame. If it be so, what a mass of miserable trash is to be heaped at the door of Scott's novels! Success can come only to him who in a natural way tells of "creatures not too bright and good, of simple wiles, praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Another serious fault closely related to the former is lack of verisimilitude. Successful novelists are always sure to give an air of reality to whatever they write. The most difficult situations in Alexander Dumas' novels do not offend the reader. It may be true, as some one has said, that he "may ask you to swallow a camel, but never to strain at a gnat." Still, he begets such a thirst in the reader that his camels are gulped down without remonstrance; nay, nothing less would satisfy us. But even Alexander Dumas did not presume to go to the length of some young story-writers, who are constantly asking the reader to swallow much greater absurdities than camels. Not long since, for instance, I read a student's story in which an epauletted officer of the Federal army in war time was in the heart of the Confederacy making love to a young lady at the same time as a Confederate officer. In another story a young man with a box of matches in his hand tugs at a rope by which he is bound until at last he saws it asunder. It was so easy to burn it. In general, all situations that are strongly offensive to common sense ought to be avoided, and if anything extravagant is introduced, way must be prepared for it.

By way of summary, write of something you know at

first hand, avoid extravagance and seek not to display yourself as the bosom friend of the Prince of Wales, but, forgetting self, tell of your acquaintances, however humble they may be—and if you feel yourself moved to write a love story, take Punch's advice—"DON'T."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUSELIAN SOCIETY.		PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.	
W. L. VAUGHAN	Editor	J. A. McMILLAN	Editor
T. E. BROWNE	Associate Editor	P. R. ALDERMAN	Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. L. VAUGHAN, Editor.

With our next number THE STUDENT passes into the hands of our colleague from the Phi. Society. We have done our best. We have endeavored to give our readers the best Wake Forest could afford. If we have fallen short of our ideal, it is not because of lack of effort. If we have given our readers proper entertainment we deserve no praise, for the magazine has been just what our fellow students have made it. But during this time we have met with many discouragements. When the editor has done his best to collect the necessary amount of material, and still is forced to allow the magazine to come out smaller than usual, when—after all his efforts—he hears words of disapproval from the very ones who have refused to write, he experiences something more than discouragement, he experiences pain.

So we appeal to the student-body to write for THE STUDENT. Don't wait for the editor to go and beg you for your article. Voluntary contributions are always acceptable. Although the Societies offer two handsome

gold medals for essay and fiction, only a dozen or so students have contributed.

This does not speak well for our students, for there are men here who can write, and write well. Whether there is the lack of time or inclination we can not say, but if it be the latter, let us throw off the spirit and WRITE. Away from home our College is sure to be judged by the quality of its magazine.

A Permanent Librarian. One of the greatest needs of Wake Forest at present is that of a permanent librarian. Our library has now very nearly 16,000 volumes, almost every one of which is valuable and useful, yet the library is not a factor in student life. It is not regularly used by two-thirds of the students. And why not? There are several reasons, but probably the greatest and main reason is the need of a permanent librarian. The library is open only four hours a day, and the librarian being a student must open according to his own convenience. This is inconvenient for many. There is no such thing as study in the library. Unless a book can be borrowed it is scarcely used. The library should be open at least six hours a day and two at night. This would necessitate a permanent librarian. Can we not have one? We can not do everything at once, but a little investigation along this line would show our Trustees the almost pressing need.

A Representative Gathering. We have received a notice of the Twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of North A. ever held in our State. It will be unlike any previous will be probably the largest gathering of the Y. M. C. Carolina, to be held in Charlotte, March 8—11. This

convention. Not more than six topics will be discussed, for the convention will confine itself to several vital subjects, which have to deal with the religious life of men. This convention means much for the religious life of our State. Practically, every college and large preparatory school will be represented. All the town associations will send delegates. Every indication points toward success.

There are many things which place these conventions amongst the most important gatherings in the State. In the first place, they are gatherings of young men of all denominations, who meet for united effort regardless of sect or denomination. It gives to men the ideal spirit of religion. The hope of our State lies in her young men; the hope of our young men, in their religious and moral advancement, for with these goes educational advancement. There is no organization—religious or otherwise—which does more toward the moral and religious advancement of young men than the Y. M. C. A. We have an example of its good in our own Association. Although it is as yet comparatively young—having been organized within the last five years—its work has not failed to produce fine results. It is at present doing better work than ever before.

The South
Atlantic
Quarterly.

The above is the name of the new quarterly edited by Dr. John S. Bassett, of Trinity College, and published at Durham. Some weeks ago the first number came out, and from all appearances the magazine promises to fulfill its purpose—the development of literature and history in the South. Dr. Bassett has written several historical works, and is already known in his line. The

undertaking does not lack genius, for apart from the fitness of the editor, some of the foremost literary men of the South are in co-operation with the movement. The articles are strong and well written, showing the high standard toward which the editor is aiming. Its purpose is well stated in the "Publishers' Announcement.": "With this issue *The South Atlantic Quarterly* enters the field of journalism with the expectancy of becoming a permanent factor in the development of Southern literature. Though devoted to the literary problems especially of the South, it will know no sectional divisions or partisan differences. The magazine is designed as a type of the New South, not wholly conforming to the past, but hopefully looking to the future and endeavoring to promote the welfare of the present." A noble and worthy purpose worthily begun! For years our people have cried the need of a Southern literature; for years men of genius have been born in the South—a land overflowing with folk-lore and full of every kind of literary material—and gone North to do their lifework and gain a reputation. And yet we could not blame them, for it was either that or to have their careers forestalled. For years there has been almost no encouragement for literary effort. Education is just passing its infancy. Here comes the need of great Southern magazines. Years ago Edgar Poe recognized this need and tried in vain to lay the foundation of such a magazine. But Poe was born ahead of his time, and it remains for the twentieth century to carry out his fondest hope. The conditions of the South are rapidly changing, and such an enterprise is now possible. As Dr. Bassett puts it, after reviewing the South's educational and social advance:

"This general social growth has been accompanied by

a small but healthy movement toward literature. * * * It is born of a feeling that something can be done towards the development of literature in the South. It has had the support of many of the best people in the South. It has called out the literary efforts of many young men and some old men." After speaking further along this line, he speaks of the presence of good will, but absence of book-buying, book-reading, and book-writing. Then: "It is in view of these conditions that *The South Atlantic Quarterly* is established. * * * The gentlemen who have projected the enterprise feel that such a medium of publishing articles would develop young men into writers, and that it would at the same time give to many people a better knowledge of the conditions under which literature can be created."

The *Quarterly* has the good will and sympathy of Wake Forest College. Could any true Southerner fail to give it his support!

EXCHANGES.

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

The January number of *The College of Charleston Magazine* contains two interesting and entertaining stories, but the meritorious essay is missing. "Evening Scene" is a pretty poem and well executed, but it is out of season. The editorials, Alumni notes and exchanges are too brief.

The Hendrix College Mirror has two good articles, "Some Advantages Derived from Classical Studies," and a criticism on "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," but the pieces of fiction are weak, and ought not to have been published. The editorials are of general interest, but the exchanges are poorly written.

The fiction in the January issue of the *Converse Concept* is of a high order. "Compensation" and "Perfect Affinity" are charming stories; "The Mystery of an Italian Villa" shows that the writer has a vivid imaginative faculty. "Swinging in the Moonlight" is a pretty poem, but the last line of each verse causes a break in the poem which detracts greatly from its rhythm. The magazine is neatly printed and bound with a becoming cover.

The January number of *The Mercerian* is a slight improvement over previous issues of this session; there is room for more improvement. "An Apology for Ghosts" shows research. The writer also makes appropriate apology for writing the essay: "I have been moved by compassion and a saddened sense of wrong to take up my pen in behalf of all slighted shades." "How Piddle Chunks Won the Treat" is meritorious and well done. "The Motor Man," and "The Fall of Bloom," could have been omitted by the editors and nothing would have been lost on the part of the magazine. Poems of poetical merit are absent.

In the January issue of the *Wofford College Journal* there are good productions. The essays, "King Alfred's Title to 'Great,'" and "Thomas Carlyle's Teaching," are carefully composed and an expenditure of study is manifested in both. The love-stories, "Two Seniors of Elsmore," and "An Act of Providence," are finely done; the plot of the latter is rather old. The editorials are varied and good; very little work was expended on the Alumni notes.



The January number of *The Baylor Literary* is lacking in quantity, but its good standard is still maintained. "Fare Thee Well, Old Year," is a charming poem whose poetical merit is seldom excelled by poems in College magazines. "The Love That Reclaimed" is executed in a delightful manner with a lovely plot; "A Lesson from Helen's Experience" is also an interesting love-story. "Thought Transference" is a good essay, but the editorials have neither variety nor general interest.



The best articles in the January issue of *The Carolinian* are "Shelley as a Poet of Nature," and "Woman's Part in the Confederate War." In the former there are several excellent quotations from Shelley, and these add much to the article. "A Legend of the Rhineland" is a beautiful story; the stories of "Jim Halcorn" and "An Incident" are good, but "An Ancient Food" and "The Midnight Boatman" are unnatural and inferior. The editorials are not of general interest; the Alumni notes will be of much interest to the Alumni of the institution.



The University of Texas Literary Magazine for January contains articles of much merit. "On the Giving Hand" is a bright, entertaining story. "The Passing of the Tale" is a brief history of how the tale came to be a novel, and how it finally passed into the short story of to-day; the piece is interesting and full of good, appropriate ideas. We are gratified at the number of poems, which contribute much to the excellence of the magazine. The editorials need variety. It is with regret that we must say that two or three issues of the *Literary* have failed to reach us this session.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine for February arrives promptly. "Ye College Pranks of ye Olden Tyme," written by the suitable person, "Ye Simpleton," is too much out of the ordinary found in literary magazines. But the editors are not contented with it alone, and publish a letter written in miserable English, called "A Crack-a-Jack Application for a Political Job;" the former article is admissible, but the latter is inappropriate for a college magazine. We are pleased to see a brief biographical sketch of Henry Timrod, under the title "Poet of the South." The verse has poetical merit, and shows ability on the part of the composers.

The January number of *The Trinity Archive* contains a carefully written biographical sketch of Tolstoi. "In the career of Jack Elton, Attorney," is an inferior story; the purpose in "For the Love of Alma Mater," is commendable, but the plot is old and the sentences are badly constructed. "The Poetry of William Watson" is a very good review of his work; the writer discusses Watson's patriotism, his poems as models of art, his love for nature, and his philosophical poems. The sketch of Edmund Burke's life is brief, but delightfully prepared. The editorials are carefully written and are not lacking in variety, a statement which can not be made about the majority of our exchanges.

We acknowledge receipt of the following: *The Emory and Henry Era*, *The Polytechnian*, *The Criterion*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, *The Chisel*, *The Limestone Star*, *William and Mary College Monthly*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *The King College Magazine*, *The Ga. Tech.*, *The Guilford Collegian*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *The Shamrock*, *The William Jewel Student*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Central Collegian*, *The College Message*, *The Seminary Magazine*, *The Journal*, *The Howard Collegian*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Ottawa Campus*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

T. E. BROWNE, Editor.

- '98. L. R. Varsar is practicing law in Kinston, N. C.
- '87. W. F. Watson has recently married the third time.
- '01. Mr. George B. Rooke is teaching at Taxahaw, S. C.
- '98. T. H. King is Principal of Chase City Academy, Va.
- '98. Mr. John Spence is practicing law in Greenwood, S. C.
- '85. Rev. William G. Jones is at Seattle, Washington State.
- '97-'98. Mr. C. R. Moss is teaching at Phillipsburg, Montana.
- '99. G. B. Sanderlin is working for his degree at Johns Hopkins.
- '78-'82. Dr. F. P. Covington, of Florence, S. C., was in town a few days ago.
- '90. John B. Spillman is superintendent of the Graded School at Lexington, Ky.
- '80-'81. Charles E. Major is professor of Latin at Ouachita College, Arkansas.
- '97. Rev. C. L. Greaves has gone to Reidsville, N. C., to take charge of a church there.
- '98. E. L. Womble has accepted a position as tutor in the family of D. W. Alderman, Alcolu, S. C.
- '66-'67. Mr. Henry C. Dockery has been reappointed Marshal of the Eastern District of North Carolina.
- '74-'79. Mr. J. G. Covington, of Monroe, is in the field for Democratic nomination to Congress from the Sixth District.
- '84-'86. Rev. J. F. Love, pastor at Wadesboro, preached at Wake Forest, morning and evening, Sunday, January 25, 1902.
- The South Carolina Baptist* (Greenwood, S. C.), of which Rev. A. McA. Pittman ('77) is editor, has recently come out in new style.

'77. Mr. E. B. Jones is now one of the most prominent lawyers in the Twin City.

'80-'83: Rev. N. S. Jones, who has been at Montevallo, Ala. has been recently called to Burlington, N. C.

'90. Solicitor Geo. W. Ward, of Elizabeth City, is arranging for the prosecution of Wilcox in the Wilcox-Cropsey case.

'89. Mr. H. A. Foushee, of Durham, is very prominently mentioned for the nomination to Congress in the Fifth District.

'97: Mr. H. C. Draper, member of the firm of H. C. Draper & Co., has been made one of the town aldermen in Bainbridge, Georgia.

'84. J. C. C. Dunford, who has been connected with Ouachita College, Arkansas, has been elected President of Clinton College, Kentucky.

E. Y. Webb ('93), W. C. Dowd ('89), and T. M. Hufham ('89), are candidates for the Democratic Congressional nomination from the Ninth District.

'78-'80. Dr. E. B. Fereby is of growing reputation as an alienist. He holds the position of first assistant in the Insane Asylum, Raleigh.

'92. Prof. W. B. Daniel comes up for his degree at Johns Hopkins this year. While there he has been teaching in Mr. Carey's school, in Baltimore.

'82. Prof. W. J. Ferrell, for a number of years a member of the Faculty of Wake Forest College, is President of Pee Dee Institute at Wadesboro.

'82. Mr. E. E. Hilliard, job printer and editor of the *Scotland Neck Commonwealth*, is now considered among the most prominent men of our State.

'91. Rev. C. B. Williams has just completed his work, "A History of the North Carolina Baptists." It is by far the best book we have on the subject.

'90. Rev. Hight C. Moore, pastor at New Bern, has contributed to the *Biblical Recorder* the Sunday School lessons for a number of years. A corresponding work is now taken up by T. Neil Johnson ('98.)

Senator Pritchard has secured an appointment as chaplain in the army for Rev. J. J. Payseur ('90-'92), pastor of a Baptist church in Wilmington.

'91. A medical college has been established by the Trustees of the State University at Raleigh, N. C. Dr. Hubert A. Royster has been appointed Dean.—*Baptist Argus*.

'96-'98. Mr. T. S. Graddy, of Kinston, N. C., is quite a frequent contributor to the Wake Forest Historical Museum. His contributions are always highly appreciated.

'97. Mr. T. L. Caudle, of Wadesboro, is one of the most flourishing young lawyers of our State. Although he has been out of College only a few years he has won quite a reputation.

'88. Rev. M. L. Kesler, of Scotland Neck, contributes to Mr. Thomas' new volume ("Sunday Afternoon with a Congregation of Children") the history of the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville.

'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., has been chosen president of the Gordon Training and Bible School to succeed Rev. Emory W. Hunt, D. D. Mr. Dixon has a sharp indictment of Christian Science in the *Seminary Magazine* of a few weeks ago.

'83. Mr. Tom Dixon's novel, "The Leopard's Spots—A Romance of the White Man's Burden," is a thrilling historical novel, and a graphic description of the Reconstruction period. It has been coming out in the papers lately and has created a great deal of interest.

'98. Rev. A. C. Cree, of Gaffney, S. C., within ten months has added fifty names to his church membership and paid \$3,500 on his church. There are good places in the South for young ministers who can do such work as Bro. Cree does.—*Editorial note in Religious Herald*.

'93. Rev. W. Smith, pastor of the Baptist church of this place, has accepted a call tendered him by the Lexington Baptist church, and will preach his first sermon in his new field the second Sunday in March. He has served the Baptist church here for over six years, and under his pastorate the church has grown in membership and influence. The people of Lexington are to be congratulated upon securing his efficient service.—*Durham Letter in Exchange*.

'98. Mr. T. D. Savage has recently been elected editor-in-chief of the *University of Virginia Magazine*. Mr. Savage served with great merit as editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT while in College. Last year he won the orator's medal in the Jeffersonian Society at the University. He comes up for his B.L. degree this Spring.

'91. Prof. J. L. Kesler had a stirring article in the *Recorder* of the 29th on the "Sanctity of the Secular." Prof. Kesler gives us his view that all educated men who do their duty to humanity are as truly called of God as the ministers. He was prompted in writing this article by one by Rev. C. L. Greaves in the *Recorder* a few weeks ago. Mr. Greaves seems to think that only ministers are called of God.

'87. Mr. E. J. Justice declines the nomination to Congress in the Tenth District on the ground that he would rather pay his attention to his law practice. He says he would not decline if he thought it would prevent his District from going Democratic, but that he believes the Democratic majority in his District is so great any good man can be elected. It is quite unusual for a man to decline such an honor when it is almost certain that he would be elected.

'98. Rev. J. C. Owen, missionary to China, has a most interesting letter in the *Skyland Baptist* on wedding ceremonies and the position of women among the Chinese. A marriage, according to Christian custom, seems not to be to the liking of Chinese maidens. They especially object to the "nonsense" of promising to obey their husbands. Judging from the letter, Mr. Owen has lost none of the missionary fervor that characterized him while he was at College.

'91-'92. Prof. S. F. Boyles, now in charge of the North Greenville, S. C., High School, has the following to say in taking charge of the official organ of that institution: "We enter upon this work with no arrogant hope of forcing men to bow to our opinion, but rather desiring to serve our fellowmen by studying conditions and pointing out the path of right." We congratulate Bro. Boyles upon beginning with a sentiment that all editors who serve long enough surely come to."—*Biblical Recorder*.

We take the liberty to give to our readers the following from a personal letter from Rev. C. J. F. Anderson ('93), missionary to Rome; "I am glad to report our work in a good condition and we are all enjoying excellent health. Dr. Taylor seems to have renewed his youth during his stay in the mountains. I had quite an attack of 'Tiber Fever' during the hot season, but am all right now. Mrs. Anderson enjoys the very best of health. She has not been sick even for a day during the entire hot season. Rome certainly agrees with her. Our Theological School opens to-morrow, and Whitting hill is jubilant over the prospects. There are five students to start with, and one of them is an ex-priest who recently abandoned the priesthood, and we have reason to believe in the sincerity of his profession. Sig. Gallossi, our pastor at Florence, baptised him and says he is a most excellent man. In addition to my other duties I am now teaching four hours a week, at night, a class of fifty-two. They are all Catholics."—*J. W. Bailey, in Biblical Recorder.*

'55. On the 28th of January the spirit of Mr. P. W. Johnson passed away to rest, only a short time after the death of his wife. The deaths of these two consecrated Christians will be a great loss to our community.

Mr. Johnson graduated at Wake Forest in 1855, and for one year was Tutor in the College, which shows the high esteem in which he was held by the faculty and Trustees of the College. Soon after leaving Wake Forest he married Miss Emma Purefoy, of this place, and from 1856 to 1857 was teacher in a College for young women at Eufaula, Alabama. From 1877 to 1882 he was president of a female school at Quitman, Ga. After leaving Georgia he taught at Warsaw for a year. He then moved to Wake Forest, where he and his wife spent the remainder of their lives in Christian work. Few people knew of the charity work of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, because they never had much to say about what they did, but whenever there were sick persons in town they would be sure to think of them and send them a nice waiter of fruit or some little delicacy. Mr. Johnson was a warm and faithful friend to Wake Forest College. During his life he was a frequent contributor to the College endowment. There are a large number of men in the State who were aided in getting their education by Mr. Johnson. He left a legacy of about a

thousand dollars to the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville, and his library to the Baptist Female University at Raleigh. Mr. Johnson thoroughly believed the world was made to enjoy, and did all in his power to cause everybody to enjoy it. We should take the lives of these two consecrated Christians as examples.

'88-'91. Rev. C. W. Blanchard, who is just retiring from the care of the Kinston church, was, last Tuesday night, January 21, in a convention of the representatives of the Neuse Association, chosen as General Missionary, with a view to the large destitution in that region. This election is to be approved by the State Board of Missions. It gives us pleasure to publish a sketch of this strong Baptist worker's career. He was born in Wake County about forty years ago. His parents were Dr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Blanchard, of Sipaphaw, and his boyhood and youth were spent largely on his father's farm. He attended the public schools at Fuquay Springs, and later Oakwood Academy and Holly Springs Institute. At the age of thirteen he was converted and baptized into the fellowship of Pleasant Grove church, where he remained a faithful and zealous member until several years after he had served it as pastor. When but a youth he accepted a position as salesman and bookkeeper in a large grocery establishment in the city of Raleigh, and returned to the farm and married Virginia F. Johnson in December, 1881. He was called to the ministry in 1886, and at once began his further preparation for his lifework at Holly Springs Institute. With a wife and three children he entered Wake Forest College in Fall of 1888, serving several country churches while pursuing his studies at College. He was principal of Morrisville Institute, '91-'92. Pastor East Durham, Cary and Green Level churches until December, 1894. Served as Financial Agent for Wake Forest College from December, 1894, to June, 1896. Entered pastorate of Kinston church June, 1897, and closed January, 1901, to accept the work he now enters upon. Brother Blanchard is a strong preacher, who knows how to bring out our distinctive doctrines. He is also able in conducting meetings, while his executive ability has always distinguished him. These three elements fit him admirably for the work of General Missionary. We predict that a few years will reveal that a new era was begun in that section of our State when Brother Blanchard took up this work of General Missionary.—*Biblical Recorder*.

CLIPPINGS.

SYLVIA.

When Sylvia smiles,
Her laughing eyes
Glint like the sunlight on the sea,
And torture all the soul in me,
With their bewitching roguery;
When Sylvia smiles.

When Sylvia frowns,
The sun is gone;
Quenched is the lovelight in her eyes,
The storm clouds deck our summer skies,
And in my breast hope sinks and dies;
When Sylvia frowns.

—*The Buff and Blue.*



MY GRETCHEN,

My Gretchen's not a society queen,
But in the kitchen reigns serene,
With apron on, and on her fane
Splotches of white like flakes of snow—
For, yon see,
She's kneading the dough.

Alas, poor me! I'll quit the scene
And try to win a society queen
With ball-dress on, and on her fane
Splotches of white like flakes of snow.
For, you see,
I'm needing dough.

—*University of Texas Literary Magazine.* ..

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

By CHAS. P. WEAVER, Editor Pro Tem.

ANNIVERSARY: Sisters! and otherwise!!

MISS MARY TAYLOR spent a week in Raleigh visiting friends last month.

MISS RUBY REED spent the first Sunday of this month on the Hill with her mother.

DR. WM. EDWIN HALL lectured in the small chapel on the night of the 23d of January.

MR. JOE ADAMS came out from Raleigh on Saturday 25th ult., and spent Sunday on the Hill.

DR. G. W. PASCHAL delivered a lecture February 1st before the Baptist Female University on "Greek Art."

MISS JOY PARKER, a former resident of Wake Forest, recently spent a few days on the Hill, visiting Miss Annie Dixon.

MR. R. H. BURNS has been elected business manager of THE STUDENT for the ensuing year, to succeed Mr. Walter Keener.

REV. J. F. LOVE, pastor of Wadesboro Baptist Church, filled the pulpit here on the fourth Sunday in January and gave us two excellent sermons.

REV. A. D. HUNTER, successor to O. L. Stringfield, was on the Hill last month in the interest of the University. He raised more than \$600 in cash and subscriptions.

REV. L. JOHNSON, Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention, preached two excellent sermons for the Wake Forest people on the fourth Sunday of January.

BOXING IS GETTING to be all the vogue. Boxing gloves have superseded the punching bag, and we have a Jeffries-Ruhlin fight in the gymnasium almost every afternoon.

PROF. POTEAT delivered a lecture, January 18th, before the Young Women's Christian Association of the Baptist Female University, on "The Thirty Silent Years of Christ's Life."

MR. JOSEPH RICHARDSON, an employee of the Wake Forest foundry, died of pneumonia January 30th. Mr. Richardson was quite a young man, and had been married only a few weeks.

AT A CALL MEETING of the Athletic Association Mr. O. M. Mull was chosen temporary captain of the ball team, and Mr. J. C. Petty was elected manager of the "Invincible Ironsides."

A REAR-END COLLISION, in which a coal car was jammed through the caboose, occurred here on the night of January 24th, the participants being a fast freight and an extra. No casualties.

MR. AND MRS. W. C. PARKER, of Madison, Ga., well-known to old residents of the Hill as the head of the old Academy, gladdened the hearts of their friends and acquaintances by a visit last month.

MISS ELVA DIXON, one of Wake Forest's daughters, who belongs to the merciful profession of trained nurse, is spending some time on the Hill visiting her mother, to the delight of her many friends.

MR. J. W. BAILEY, of Raleigh, lectured the first Sunday of last month in Wingate Memorial Hall on "Denominational Life as a Field for Christian Activity." It was a strong speech and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

IF TWO YEARS constitute a precedent, all succeeding classes will graduate in cap and gown. At a recent class-meeting the class of 1902 was practically unanimous in favor of continuing the cap and gown graduation instituted last year.

OUR LAW CLASS was unfortunate this year in the Supreme Court examination, in that only two succeeded in getting their license out of a class of ten. This is explained, however, from the fact that the examination closed at four and the class was expecting it to close at six, as formerly. The successful applicants were Messrs. Cranor, of Wilkes, and Duncan, of Sampson.

THE SENIOR SPEAKING which was to have taken place last Fall, but was postponed on account of its conflict with the Trinity-Wake Forest debate, was held on January 25th in Wingate Memorial Hall. The following gentlemen spoke: Mr. F. Q. Barbee, on "The Demands of the Hour;" Mr. O. M. Mull, on "The Isolation of the South;" Mr. L. G. Royal, on "The Legacies of Wealth;" Mr. W. H. Tyler, on "Evolution in Politics." The speeches were of a high order and reflected credit on the speakers. The pleasure of the occasion was enhanced by some good music by the Wake Forest Band.

MR. PHILLIP W. JOHNSON, whose life had been ebbing for more than eight weeks, passed away in the early morning hours of the 28th of last month. Born in Surry County in 1830, he entered Wake Forest College in 1853, and two years later took the Bachelor's degree. For twenty years following his graduation he taught, first one year at Wake Forest, and later in charge of a female college in Alabama. In the latter place he was assisted by his wife, a daughter of the late Rev. James S. Purefoy, of

this place. The latter years of his life Mr. Johnson spent in Wake Forest, where his high Christian character, his unobtrusive benevolence have made him beloved not only by Wake Forest people, but by the students as well. His funeral was conducted in the small chapel, and his remains interred beside the newly-made grave of his wife in the Wake Forest Cemetery.



WOMAN'S RELIEF

A really healthy woman has little pain or discomfort at the menstrual period. No woman needs to have any. Wine of Cardui will quickly relieve those smarting menstrual pains and the dragging head, back and side aches caused by falling of the womb and irregular menses.

WINE OF CARDUI

has brought permanent relief to 1,000,000 women who suffered every month. It makes the menstrual organs strong and healthy. It is the provision made by Nature to give women relief from the terrible aches and pains which blight so many homes.

GREENWOOD, LA., Oct. 14, 1900.

I have been very sick for some time. I was taken with a severe pain in my side and could not get any relief until I tried a bottle of Wine of Cardui. Before I had taken all of it I was relieved. I feel it my duty to say that you have a wonderful medicine.

Mrs. M. A. YOUNT.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXI.

MARCH, 1902.

No. 6.

MY WAND OF DREAMS.

J. C. M.

Lightly along the wicket gate
Her dimpled arms do lie,
Where, sure as sunset, she will wait
Till I come whistling by,
Her Hermes, who, with tidings fraught,
From mart and mountain trail,
Forego all thanks upon the spot
To hear her ask, "Our mail?"

And much I wonder as I draw
The dainty missives out
What silken secrets this may know
And tell my Kate about;
Or that, so boldly traced in black,
'Tis surely—bane and ban!
Could she thus twist me on the rack?—
'Tis surely from—a man!

But well I know thee who thou art,
Thou roguish, roguish Kate!
Love's winking stars to me impart
'Tis but a girlish trait
To torture thus thy Hermes' heart
Across the wicket gate,
To torture thus his honest heart
With glances dark as fate.

Ah, bear in mind my wand of dreams,
Which prophesies by night:
A background starred with primrose gleams,
A form, like thine, in white,
Waiting beside the wicket low,
In sober twilight weather,
For him who in one pocket now
Brings both our mails together!

THE LIFE OF BYRON.

BY H. E. CRAVEN.

I.

Of all our English poets of the past century, Byron had the most notorious personality and led the most eventful life. Wordsworth, who, in Matthew Arnold's opinion, is Byron's equal in the production of verse that will survive the test of time, passed the greater part of his life quietly and serenely among the beautiful lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, consequently leaving us a biography which, while interesting and stimulating because of the final triumph of the man and his work over adverse circumstances and opinions, is destitute of that dazzling splendor which characterized the career of Byron. Shelley, beautiful in features and subtle in thought, was too visionary and ethereal to be said to have had a striking personality. The brevity of Keat's life, and the impersonal element in his work, almost necessarily precluded the possibility of his impressing the world with much beyond the possibilities wrapped up within him. The story of his life is exceedingly pathetic, but his personality is of secondary importance to his work. Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and Browning are similarly poets for whose verse the world has great admiration, but in whose lives it is to a less degree interested. With Byron, however, the reverse is more probably true, though it may be that in his case there is something like an equilibrium, the interest in the man and the appreciation of his work being about equal. At any rate, to appreciate Byron's poetry properly, one must know Byron the man, for the personal element is never wanting in

all he wrote. Into his verse he put not only the scenes of his travels, but also the pride, the audacity, the impulsiveness, the vigor, the passion, the misanthropy, and the love of his very soul. Let us, therefore, review the life of Byron, in order to understand and appreciate his poetry better.

Byron, it has been said, was as proud of his race as of his poetry. If any one is excusable in boasting of brave and illustrious ancestors, Byron was certainly justified in being proud of the name he bore, for the names of his ancestors graced the battlefields of Cressy, Edgehill, Bosworth and Newbury; one was knighted by Edward III at the siege of Calais, another by Henry IV at Milford, and they all seem to have been brave, daring and adventurous, though somewhat eccentric and reckless people. They were born fighters, quick-tempered, loved the sea, and indeed claimed to have descended from the old Sea Kings of Normandy. Byron was the inheritor of some of their worst, as well as some of their best, blood. His father, who won the soubriquet of "Mad Jack," was a heartless spendthrift and profligate, and the seducer of Amelia D'Arcy, whom he afterwards married and by whom he had two daughters, one of whom was Augusta, the half-sister and good genius of the poet. Byron's mother was Catherine Gordon, of Gight, a lineal descendant of James I, and a woman of proud, impulsive and hysterical temperament. After running through with his own property and that of his wife, Byron's father left the paltry sum of £150 a year for the support of his wife and young child, and fled to Valenciennes, where he died in August, 1791.

Byron's environment in early childhood was not favorable to the production of a cheerful and sweet-tempered

man. Domestic war and violent displays of temper on the part of his parents, who alternately petted and cuffed him, could have had no other effect upon the boy than to make him either quick-tempered, sullen and defiant, or else a broken-spirited child. His second nurse, May Gray, had a good influence over him, and to her training is largely due his wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. But this knowledge, coupled with the evidently ungodly lives of his parents, made him at an exceedingly early age skeptical about religion. Another fact that seems to have had its influence upon him in the impressionable years of childhood was that he was the only child. True, he had a half-sister, loving and loyal to him, but she was older than he, and could not possibly have fully understood and sympathized with the boy, although he was devoted to her then and always. Many times Byron must have been lonely and embittered with his lot, for instance, when his mother, in a rage, referring to the physical deformity of his foot, called him a "lame brat" and flung a poker at his head. It is for incidents of this nature that we must look if we would get a sympathetic and charitable view of the man Byron, for surely in his case the child was only the father of the man.

At school Byron did not evince a turn toward scholarship, stood low in his class, had a horror of mathematics, but was especially fond of history, romance, and adventure. Like our great American poet Poe, he was more prone to sports than to text-books. His ungovernable and naturally pugnacious temper, moreover, got him into difficulties with his companions and teachers, but though sensitive and resentful, he was "exceedingly amenable to kindness."

After going through the rudimentary branches of edu-

cation in the grammar schools of Aberdeen, Dulwich and London, Byron was sent in 1801 to Harrow, the headmaster at that time being Dr. Joseph Drury, who, by tactful and sympathetic management, won the esteem and lifelong friendship of his pupil. Byron did not take to his books here, however, much more readily than he had at the lower schools which he had attended. He learned to read French with a good deal of ease, and got a smattering of German, but he never became master of any foreign language except Italian. While at Harrow, and indeed earlier in life, he did a remarkable amount of general reading. With the instinct and memory of a genius he wandered in every field of knowledge without the guidance of an older hand, and he came out knowing the lives of the great men of the world, acquainted with history, philosophy, theology, oratory, poetry, and the works of the leading novelists. His greatest ambition, however, was to become a great orator, and while at Harrow he practiced declaiming until he became an effective speaker.

Though unpopular at first, he became a favorite before he left Harrow, principally through the liveliness of his manners and his fondness for outdoor sports. He could count among his intimates men who afterwards made enviable names in England, the most prominent being Lord Clare, Lord Delaware, John Wingfield, Edward Noel Long, Wildman, and Sir Robert Peel. To a friend, Byron was warm and jealous-hearted; to an enemy, dangerous if not implacable. One of the redeemable traits in his character is that he was always ready to champion the cause of his friends, especially if they happened to be weaker than their antagonists, or, like himself, possessed some physical defect which put them at a disadvantage.

Like most men of genius, Byron was a precocious lover. Indeed, he claimed to have fallen in love with Mary Duff, a distant cousin of his, by the time he was nine years old. But it is doubtful if this attachment took a very strong hold upon his heart, although he said that he came very near falling into convulsions when he heard that she was married. John Nicol, his biographer, makes a wise statement when he says that "in the history of the calf-loves of poets it is difficult to distinguish between the imaginative afterthought and the reality." This is especially applicable to Byron, who was rather prone to falling in love with women and afterwards idealizing them and exaggerating the attachment.

There can be little doubt, however, of the genuineness of his love for Mary Ann Chaworth, who lived on the estate adjoining Newstead, the ancestral seat of the Byrons. Byron became acquainted with her early in life, but does not seem to have begun loving her until he had grown to be a lad of considerable size. He spent many happy hours at her home during the holidays of 1803, fell deeply in love with her and intended to marry her, but was repelled by her unfeelingly referring to him as a "lame boy;" whereupon he fled from her presence, and only saw her once more before she was married. Byron addressed many pathetic verses to her, but she must really have cared little for him. She doubtless enjoyed the attentions of the passionate, jealous-hearted young poet, but when the question of matrimony came up for solution she "preferred her hale, commonplace, fox-hunting squire." But to Byron this disappointment became the rock that shivered all his hopes. Her image and his love for her grew more ideal to him each day, and the belief seems to have become more fixed that "had

his fate been joined with hers" his heart might have had ease. He says of her: "She was the beau ideal of all my youthful fancy could paint of the beautiful. And I have taken all my fables about the celestial nature of women from the perfection my imagination created in her." Judging from the strength and intense devotion of some of the passages in "The Dream," which is largely autobiographical, it becomes impossible for us to believe that Byron's attachment to Mary Chaworth was more imaginative than real. There is terrible reality in every line of the poem expressing the wretchedness of the heart wounded by unrequited love. Even the unhappy issue of Mary Chaworth's marriage was to him not a cause of glorying, but that fact made life all the more miserable to him, for he never lived long enough to forget in song his "Bright Star of Annesley."

Let us return to Byron's education. In 1805 Byron went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained for three years, taking his degree in March, 1808. While there he was, as usual, more energetic in playing cricket, in boxing, riding, shooting, and swimming than in studying "problems mathematic" and "barbarous Latin." He rebelled against the restrictions of the place, but said little that was derogatory to his professors. It is not likely, however, that they were carried away with the genius of a college student who, when asked by a friend what he meant to do with a tame bear that he had recently added to the number of his friends, said he should have him sit for a professorship. While not doing a great amount of work in Cambridge, Byron had the reputation of being the best read man at the University, and, as at Harrow, had a number of brilliant friends. Charles Skinner Matthews, Scrope Davis, John

Hobhouse, and F. D. Hodgson formed the coterie to which he belonged. The very fact of Byron's being a member of so select a group is evidence of the recognition of his abilities.

In the meantime Byron had been writing poetry, and in 1807 the first volume of his verse appeared with the appropriate name "Hours of Idleness." These poems are now seldom read, except by those who wish to see what the poetic effusions of the youthful Byron were, and what justification Jeffrey, the Edinburgh critic, had in writing the review that evoked the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" two years later. It is generally agreed that Byron's early volume did not deserve the severe criticism it received by Jeffrey, and, on the other hand, that Byron was too severe in his estimates of the men whom he satirized in the "Bards." Byron must have thought so himself, for he afterwards turned many of the lines of censure into those of praise. The greatest blot on his early poems was that they were suggestive of licentiousness.

The satire, however, was a success, for it proved to the tomahawk critics and literateurs of the day that there had risen among them a man who was strong enough to fight his own battles, and that he was not to be "snuffed out by an article." It is true that by this satire Byron made lifelong enemies and put himself in opposition to some of the foremost literary men of his time, but the victory he gained lies in the fact that he was thereafter recognized as a power, at least in one field—that of satire.

It was about this time, when circumstances were by no means auspicious for him, that Byron took his seat in the House of Lords. He had offended many by his vigor-

ous satire. When he asked his uncle, the Earl of Carlisle, to introduce him, he was merely given a formal set of rules as a guide; and, more than anything else, he and his boon companions had been indulging in excesses at Newstead that were calculated to make him look on the world with an unfriendly eye. Byron felt all of this, and felt it so keenly that he became disgusted with the chances of doing anything in Parliament, and determined to make a tour of the Continent with his friend Hobhouse as his chief attendant. This first tour was through Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor. The record of it reads like a fairy tale. Byron visited many historic scenes in these countries, turning a great deal that he saw into the poetic material of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." He courted the maids of Andalusia and of Athens; he swam the Hellespont, in imitation of the fabled Leander; he was magnificently entertained by the Eastern despot, Ali Pasha; he visited the famous battlegrounds and scenes of Athenian greatness, and felt his heart thrill

"To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

Byron set out on his journey with the intention of visiting Egypt and India, but his private business got into such bad shape during his absence that he was forced to return without having seen either of those countries. The constant flow of letters from creditors and lawyers about money that he owed, the fears of losing Newstead, and the two cases of fever that he had while in the marshes of southern Greece and Malta, caused Byron to return to England "without a hope and almost without a desire." His troubles at the time did not come singly. On the first of August his mother died "from a fit of

rage brought on by reading an upholsterer's bill," and before the end of the month he had lost five of his dearest friends. His gloom, despondency and misanthropy deepened, though he was in reality upon the verge of stepping into fame.

During his absence from England Byron had composed two poems—the first two cantos of "*Childe Harold*" and the "*Hints from Horace*." He looked upon the latter as the more meritorious piece of work and wished to have it published at once, but when Mr. Dallas, to whom he had entrusted the poem, spoke disparagingly of it, and asked him if he had written anything else, Byron replied: "A few short pieces, and a lot of Spenserian stanzas not worth troubling you with, but you are welcome to them." After looking over the "lot of Spenserian stanzas" (which were the first two cantos of "*Childe Harold*"), Mr. Dallas, seeing that he would be safe in publishing them, took it upon himself to get them before the public immediately. After a long delay in the publisher's office the poem appeared in March, 1812. Success was instantaneous. Byron rose with a meteoric swiftness and brilliancy from the condition of an almost friendless man to become the cynosure and darling of England. Curses which had been not only loud but deep were converted into praises—the caustic satire of the poet gave way to the splendor of the new panoramic display of "*World-old rapture, world-old woe*," in the pages of "*Childe Harold*." The world was now listening, enraptured, to "*The young god's new, diviner hymn*."

The poet made a less conspicuous success a few days later when he delivered his maiden speech in Parliament against the housebreaking bill. His effort was warmly

complimented, and Byron spoke again in six weeks, but after that he gave up all ambition that he had ever had of becoming a statesman, and devoted his time to literature. For the next two or three years he wrote with wonderful rapidity a long list of eastern stories, the "Gaiour," "The Corsair," "Bride of Abydos," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parisina," being the most notable. They were received with unstinted praise by the public, and netted Byron a considerable income.

Now we come to the unexplained event in Byron's life—his marriage. The facts leading up to it are pretty clearly known, but the motive of Byron in marrying the woman he did is hardly conceivable. It is thought that Tom Moore, one of Byron's intimate friends, seeing the cheerless and gloomy condition the poet was in, recommended marrying as a remedy, perhaps, for his finances as well as for his depressed spirits. Accordingly, Byron proposed to Miss Milbanke, "the only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke." His suit was rejected, but the two kept up a friendly correspondence until Byron proposed a second time, and his suit was accepted. They were married in January, 1815. Augusta Ada, their only child, was born in the following December. On the 15th of January, 1816, Byron's wife left home, ostensibly to visit her people at Leicester, but she never returned to live with her husband.

The causes of the separation are not known. Lady Byron pretended that her husband was insane, but she was never able to verify the assertion. The best explanation of the whole affair would probably be to say that Lady Byron could not understand her husband, and was subject to hallucinations; that Byron could endure no restraint, and must have been guilty many times of

allowing his temper to break out, causing him to do and say things that in calmer moments he would never have thought of saying. These outbreaks were misinterpreted by Lady Byron as evidences of madness, so that she could have an excuse for getting away from the man whom she feared but did not love. After they were separated neither was sufficiently attached to the other to make much effort to get together again.

At this crisis Byron was not discreet enough to keep his household secrets to himself, but told the world about his troubles. The public, of course, took sides in the case, made matters worse by inventing explanations of the separation, and the final result was that Byron was literally driven from England, never to return, by the abuse heaped upon him. The darling of yesterday became the demon of to-day. He himself says that he felt if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, he was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for him.

Accordingly, in April, 1816, Byron left England for the last time. He remained in Switzerland until October, during which time he met and became the friend of Shelley, and wrote the third canto of "*Childe Harold*," "*The Prisoner of Chillon*," "*Darkness*," "*The Dream*," and a part of "*Manfred*." From 1816 to 1823 Byron lived in his beloved Italy, first at Venice, then at Ravenna, Pisa, and Genoa. During this period his life was that of a libertine, but it was also a time of the rapid production of his strongest work—the fourth canto of "*Childe Harold*," "*Don Juan*," and "*Cain*," and a number of minor poems. Byron lived on intimate terms with Madame Guiccioli, a young Italian lady, the wife of an Italian Count; he was looked upon with suspicion by the

government as aiding in the Carbonari insurrection; and he assisted at the burning of the body of Shelley, who was drowned in the bay of Spezzia, in 1822.

In 1823, after fitting up an expedition to go to Greece and aid them in securing their independence, Byron set sail, arriving at Missolonghi on the 5th of January, 1824. He was warmly received by the government, and conducted himself with great bravery during the campaign against Lepanto, which ended with Byron's death from fever and exposure, on the 19th of April, 1824. His body lies in the family vault at Newstead.

"DAT CONS'TUTIONAL 'MENDMENT."

WILLIAM H. PACE.

"Good morning, Uncle Ned, how do you feel to-day?"

"Mawnin' Mars John, I'm sorter middlin' dis mawnin', much oblige ter you. I kinder feel like we's gwinter have some rain an' hit peers like dem clouds what's er risin' over de southwest top er de gyardin fence ain't gwinter 'ceive de ole man's feelin' nuther. I spect we needs it, fer dem termottosies looks er little puny like dey need'n rain," and Uncle Ned stopped hoeing, extracted a twist of home-grown tobacco from his pocket, bit off a large portion, and then resumed his work.

"Well, Uncle Ned, I suppose you want to vote to-day; so I thought I would let you off long enough to do so, provided you will not get drunk."

"Who? Me! Much oblige ter you Mars John, but I 'spose I'll wuk en de gyardin dis mawnin' kaze dat tater patch hit need hit de wus en de wurrl, an' ez fer gittin' drunk, I'se been er member er de chu'ch gwine on nigh thirty year an' no 'toxicatin' drink ain't got hold er me since de day I jin'd. Brer Jones say 'tain't no harm en takin' er little now an' deu when de rumertize gits a'ter you, an' ez I ain't blessed wid it dis mawnin' I 'spose hit 'ud be er sin fer me ter take so much ez er small dram."

"Not going to vote?"

"Nar, sir, dat I ain't! Dat's des one thing dis nigger ain't gwinter do. I ain't gwine down ter dem poles an' git messed up wid dem ballut boxes no how. I knows des ez well ez my name's ole man Ned, an' hits been dat now gwine on sixty year, dat de fus nigger"

what sass de w'ite gen'mans by votin' dis mawnin', he's de same nigger what drap his 'lassas jug. Ef dey say not ter vote, I ain't gwinter vote. 'Scuse me dis time, but de ole nigger'll be obliged ter yer ef yer 'low'im ter stay en dis yere gyardin fum now twel de sun's sot. Dese taters ax my 'special 'tention dis mawnin' an' I'se gwinter give dem what dey ax. Dis mought be de las' time I kin vote, an' den ergin hit moughtn't, I ain't 'sputin' longer dat, but I ain't gwine down ter dem poles an' git dem red men a'ter me."

"What red men, Uncle Ned?"

"Dem men what puts on dem red shirts, honey, an' go 'roun' wid er weep on er stickin' out dey hindmost pocket. Brer Jones say dey ain't a'ter de nigger's what hold dey mouf, but dey is a'ter dem what don't. I don't zackly know when er nigger keep hold dey mouf an' when he don't, but dey look like dey believe he done tu'ned hit loose when he vote an' dey show 'im how ter git hit back ergin. Ef dey believes dat, den I'se gwinter believe hit, an' what's more, I'se gwinter do ez dey says do. Dey kin take dey con'stutunal 'mendment an' do 'cordin' ter dey notion wid hit, an' I'se un er dem what ain't gwinter ax dem dis er dat. I ain't sputin' dat dey ain't right nuther, but hit don't zackly look like de naberly thing fer dem ter do, leas' ways dat's de way what I sees hit. De nigger's des ez black-ez dem crows what unkivered dat corn yistiddy, but what er dat? He mought be black fum de outside but he des like you, er Miss Lou, er de rest er de w'ite folks 'neath de surface. Dar won't but one man ter bergin wid an' dat wuz Brer Adam, an' dey tell's me dat he wuz ez w'ite ez de nex' un. Ain't dat so? Now, hit peers like ter me dat if he wuz w'ite, de rest er dem wuz bleedgd fer ter be w'ite

same ez him, des like er hound is bleedgd fer ter be er hound. Well dey keeps gittin' ter be mo'n an' mo'n an' gittin' funder an' funder 'way fum de place whar dey fus' wuz, twel dey natchully kivered de face er de yeth. Dar wuz one er Brer Adam's sons name' Mars Nigerdemus an' his wife name Miss Gertrude. Dey took er notion ter part fum de rest er de fambily, so dey gits in er little boat 'long wid dey chilluns an' dey sot out fer new groun'. Dey go an' dey go an' de keep goin' twel bimeby dey wuz throwed on dey groun' er Affika. Well course dey wuz ignunt ez ter de way ter do an' dey goes 'roun' en de hot sun wid no more kivering on top dey head dan what growed dar natchully. Dey keeps doin' dis twel dey skin gits ter lookin' dingy, den yaller an' bimeby dey gits ter be black same ez tar, an' mo'n dat dey is black twel dis day. Dey's w'ite des de same 'cept dey's black w'ite men an' 'cause dey ain't w'ite on de outside dat ain't sayin' dey ain't is same ez udder folks. "Now," continued Ucle Ned, as he stopped chopping, leaned upon his hoe, and crossed his legs, "Now, if de w'ite folks ain't brers ter de black w'ite folks, den what is dey? Ef dey ain't brers den dey's nex' ter hit, an' dats des de same ez ef dey wuz. Bimeby dem what wuz had de luck er not gittin' en de hot sun, dey comes er long an' seein' dese kin folks er his ez black ez night, dey call um 'nigger' fum de fus er Mars Nigerdemus' name an' de fus er dat er Miss Gertrude. 'Fore long de w'ite man say ter de black man 'you is black an' low down an' yer ain't got no right ter vote, an' you ain't gwinter vote needer,' sezee. Dey told de Lord's trufe when dey say we is low down, howsumever dey does wrong when dey says we ain't got no right ter vote."

"Why, Uncle Ned, you are looking at it in the wrong

way. They are not going to stop you from voting because you are black, but because you are ignorant. You can not read nor write, as you yourself know, and hardly ever know for what or for whom you are voting. As soon as you learn to read and write you will be allowed to vote again. Don't you see?"

"Dat's-dey way dey look's at de matter den is hit? Well right dar is whar dey gits dey foots mixed. I 'low we's pow'ful ignunt 'bout yer readin' an' yer writin' but howsumever we knows de way ter vote kase dar's mo'n 'nough fokes ter tell us an' dey all tells us ter vote de 'publican vote. Dey say dat de 'publicans wuz de ones what fotch us out er slaves an' dat ez dey did dat fer us den we ought ter vote de vote dey say. Parson Jones he take tickler keer ter tell us every preechin' day ter vote dey 'publican vote. 'Now brudren 'lection time is er drawin' nigher an' nigher an' 'fore de sun is sot mo'n forty day de question en 'spute will be 'sided. Ef yer don't vote de 'publican vote,' he sez sezee, 'den my brudren, den I say, yer sho gwinter be slaves ergin. Right den yer sho gwinter have ter wuk en de fields er de w'ite man an' git de whip put on yer back by de very one fer which yer is wukin'. Oh brudren, de niggers what vote de democ'ate vote is er votin' ter put er yoke 'roun' his neck which is de spitin' image er de one which he 'pells de ox ter wear. He is er votin' ter have his wife an' his chilluns sold my brudren, sold an' den dey is gone fum hiin twel judgment day. So my brudren w'atsumever yer do vote de 'publican vote, an' ef yer don't vote dat den don't yer vote.' No longer dan yistiddy I yeard Brer Jones say dat des ez sho ez de 'publican gits de udder end er de horn de niggers is gwinter be slaves ergin. I ain't hankerin' a'ter being slaves no more 'cause

now dat I's free. I wants ter 'main so same ez de w'ite fokes. Ef dey all had ez good er Mars ez my Mars Jeemes den dey moughtn't say w'at dey duz. But I ain't runnin' no chance kase I moughn't git dat kind no more an' den ergin I mought."

"So you are not going to vote?"

"Nar sir, dat I ain't. Dey kin do de udder niggers ez dey wants, but dis nigger's gwinter lay low an' ain't gwinter sass no w'ite gen'mens by er votin' 'gin dat con'stutional 'mendment."

THOMAS ARNOLD AS AN EDUCATOR.

BY J. M. ARNETTE.

Thomas Arnold was born at West Gowes, Isle of Wight, June 13, 1795. While very young he was left by the death of his father to the care and guidance of his mother. The early days of his life gave promise of his future distinction as a scholar and educator. At the age of three years he was able to relate with wonderful accuracy the stories connected with the portraits and pictures of the successive British reigns. At the same age he amused himself with geographical cards, and could recognize at a glance by their shape the different counties of the dissected map of England. Before he was seven years of age he composed a little tragedy in blank verse, entitled "Percy, Earl of Northumberland." At the age of sixteen he was elected as scholar at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and four years later Fellow of Oriel College. In December, 1827, he was elected to the headmastership of Rugby school. While occupying that position he won for himself a great reputation and wielded an influence which revolutionized the public schools of England. In the Summer of 1841 he received the place of Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, a place for which he was eminently fitted, but which he was destined to fill but one year. He died in June, 1842.

Dr. Arnold was a great divine, and a historian as well as a great educator. But it is the purpose of this paper to speak of him only as an educator.

He was peculiarly fitted for teaching, and, as an educator, was much in advance of his time. He broke

away from the old ruts. He was one of the first to look with disfavor upon corporal punishment, and to advocate prizes and rewards as incentives to study. But while offering rewards he never ceased to impress upon his pupils that he did not hold out the prize because of its intrinsic value, nor did he intend it as a stamp of superiority over his fellows to place upon the winner, but as a visible representation of the "golden reward" which each contestant received in a greater or less degree by his efforts to obtain the prize.

Dr. Arnold was eminently fitted for a trainer of youthful minds, inasmuch as he saw in every child a "bud of promise" which would, when full-blown, be a blessing to the world if the gardener did his duty. He saw in each a "gem to be polished," and felt that it was his duty to use the chisel. This was not with him a mere vague dream or visionary ideal, but the all-absorbing idea of his life. Not only did he feel it his duty, but he delighted to look beneath the exterior of his pupils, to estimate their mental capacities, to study their natures, to see which of their tendencies should be lopped off, and which encouraged. Nothing gave him greater delight than to watch the development of the youthful mind—especially a bright one.

Two of the greatest things about Thomas Arnold were his intense zeal for his work, and his intense earnestness in life. He saw the world—a great stage of action, in need of actors thoroughly trained; a building to be erected, for which stones must be hewn. He felt his school to be the place for the hewing and the trimming. The world was the amphitheatre; his school the ante-chamber, where the actors were perfecting their parts. The world was a battleground of human passions, and of intellectual

activity; Rugby, a gladiatorial school where the future combatants were gaining strength and skill for an inevitable conflict. The habit of regarding his school as bearing such relations to the world and of impressing his views upon his pupils, gave to both teacher and student a greater interest in their work. It kept before Dr. Arnold the importance of his profession as a thing which was vitally connected with the welfare of his country and the generation to follow his own. It kept before his pupils the fact that the preparations they were making there would become of practical use and be needed in the future contest.

"Every pupil was made to feel that there was work for him to do; that his happiness, as well as his duty, lay in doing that work well." He encouraged and stimulated every one to do his best. No one felt that he was ignored because not endowed with great mental powers, but was taught that, for him, too, there was a sphere of usefulness, and that there was a place which no one could fill as he himself could fill it.

His earnest interest in his pupils gave Dr. Arnold a wonderful influence over them. It awakened in them respect for themselves and love and admiration for their master. They caught his spirit of enthusiasm. But their enthusiasm was not prompted so much by admiration for his genius, learning, or eloquence, but it was a sympathetic thrill caught from his spirit of earnestness. They felt that with his zeal and earnest enthusiasm they could, in a measure, "go and do likewise."

Dr. Arnold was a great Christian educator. His all-absorbing desire was to enable his pupils to act worthily, not only of themselves, their rank, their privileges, their destiny, and their country. but of their God, and of the

Christian spirit. He felt that his instructions, however thorough, must be incomplete without the inculcation of the principles of Christian living, thought, and action. He felt that education, however complete, must be "an apple rotten at the core" without its vital element—Christianity. He expressed the sentiment that in a country where religious influences prevailed, where legislation professed to be based on the great principles of the Bible, and where man's immortality is believed, it is not too much to demand that Christian youths should receive a Christian education.

In anticipating the charge of Rugby school he said: "With God's blessings, I should really like to try whether my notions of Christian education are really impracticable; whether our system of public schools has not in it some noble elements, which, under the blessings of the spirit of holiness and wisdom, might produce fruit even to life eternal." Later he writes: "Of my success in introducing a religious principle into education I must be doubtful. It is my most earnest wish, and I pray God that it may be my constant labor and prayer. But to do this would be to succeed beyond all my hopes. It would be a happiness so great that, I think, the world could yield me nothing comparable to it. To do it, however imperfectly, would far more than repay twenty years of labor and anxiety."

Dr. Arnold was the first Englishman to draw attention in the public schools to the historical, political, and philosophical value of classic literature. "The study of languages," said he, "seems to me as if it were given for the very purpose of forming the human mind in youth; and the Greek and Latin languages, in themselves so perfect, and at the same time freed from the insuper-

able difficulty which must attend any attempt to teach boys philology through the medium of their own spoken language, seem the very instruments by which this is to be effected."

In speaking of his method of giving instruction he says: "My lessons with the Sixth Form (the most advanced class of his pupils) are directed now, to the best of my power, to the furnishing rules or formulæ for them to work with, *e. g.*, rules to be observed in translation, principles of taste as to the choice of English words, as to the keeping or varying idioms and metaphors, etc., or in history, rules of evidence, or general forms, or for the dissection of campaigns, or the estimating the importance of wars, revolutions, etc. This, together with opening, as it were, the sources of knowledge, by telling where they can find such and such things, and giving them a notion of criticism, not to swallow things whole, as the scholars of an earlier period too often did,—this is what I am laboring at, much more than at giving information."

He taught principally by questioning, in order to awaken the intellect of every individual boy.

In the study of history Dr. Arnold had no use for bias, prejudice, nor selfish patriotism. "Exclusive patriotism," said he, "should be cast off together with exclusive ascendancy of birth, as belonging to the follies and selfishness of our uncultivated nature." He did not endeavor to bias the minds of his students in favor of any great political movement without extolling the virtues of the opposition. Nor did he dwell with emphasis upon the virtues of his own nation and the faults and mistakes of other nations. He held that it was not exhibiting the Christian spirit to deal partially toward the home land. He carried this scrupulousness of conscience into

the minutest details. And it is amusing to observe how, in his lectures, he labored to disabuse his class of the delusive notion that "one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen." He was wont to say, "We were quite as satisfactorily beaten by them under William the Third and the Duke of Cumberland, as they by us under Marlborough and Wellington." He also took special care to warn his classes against the seduction of favorite party names and watchwords which might outlive the immediate occasion which gave birth to them. "Such would make us," said he, "be Guelfs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries because the Guelf cause had been right in the eleventh and twelfth."

Dr. Arnold belonged to no party in church or state, and he endeavored to teach all those with whom he came in contact to be independent; to rise above party strife, and to be earnest seekers of truth. But notwithstanding his eccentricities in regard to such things, his lectures and his writings show that he did not endeavor forcibly to tear away his students from their accustomed associations and views; and to make, at once, of young students of history and morals, a new race of impartial thinkers and inquirers; but that he tried to bring them to the study of the past through things as they really existed in the present; to argue with their natural and acquired sympathies; and thus gradually to lead them, by means of the tendencies and propensities he found in them, into purer and freer fields of thought and inquiry.

KING OF THE KOPJES.

HENRY C. LANNEAU.

About a month prior to the siege of Ladysmith the British army was in full and undisputed possession of Cape Town. A very clever ambushade of the Boers had been broken up and a good supply of provisions and arms was taken by the English forces. As usual in such instances the whole detachment of troops was in good spirits, as there was nothing to do except lie around, smoke, crack jokes and wait for orders to proceed further. At least, there appeared to be very little to do, for the gentlemen-born officers of the British army are never loath to take a self-inflicted furlough from all-too-toil-some duty and enjoy the spoils of an all-too-easy capture. For the English army, whose spirit is composed of officers who have enjoyed the life of their landed estates at home and the honor of their titled names abroad, never moves until the spirit moves it. In other words, as an intelligent Boer said to me the other day, "The British empire is too much like a cackling hen. For her son, Tommy Atkins, never sets. That is, never sets about his business when engaged in war."

But be that as it may, I was not at all displeased with the opportunity thus afforded me of resting from the boring pursuit of fighting the *Bores*, as some people will persist in calling them, and indulging in some harmless pleasure. Though serving the British crown in the capacity of first captain of artillery, I was a native-born American, and as such was no exception to the rule that sport under any and all conditions had a keen zest for me. By applying to the officer in command I obtained

a five-days leave of absence, during which time I might enjoy the pleasures furnished by the rolling plains of South Africa. As I had just finished reading the interesting accounts given by our President of his hunting experiences out West they were still fresh in my mind, and it is no wonder that my first thought was in that direction. I had also had a little experience myself in stalking deer and moose around the great lakes, so I decided to refresh myself by going on a hunting trip. Undecided in my mind as to what game I should pursue, I went to my trusted guide and servant to ask his advice.

"Shushi," said I, "what shall we hunt on the morrow?" Without raising his head from the task with which he was occupied, he said abruptly, "Hunt lions."

"Lions!" the very thought staggered me. I had not thought of attempting anything on so large a scale or of braving so noble a foe. But I controlled my feelings with an effort, and said without a moment's hesitation, "Well, Shushi, make all ready to start on tomorrow." I could not get out of it any more than an animal caught in a trap, for Shushi, though trained in every point of respect, would have laughed in my face at the first sign of fear.

Camp was stirring early next morning, and preparations made for breakfast at least two hours before sunrise. After taking a hurried meal and going through the necessary inspection of my quarters and men, I stepped out of my tent to the servant's quarters hoping to find my man ready to start with a cattle train on the point of being taken to a neighboring kraal for food supplies. He was not there, but on inquiry I found that he was down at the river ford watering the animals we were to ride.

There at the river, standing in the middle of his eight or ten black Kaffir boys, was Shushi, grinning up at me as though his whole worldly happiness depended on the number of shining white teeth he could display in that single, gigantic grin. I dimly suspected at the time that he was fully aware of the absurdity of the situation in the fact of my absolute ignorance of the sport in hand as I was, and was simply striving to show his appreciation of the fact by the number of tusks in that shining row of teeth. I tried to shake off the feeling and act as if nothing unusual was on the programme soon to be carried out. I spoke curtly and asked if all would be in readiness to start with the cattle caravan. Not a word in reply, but for answer simply a slow, low-bending salaam by Shushi, grinning all the time. This only added to my irritation and I went off not feeling in the best of spirits.

After the whole camp had had the morning meal and the roll-call had been made, it was plain by the confusion of noises, the shouting of men, the bellowing of cows and the sounds of beating the slow-moving animals, that the caravan was on its way. I hurried from my tent, down past the army quarters, outside the camp to the river's edge, where I saw Shushi looking up at me with that eternal grin of his. All my ardor was quenched in an instant. It was certainly exasperating to be dogged at every turn by that senseless grin. A bright idea struck me—I would make a counter move. I thought quick, and no sooner had I come up where Shushi was bringing up the rear with his pack camels and Kaffir boys than I gave the best, broad, senseless grin I knew how. This had its effect. Only for an instant, however; then recovering from his surprise Shushi beamed upon me

with a grin calculated to dry up the Euphrates and leave a blister on the earth where the garden of Eden had previously smiled. But somehow I could stand it better so long as I did not allow him to make a monopoly of the very fascinating art of grinning a great, broad, continuous, senseless grin. So warming the cool morning air between us with mutual grins of sarcasm and chagrin, we made a grinning exit from camp and jogged along in the rear of the cattle and shouting men, over the rolling hill country of South Africa.

The sun rose red and burning, promising only a repetition of the stinging days that had preceded. The cool morning breezes fell as if at a spoken command, and the air began to tingle with heat and grow sultry. Our camels stumbled as their feet left the soft earth and came in contact with broken pieces of stone and entered a stretch of sand. It was day in the desert! In an instant the grunts and puffs of the animals ceased and they settled down to a steady gait. The drivers noting the change put up their goads, knowing no more prodding would be necessary. There was silence through the whole train. Even the animals were aware of the fact that a long hard day on the burning sands was before them, and that every unnecessary exertion on their part would only add to their suffering. So far as I could see, there was only one thing that remained the same as it was only a few moments before, and that was that eternal grin on the enigmatical face of Shushi. When for the first time in my life I had felt the thrill of dawn in the desert, and a strange feeling of awe began to creep over me, that ear-splitting grin met my full gaze. I was indignant, I felt like bursting out in a hollow laugh, derisive enough to match that foolish grin, and relieve

my feelings of the absurdity of it all. But that would never do, for when a man laughs in the desert without any apparent cause it is taken as a sure sign that his brain is affected and that he is in the first stages of lunacy. So I made good my sanity and kept in check my impulsive feeling with a smothered cough.

Not a word was spoken for a solid hour. The only sounds that broke the silence were the steady crunch, crunch of a thousand hoofs as they beat time on the sands of the desert; the deep breathing from as many swelling throats, and the occasional click, click of horns as the laboring cattle swayed from side to side. When the first word was spoken it was in Shushi's subdued voice, as he rode nearer me, and pointing to some tracks on the ground, muttered, "Lions!" No word in the English language could have been more expressive or full of meaning to me just at that particular time. Feelings of all shades in the rainbow, if I may use such an expression, came over me. Chief among these, chagrin, but mingled with indignation on a determination to acquit myself like a man, let what would betide.

As the hour of noon drew near and hunger began to make known its demands, we approached what is known as a desert pool. It was shadowed by a single large tree, and a great number of tracks were plainly visible around the edge where some animals had evidently been in and out of the basin, for the water appeared to be very muddy. This time the only sign from Shushi was a nod in that direction and a low muttered growl, but he could not have said lions more plainly if he had spelled in large letters on the ground, L-I-O-N-S. It was enough! I could not move without stumbling over lions, I could not open my ears to hear without hearing lions, I could not

eat without imagining the taste of lion flesh and smelling the savor of lion stew. In fact, I needed no instructor to teach me what the lion's part was. I knew that well enough. It was simply nodding the head, muttering low and—and grinning.

Shushi seemed to be the very incarnation of delighted irritation and sarcastic grinning. The only thing that saved my peace of mind and made it possible for me to keep my equilibrium and control my temper, was my ability to return that exasperating grin with one equally as continuous, if not so imposing.

There the caravan stopped for a noon meal, as it was a convenient place for the animals to be watered. No attempt was made to apply the water of the pool to the needs of the men and boys, for there was an abundant supply of fresh water brought from the town in skin bags.

The rays of the midday sun were beating down upon us as if indeed there were no mercy left in heaven, when at length all were ready to renew the journey. In striking contrast to the amount of noise and shouting required to start the herd of cattle in the early morning, was the almost absolute silence of men and animals when taking up the journey just at this juncture. Only a word or two from the leader, and the cows took on that stolid, almost grim, look they had kept all the forenoon. Soon the whole train moved off swinging in unison to the rythmical crunch, crunch of their hoofs on the burning sand, mingled with the frequent click, click of their spreading horns as they jostled one another. We were off again, but still in the desert. The unusual strain and excitement was telling on me, and I began to long for the soft turf of the rolling hill country.

I could not reconcile myself to the thought of spend-

ing the night on the desert, for I knew the one we were crossing was only a small one, covering a not inconsiderable tract of land lying between Cape Town and the kraal to which we were going. It was like many other similar ones to be stumbled over almost anywhere south of the Soudan, and I had hoped we would make our way across it before sunset, but this hope was not to be realized.

Sunset on the desert! I do not know which is the grander sight to behold in such a place, sunset or sunrise. For when as a consuming fiery ball it neared the horizon, all the broad expanse of surrounding landscape assumed the appearance of a molten sea of fire, and each topmost grain of sand was a sparkling gem set in a little mound of gold.

Then when it suddenly dropped out of sight, how nimbly the light dusk breezes sprang up! They danced and tripped and gamboled as if in sheer delight at being freed from an all-too-unwilling confinement during the whole of a long and sultry day. And after the whole company had been formed in the manner of a native kraal, with the men in the middle and the beasts surrounding them for protection from dangerous enemies, the nimble night breezes fell to a steady, low-murmuring hum. I knew the desert was singing!

Soon a strange feeling of peace came over me; my nerves, tingling with excitement only a moment before, felt the spell of its magic charm and were quiet; my fevered brow was cooled and my heart beat time to the tune the desert was singing; then wrapping myself up snug and warm in my blanket I forgot the world outside, and was soon lulled to sleep by the song of the desert outside. Asleep in the desert!

During that darkest hour before the dawn I was awakened by the grunt of a camel near me, and heard some confusion among the cattle on the edge of the herd. I rubbed my eyes and looked around, but could see nothing. Or rather, nothing but darkness. Night on the desert! I shall never forget the sensation it gave me. Not a star visible, only intense darkness, almost capable of being felt, and so cold that if you yawned you could almost imagine you were being treated to a free saucer of dark ice-cream, for when you tried to close your mouth you felt as if it were filled with something cold and hard and solid-frozen—night air!

I was about to roll over and go to sleep, leaving morning to solve the mystery, when I was startled by a coarse whisper coming from somewhere near me, of "Lions!" I shuddered. Though it was so dark you could not see your hand before your face, that glistening grin I knew to be on the face of Shushi was plainly visible to me—in my mind's eye.

When morning came the carcass of one of our cows and a yearling calf with a broken neck lying at no great distance from camp, told the story of night pillaging by the king of beasts. I shuddered to think how little difference the choice of either an animal with two or four legs would have made to him.

Early in the forenoon we left the desert behind us and soon reached the kraal where the beeves were to be slaughtered for food. Here we stopped for an hour or two to rest and add a few little necessities to our store before starting on our hunt. I must say, to the credit of Shushi, that when it came to making thorough preparation for our venture he showed himself capable and diligent in every particular.

When about three o'clock in the afternoon, with our ten Kaffir boys, and mounted on our camels, we were well on our way, I felt that we were fully prepared to meet his majesty, king of the Kopjes. It was not long before Shushi's bright eyes detected something like footprints on the soft ground. By studying these intently for a few moments he was able to tell in which direction they were going. When this was settled it took only a few minutes for us to form our line of march and soon we were on the trail. From this time forth my interest and excitement did not slack. A half-hour on the trail brought us to a rising slope of ground, fringed with tall, straight grass. Beckoning us to stop, Shushi crept forward on his hands and knees to the crest of the knoll and carefully pushing aside the tall grass with his left hand, peered cautiously forward. Presently he turned around and leered at me, this time with an altogether pleasant look on his swarthy countenance. Returning to us in the same manner as before, he gave us to understand by signs that four or five young lion cubs were basking before the old one's den, and that the old pair were probably inside taking their evening nap.

By whispers and by signs to the black boys he made stealthy preparations for piling the wood, prepared for igniting, before the entrance of the cave. Placing some of them in a semicircle around the mouth of the cave he deftly proceeded to place the wood in position. Before the young ones had time to run in and disturb the old ones the pile was placed securely in position and burning with a thick, dense smoke. Shushi stepped back with a triumphant smile and stood near me with extra rifles, while together we awaited results.

He had warned me to keep my eye steadily fixed on

the den, and not to shoot under any circumstances except at a given signal from him. I had been further advised that if the two old lions were in their lair, the she lion would be the first to dash out with her whelps when the smoke became too stifling for them to breathe. No sooner had I managed to collect my thoughts sufficiently to recall this excellent and imperative advice than a roar of rage sounded from the depths of the cavern, followed by the sight of a yellow streak flying through the air. There was an answering yell from the black boys placed nearest to the opening, and as they fell back, through the breach of their broken line bounded the she lion bearing three young cubs in her mouth, all at one time. Trembling like a leaf I raised my hand to my brow to wipe away the cold sweat and brace myself for the coming ordeal. Shushi stood near me carelessly fingering the locks of the rifles he held in his hand. His coolness of manner helped to steady me.

I raised my heavy weapon to the level with my eye, pressed it to my shoulder, placed my finger on the trigger and waited. In an instant there was a sound like that of distant thunder or the rumbling of some subterranean cavern, when, with a roar of defiance, in all his tawny splendor and bearded rage the king sprang through space straight at me, as if shot from a catapult. Shushi shouted a hoarse screech right in my ear, "Shoot!" And I shot. Not an instant too soon, for with a thud like that of a falling oak, his imperial highness, king of the kopjes, not five feet away fell dead at my feet. With one forepaw placed above the other and his bearded chin resting on the two, the dead chieftain, with all the look of hate gone from his glassy eyes, gazed into my face, looking as harmless now as a lamb. So great is the transforming power of a little globe of lead!

How I managed to survive those few intense moments of my existence is a standing mystery to me. That I was able to shoot at all when my blood froze and my heart ceased to beat is a still greater one. I am firm in the belief that but for the force of impact of Shushi's terrifying shout that shook my frame, causing the muscles of my arms to twitch enough to make my fingers pull the trigger, I should have stood there gazing at the awful magnificence of that tawny body hurtling through the air and met my fate like a simpleton.

But a great marvel to me was the blind instinct which seemed to prompt the lordly beast and make him aware of the distance between us. For the force of his spring could not have been more accurately gaged, if the intervening space had been measured with the greatest mathematical precision.

We bore away our prize in triumph, and on our return to Cape Town received an informal ovation. Officers and men crowded around us to view our noble trophy, and congratulations poured upon us from all sides.

It was only the work of a few days to have the skin mounted very handsomely, just in the position in which I had first gazed upon it as it lay a helpless monarch at my feet and gazed in my eyes. I had it placed in the coziest corner of my den, in such a conspicuous position that it is the first object that the eyes rest upon when you enter the room.

I can see that noble countenance now as I write, and memory stirs within me. But look in the opposite direction, and there in the corner is placed in a very life-like position, hanging from an old stump and looking up at the king of the kopjes, a baboon with a broad leer on his face,—lest we forget.

FROM SOPHOCLES' ANTIGONE.

[Antigone buries her slain brother, Polyneices, against the behest of Creon, King of Thebes. She is condemned to death, and her lover, Haemon, Creon's son, since he can not save her, dies with her.]

Love, unconquered in fight,
Love, of riches the blight;
Thou art wont to sleep
On a maid's soft cheek,
Yet wanderest o'er the plunging wave,
And dwellest in every wild man's cave;
No long-lived god can shun thy power,
Nor mortal man in his short hour;
Who hears thy call is madness' thrall.

Thou dost harm just hearts,
Wronged by thy arts;
Thou hast caused this strife
For a kinsman's life.
O, victor is the clear desire,
From the fair bride's eyes, love-lit with fire;
It knows no law, but ranges free,
Its law whate'er it wills to be;
Resistless, mighty sports Aphrodite.

AN UNKNOWN HERO OF SANTIAGO.

WALTER EVERETT GOODE.

"Halt there!"

The startled Spanish scout looked around to see three rifles leveled at him, behind which were three blue uniforms.

"Throw up your hands, Spaniard, or you're a dead man," was the next command that came from behind the guns. But, not heeding the command, the scout dashed for the thicket again from which he had just emerged.

"Hold, men, don't shoot!" cried a fourth man in blue, before the others could fire, and flinging a rope which he held coiled in his hand caught the fleeing Spaniard, pinioning his arms and throwing him senseless on the ground. Now the Spanish scout was in the hands of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, one of whom, it seems, had not forgotten his former skill at lassoing, so much practiced while on the cattle ranches in western Texas.

"When you are close enough, that's better than to shoot," said the ex-cowboy, as he loosened the rope and turned the captive on his back. "And we didn't care about making so much noise as these guns make."

"You did it mighty well," said one of the others. "We're glad you didn't let us shoot, if you didn't jerk the life out of him when you threw him on the ground, for we may get something out of him about the condition of the Dons in Santiago. He must have something to bring him to though," and taking his canteen he poured a little whiskey down the Spaniard's throat. From another canteen they dashed water in his face, and began rubbing him.

The scout, Luis de Leon was his name, at his own request had been sent out by General Toral to find a possible weak place in the American army surrounding Santiago. General Shafter had been drawing his irresistible lines of well-trained regulars and eager volunteers closer and closer around the doomed city. The Spanish general, had he dared, would gladly have accepted the terms of surrender the American general was offering, for his officers were despairing and his troops were fast becoming desperate. But manacled by a stubborn and badly-informed government, he still held on, though there remained to him but the last chance of escape.

Not far to the northeast of the city, between two low hills, was a dense thicket of cactus, vine and thorn, covering a boggy, peaty marsh. This thicket grew wider and more dense as it extended inland from the city, and finally lost itself in the uninhabited hills in the interior of the island. Here was the Spaniards' only way of escape. De Leon—the plan was wholly his own—had hoped that the Americans considered this swamp impassable, and had left it unguarded; that under cover of night and in small bands, at least a small part of the army, with General Toral, might steal through the swamp and escape. General Toral had little hope that the plan would succeed, but he had allowed De Leon, whose courage was well-known, and whose ability and trustworthiness as a scout had more than once been proved, to go out to make sure whether this one possible outlet was guarded by American pickets, and, if not, to find a path by which the escaping soldiers might make their way through the thicket.

When De Leon had made all preparations for his perilous undertaking he had been summoned to the head-

quarters of General Toral, who wished to give him all the instructions he could, and especially to caution him against any unnecessary rashness, for, in his way, the general loved the brave young soldier, and feared that, if he should fall into the hands of the Americans, he would be hanged as a spy.

"I can hardly hope that you'll succeed," General Toral had finished, "but find us a way of escape from those Americans if possible, and in my report to the government I will gladly recommend that you be promoted, or that you have an immediate discharge. Remember that you go with all our prayers to the Holy Virgin for your success."

"I will do all that a man can do without the hope of any reward except that offered in my plan," answered the hopeful scout, and though the General had turned to other work, stood waiting as if he wished to say something more.

"What is it?" asked the General, seeing his hesitation.

"May I dare to beg," ventured De Leon, saluting respectfully, "that, if I fail to find a way through the swamp, or am captured, you will fight until every man is killed before you accept any terms of surrender other than the most honorable?"

"Go and do your work, and leave the terms of surrender for me to arrange, if you fail, with the American commander.

Saluting again, De Leon had retired. And just before the sun rose the next morning, while it was yet too dark for the American pickets to see him, he had stolen out of the city and proceeded across the open to the narrow swamp between the two hills. Before entering the

thicket, as he had turned and looked back upon the city and thought of the thousands of his comrades penned in there, hoping and waiting for successful return, he had realized the responsibility resting upon him, and his courage and determination had risen to their highest pitch. Almost involuntarily he had exclaimed half aloud: "I'd rather die than see General Toral have to surrender to the Americans, if it comes to that. So it's farewell, Santiago, and you waiting there, unless I can come back with the glad report you are waiting for. I will find a way for your escape, or an American bullet will find its way to my heart."

Then turning his back on the city with its anxious thousands, he had begun pushing his way through the swamp, now and then, as he proceeded, breaking a twig, or peeling the bark from a tree to mark his path. Thus he had made his way through the bramble and had traveled for some distance into the wood beyond without seeing or hearing the least sign of American scouts or pickets.

With rising spirits he had hurried on until he came to a small opening of about half an acre in the midst of the wood. This clearing he had started to cross when he was halted and captured in the manner already known.

For some time the Rough Riders worked to bring their captive back to consciousness. At last he opened his eyes and looked wonderingly about him.

"Has there been a fight? Has General Toral surrendered?" he asked before full consciousness returned. "Oh, I hope I am killed if he has," and he sank back on the ground.

"No, there has been no fight and General Toral hasn't surrendered yet," answered one of the Rough Riders,

"but I don't guess it will be long until he does. You are not going to die, either. I guess you'll be all right in a minute."

"My God, I remember!" exclaimed De Leon, now fully conscious, and springing to his feet struck one of his captors such a blow that he staggered and fell.

"Not so fast, young fellow," said the lassoer, again tightening the rope and throwing Luis on the ground.

The captive struggled manfully for a few minutes, but seeing it was of no avail, reached for his knife to stab himself. But his weapons were taken from him and he was bound more securely.

"Now we want to know about the size and condition of General Toral's army," said the ex-cowboy, who, though of the same rank as the others, seemed to be their leader.

But De Leon kept stolidly silent.

"Tell us what we want to know and we'll let you go," urged the American. But the Spaniard remained wholly impassive, except for the look of utmost scorn that passed over his face when his captors tried to bribe or began to threaten him.

"Curse you!" cried the angered Rough Rider, "we'll find a way to make you talk." And with a rope fastened around his neck the Spaniard was dragged to a tree and the rope was thrown over a limb.

"For God's sake, men," cried he who had given Luis the whiskey, "don't disgrace the American army by hanging a man because he refuses to make himself a traitor!"

But the others, used to the wild life of the West, saw no harm in hanging a Spaniard. And not heeding their comrade's protest, they drew the rope tight over the

limb, raising the prisoner to his feet. "Now is your last chance," said the one who seemed to be leader. "If you can't talk we'll leave your body here for the vultures to pick."

"I beg to be shot like a soldier," said De Leon; "but do what you will, I'll never give you the least information about those shut up yonder in Santiago. But if I must die now, I wish to ask a favor of one of you." And he took from his pocket a little packet from which he drew a small portrait of a most beautiful woman, just past middle life. He kissed the picture fervently, gazed intently at it for a few moments, then handed it to the soldier who had protested against his being hanged.

"The sweetest, saddest face I ever saw," said the American, and passed the picture to his comrades. The features of each softened visibly as he looked on that sad sweet face, with beauty almost angelic.

"This is my mother," said Luis, "and her life has been as pure, but sad, as the face in the picture. Of one of the proudest families of Spain, she married against her father's command a gallant young officer, whom she loved with all her soul. For this disobedience her father swore that he would never again own her as his daughter. Her young husband, my father, was called away to the wars soon after I was born, where he was killed, my mother has often told me, fighting until his last breath, rather than surrender. She has often told me how handsome, and gallant, and brave he was, and often we have wept for him for hours together.

"After my father's death she was too proud to return unasked to her father, and he, the haughty old Don, would not send for her to come back to him, so she was left alone in the world, with me a little babe, and no one

to protect or provide for us. Her husband had left her nothing, and life was a bitter struggle for her; but with the little work she could do, and the help of a few friends, she managed to feed and clothe us, and when I was a little older to educate me.

"When I was sixteen I rejoiced to think that she should work no more; that I could work for her and try to make the rest of her life as full of pleasure as it had been of sorrow. But by the rigid conscription I was pressed into the army and sent here to fight under General Campos. It was almost a death-blow to her, but she rallied, and sent me away with her blessing. Her farewell words were, 'Be true to your country, your mother, and the memory of your father; and when the twelve years are ended come back to me—for I will await your return—with your honor unstained.' These words, the memory of my father's brave death, and this picture have been with me, and have helped to make me brave, in every battle in which I have fought.

"Ten of the long weary years have passed since I left old Spain. What an age it has been to me! In two more I should have gone back to my mother. What joy to have spent the remainder of my life in trying to make her happy. But now, poor mother, when will your troubles end?" and he buried his face in his hands.

After a few moments, during which time the four Rough Riders stood motionless, he raised his head. All trace of his emotion was gone. Again addressing the one to whom he had first given the picture, he continued:

"Now will you give this little packet, which is a diary of my life while here, and this picture, that she may know that it is from me, to General Toral after the surrender—for I know it must come now—and he will send them to

my mother. And will you have him to add—she will want to know—that I died true to my country, and faced death without flinching. Just that of this last little scene.”

“Now I am ready,” said De Leon after waiting a few moments for his captors to go on with their work. But not one moved. They were standing with bowed heads. Each was thinking of an old mother somewhere back in America, whom perhaps he hadn’t thought of in a long while; of a mother who was waiting and longing, yet almost fearing to hope, for her son’s safe return.

“Let me beg again that I be shot,” continued De Leon, seeing his captors’ hesitation. “It would then be over so quickly. Think of how a true soldier wishes to die; how you yourselves would wish to die, and—”

“Men, the Spaniard shall not die!” exclaimed he who had been so ready to hang the scout, and he cut the rope. “We would be ashamed to call ourselves Rough Riders, and Colonel Roosevelt would disown us if we were to hang or shoot such a soldier.” Turning to the Spaniard—
“Brave fellow, you’re free.”

“Not hardly so fast,” said he to whom De Leon had given the packet. “Give us your promise, young man, that you will not return to Santiago; but will go to Havana, or some other port, and, disguised if necessary, embark for Spain, and we’ll let you go. It will be thought that you were captured and killed. No one will ever know you have left the island. Only give us your word of honor that you will go back to Spain and care for your mother, and you’re free.”

At this generous and unexpected offer De Leon was almost overcome. He thought for a moment of his mother’s long waiting, and how easy now it would be

for him to make his way home; how then he could care for his mother in her old age, as he had long planned to do. But then came the terrible thought, "I would be a deserter!"

"Your offer tempts me greatly," he said, "but I can not accept. Mother would have no welcome for a deserter. She had rather hear that I was dead than to know that I had deserted my comrades at such a time as this. If you can not allow me to return to Santiago, where I can die fighting for my country, I beg once more to be shot, and left here to be forgotten."

"No; we will carry you to our camp, and perhaps after the surrender, if General Toral's troops are sent home, you will agree to go with them then." And they marched away, De Leon protesting, toward the camp of the Rough Riders.

When Colonel Roosevelt heard the young Spaniard's story he seemed much affected. But feeling sure that the surrender would come the next day, he ordered that the captive be given a tent and closely guarded to prevent his taking his own life. In his tent De Leon sat facing Santiago, his head leaning on his arm which rested on the rude table. Before him was his mother's picture.

In this position he was found the next morning cold and stiff. Some time during the night a Spanish bullet—they had had been firing into the American camp all night—had struck the tent, and, as if guided by Providence, entered De Leon's heart. Little did the Spaniards know the one fatal result of their shots.

That morning, when General Shafter rode out to meet General Toral under the spreading mango tree, he carried with him a small blood-stained packet, which he

was to give to the Spanish General with the announcement of his scout's death. And while the terms of surrender were being arranged, out of the American camp solemnly marched a small detachment of Rough Riders, and placed in a rude grave, among the little mounds heaped over our own brave dead, the body of the heroic Spaniard.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.		PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.	
W. L. VAUGHAN	Editor	J. A. McMILLAN	Editor
T. E. BROWNE	Associate Editor	P. R. ALDERMAN	Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. A. McMILLAN, Editor.

Good Roads Movement.

One of the most patent signs of the industrial development taking place in North Carolina is the effort on the part of some of our people to build a better system of public roads. The interest taken by the State officials, the business men and the people of the country at large in the recent Good Roads Convention held in Raleigh is indicative of a force that will accomplish something sooner or later. This movement ought to be aided and encouraged in every possible way, for if our State needs anything more than better educational advantages it is good roads. Indeed the banishment of ignorance and the construction of good public highways should go hand in hand. It is difficult for us to understand why the people of the State have not taken this long ago, and some of the counties, as Mecklenburg, already have roads of the highest order. The subject of good roads is not a new one, for their advantages, and we might almost say their necessity, to the community in general was well understood in antiquity. One of the most perfect specimens

of ancient road building is the magnificent Appian Way, part of which may be seen to-day. Our State has long been densely enough settled to demand a much more perfect system of public highways, then why have the people been so slow in beginning this movement, and why are they not more interested now?

The proposed improvement in the present roads is not for the welfare of any one class, but for society as a whole. The value of land is enhanced, the farmer, merchant, manufacturer, and many other classes are directly benefited, while all others indirectly derive benefits.

A strong argument for better public highways is that those having comparatively good roads are loudest in their demands for betterment of them, and yet, for the most part, in those sections of the State where the roads are almost perfection in imperfection the people are either opposed or not interested in the improvement of them.

How shall the proposed good roads be built? Shall the State Penitentiary give up farming and work convicts in the construction of roads, or shall the counties issue bonds, the payment of which shall be bequeathed to future generations? Probably the convict system would be preferred by the mass of people, and still it is possible that the cost of maintaining the chain-gang would more than equal bonds. But let some method be agreed upon by the State or individual counties, and give us better public highways, if we are to keep pace with civilization.

Tillman
and
McLaurin.

There has been much said recently concerning the Tillman-McLaurin fight in the Senate chamber. We think it very unfortunate that the two Senators should so far forget themselves and the dignity of their position as to engage in a mere school-boy scrap. The State has been noted for its fiery temper, if not for rash actions, but the low, contemptible affair of these two Senators has no precedent in the old Palmetto State. How can two Senators, so bitterly opposed to each other, work for the common interest of the State? We believe that if the past could be recalled, the Governor would accept the resignations of these pugnacious Senators, and the people would elect men who would be an honor and not a disgrace to the State, and who would not bring upon themselves the indignation of the whole Senate by petty scraps.

We would like to suggest that instead of the professional prize fight which they are trying to arrange for the Charleston Exposition, that the managers of the Exposition allow the Senators to be there and reproduce the famous amateur fight which has given both great notoriety. We are constrained to believe that the profits accruing therefrom would exceed those of the prize fight, and, more than all, the Senators would be in their proper sphere.

Rustics
in the
Campus.

Spring is here, and, as usual, the students are fast falling victims to that dreadful disease, Spring Fever. Heretofore the Campus, with its tempting rustics and enticing shade, has been the favorite resort of those unfortunate ones, which, I must say, includes all. But owing to the conspicuous absence of rustics in the Campus,

they are compelled to remain in their hot rooms or to lounge upon the damp ground—either alternative by no means serves as a preventive of this malady, but rather invites more serious illnesses. As it is at present the Campus is by far more ornamental than useful, from the standpoint of the students. In fact, as it is at present, the Campus is of no possible advantage to anyone.

A few years ago a bountiful supply of rustics were placed throughout the Campus, but where are they now? Last year some unknown students, becoming dissatisfied with the rustics, took it upon themselves to destroy them, thinking to coerce the Faculty into replacing them by new and better ones. The few that escaped their destructive hands are now decayed and useless. On account of these uncalled for actions it seems that it was decided to wait awhile before replacing them, in order that they might be more appreciated. We think that the time has fully arrived, and, if replaced, we feel sure that the students will not molest them in the least, but, on the other hand, will see that they are properly cared for, knowing that the rustics were placed there for the benefit and pleasure of the students. Then let us have rustics!

The Relation
Between Wake
Forest and the
Baptist Female
University.

Up until a few years ago the Baptists, as a whole, were not concerned in a denominational institution for the education of its girls, and but recently realizing the great need of such an institution, they turned all their energies to the building of the present Baptist Female University.

To the Baptist people of our State, Wake Forest and the Baptist Female University are one institution in spirit, having for its object the Christian education of the

sons and daughters. The trustees of the two colleges are naturally interested in the welfare of both, and the most friendly relations exist between the two faculties.

The students of Wake Forest were most enthusiastic in advocating the erection of a sister institution. Shall we not say *sister institution*? If this can not be said by W. F. of the B. F. U. it would be hard to find that relation existing between two colleges. For are not both colleges supported and patronized by the same people? Are not the friends of one institution the friends of both? If so, what should be the relation of the students of the two? We think that there should be a perfect understanding between them, and that if ever an opportunity offers itself to either college to prove that it is loyal and true to the other, to take advantage of it. We are justly proud of our sister institution, and hope that her daughters realize that in us they have true friends and brothers. And, in a brotherly spirit, we would suggest that they change the name of their school to something a little more appropriate than *The Baptist Female University*.

EXCHANGES.

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

The February number of the *Pine and Thistle* contains several carefully written editorials and the interesting story, "The Delinquent Beau." If the editors would publish one or more essays it would add to the merit of the magazine.



The *Southwestern University Magazine* gives us good productions in the February number. The essay on Sidney Lanier is good, and "The Incurrigibles" is a charming story. The editorials ought to be increased in number and variety.




It is a pleasure to read the second part of an article on Sophocles in the *Davidson College Magazine*. We are glad that the old Greek writers are not entirely neglected. They ought to be read and studied a great deal more. "The Ghost of Walnut Gap" is interesting, but the plot is unnatural. "The Robbing of a Cathedral" contains some information, but the subject is treated too lengthly. The editorials are mere notices of matters pertaining to the magazine and college.




To one reviewing the various magazines it is very apparent that the *North Carolina University Magazine* is much inferior to those magazines from other universities, in fact its standard ranks below the majority of magazines from schools which are not universities. In the February number Dr. H. F. Linscott gives us a delightful essay on the theme and treatment of "Poetic Art in Vergil's *Æneid*;" this article is the best in the issue. "Development of Hal's Character" shows careful preparation on the part of the writer. The last article is "Duel between Clay and Randolph." There is neither diversity in the editorials, nor variety of expression in the "Alumni Notes," nor original poetry throughout its pages.


The February number of *The College Message* contains "The Literary Awakening in New England," which shows research and study, but in "The Charleston Group of Writers" we have merely brief biographical sketches of the lives of William Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne. "Shifting Scenes from Real Life" is a unique love story, and "An Adventure with a Watermelon" is a good child's story.



The February issue of the *Hendrix College Mirror* comes to us adorned in a rich green color. Mr. Jones Fuller wrote a thoughtful essay on "Burns, the Peasant Poet of Equality, as the Interpreter of the New Passions of the Age." "Vengeance," in the beginning, seems to be an unusual new story, but it turns out to be a story with an old plot; it is expressed in well-chosen words. "The Saxons" is a brief sketch, mainly of the Saxon's influence on English literature. The editorials are varied and interesting.



The Philomathean Monthly has an attractive cover. The poem, "The Soul's Springtime," is a good imitation of Poe's rhythm. "Pericles and His Age" is an enumeration of historical facts, told rather disconnectedly. "A Quarrel and its Results" is interesting, but "The Development of Music" is inferior to an article on the same subject recently published in one of our exchanges. The best article in this issue is "James Trimble." It is also pleasing to note the various poems dispersed through the magazine.



We gladly welcome *The Winthrop College Journal* to our exchange table. It is clothed in a neat, brown cover. "Two Aristocrats" is finely done with a good purpose; it has a thoroughly developed plot and holds the attention of the reader from beginning to end. The poem, "Our Privilege," is pretty and has poetic merit. What the magazine needs to place it among the best literary magazines is at least one essay. This is the second number of the *Journal*, and we infer from it that the present staff of editors have made a success and placed the magazine on a sure foundation.

We are a little disappointed in the February issue of *The Furman Echo*; it has been edited in a creditable manner this session and we hope it will advance instead of retrograde. Poetry is absent, and this detracts much from the excellence of a magazine. We are pleased to see a serial, which is entitled "A Chrysalid—Or the Metamorphosis of John Malone." This issue contains only one editorial, but this one is well prepared.



The Clemson College Chronicle for February is the first number we have had the pleasure of reading. It presents a striking appearance in its tasteful cover of gold and purple. "A Sure 'Nough Story" is a novel love story; "The Doctor's Story" is a sad end of a drunkard's life. We rank its editorials, in thought and variety, above any which have appeared recently in our exchanges. There is room for improvement in the "Alumni Notes."



We acknowledge receipt of the following: *University of Virginia Magazine*; *Wofford College Journal*; *Georgia Tech*; *College of Charleston Magazine*; *The Cento*; *Vanderbilt Observer*; *The Emory and Henry Era*; *The Polytechnian*; *The King College Magazine*; *The Seminary Magazine*; *The Buff and Blue*; *The Mercerian*; *The Carolinian*; *The Stetson Collegiate*; *The Guilford Collegian*; *The William Jewell Student*; *The Limestone Star*; *The Hendrix College Mirror*; *The Criterion*; *William and Mary College Monthly*; *The Baylor Literary*; *The University of Texas Literary Magazine*; *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor pro tem.

Mr. H. Hines (Law '98) is practicing in Lancaster, S. C.

Mr. H. A. Sapp (Law '97) is doing well in Winston, N. C.

Mr. W. S. Pendleton (Law '96) is located at Washington, N. C.

'97. Rev. J. C. Gillespie is a successful pastor at Waco, N. C.

'84-'85. Mr. C. B. Ray is a successful business man in Raleigh, N. C.

Mr. J. McN. Johnson (Law '98) is having a good practice at Aberdeen.

'93-'96. Dr. J. S. McGeachy is practicing medicine at Ashpole, N. C.

Mr. D. T. Oates (Law '97), located at Fayetteville, is doing a nice practice.

'93. Prof. C. W. Wilson is teaching in the graded schools at Rocky Mount.

'97. Mr. J. E. Johnson is meeting with success as editor of the *Elkin Times*.

Mr. Robert E. Lee (Law '97) is rapidly coming to the front at Lumberton, N. G.

Mr. G. P. Martin (Law '98) is one of the rising young lawyers of Knoxville, Tenn.

'92-'95. Rev. C. J. D. Parker is doing excellent work in the Second church, Durham, N. C.

'00. John E. Crutchfield, Esq., is succeeding well in editorial work at Rocky Mount, N. C.

'01. Prof. Clarence N. Peeler is becoming popular, teaching in the graded schools at Selma, N. C.

'00. Prof. John Y. Irvin is Principal of the high school at Cherryville, Cleveland County, N. C.

'95. John A. Oates, Jr., is secretary and treasurer of the Anti-Saloon League, recently organized in Raleigh.

'98. Mr. J. L. Jarvis is the stirring representative of the Prudential Life Insurance Company at Asheville, N. C.

Mr. E. Victor (Law '96), after representing his county twice in the Legislature, is practicing at Greenville, N. C.

Mr. D. J. Thurston (Law '97) has formed a partnership with Geo. E. Hood for practicing law at Goldsboro, N. C.

Mr. J. A. Giles (Law '97), Pittsboro, N. C., has twice represented Chatham in the Legislature, and is a fine lawyer.

Mr. J. R. Taylor (Law '95), the first student to enter the Law School, is doing a lucrative practice at Martinsville, Va.

'69-'72. Hon. D. W. Bradshaw is Clerk of Superior Court of Person County, a position which he has held for the past twelve years.

Mr. E. L. Campbell (Law '97) is at King's Mountain, N. C. By close attention to his business he is continually increasing his practice.

'74-'79. Rev. John F. McMillan has moved to Marion, S. C., having had to give up his work at Statesboro, Ga., on account of ill-health.

'94. Rev. J. J. Payseur has resigned his pastorate of the Brooklyn church, Wilmington, and after standing the necessary examinations at Fortress Monroe, has accepted a commission as chaplain in the United States Army.

'83. The *Gastonia Gazette* promises to come out semi-weekly. Editor Marshall is one of North Carolina's most brilliant writers, and we predict a greater success for the semi-weekly *Gazette* than has characterized the weekly.—*Times-Democrat*.

'93. Hon. E. Y. Webb is prominently mentioned as the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Eighth District. His opponent, on the Republican ticket, will very probably be Hon. J. Y. Hamrick ('75-'78).

'71-'74. Prof. J. A. White is Principal of Taylorsville Collegiate Institute, a school equal to any preparatory school in the State. He has sent many good students to Wake Forest.

'01. Prof. John F. Cale read an historical essay before the Potecasi Literary Society, February 27. He made great success as a speaker and writer while in college. We shall expect to hear from him again.

'83. Prof. S. J. Honeycutt is Principal of Marshville Academy, Union County, N. C. He is meeting with great success, and although he has been at Marshville only a few years, he has made it one of the leading high schools in the State.

'96. Rev. W. C. Barrett has been called to the pastorate in West Durham. He has been doing good work at Buie's Creek, Ephesus church in Person County, and elsewhere, making many friends at every place, all of whom will be sorry to give him up.

'88. We learn that the *Enterprise* has purchased an outfit for a daily paper at High Point. We don't see why it should not be a success from the start in such a go-ahead town as High Point, and with such a brilliant local writer as Bro. Fariss.—*Times-Democrat*.

'85. We note with pleasure the success of Rev. J. A. Beam as Principal of Bethel Hill Institute. He is to be congratulated on securing Prof. W. J. Beale ('96) as assistant. We shall expect this school under such management to hold its place among the leading high schools of the State.

'92. The Wake Forest baseball team was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. J. G. Mills as trainer. He has been traveling for a shoe company during the past year, but on account of the sickness of his mother he had to give up his work. A few weeks on the diamond will be a pleasant vacation for him.

'94. The mentioning of Dr. W. L. Foushee as a contributor to the *South Atlantic Quarterly* will add much to the success of the magazine. Dr. Foushee was salutatorian of his class at Wake Forest, and while taking his degree at Johns Hopkins University, received many high honors for scholarship. He is at present Professor of Latin in Richmond College.

'86. I have recently enjoyed the help of Rev. J. L. White, of Macon, who was with me ten days. We had a good meeting. The church was revived and the town helped by the work. Some fourteen persons have been received, and I am to have baptism next Sunday. White is a delightful brother to have in your home and pulpit. He preaches the gospel with much earnestness and clearness. He has a strong hold on his people in Macon, where he has been for some years, in fact, he is a factor of no mean importance in our denominational work throughout the State.—*Dr. A. M. Simms, in Christian Index.*

'95. Rev. Mr. Moore, the recently elected pastor of the Baptist church at Seneca, began his work last Sunday. He is an earnest, eloquent speaker, and coming, as he declared he did, in the language of Paul, "Determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified." We hope his labors will be crowned with abundant success. Mr. Moore comes to us from North Carolina. His work at present will be two Sundays with the Seneca church—the first at Newry and the third not occupied as yet.—*The Oconee News.*

'88-'90. We are glad to know that Mr. W. A. Montgomery, son of Judge Walter A. Montgomery, of Raleigh—a Christian gentleman in whose life the Baptist denomination is most admirably represented—has been called to a position in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. Dr. Montgomery was prepared by Mrs. Pendleton at Warrenton; spent three years at Wake Forest, and received his Doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins. He is one of the most scholarly men in the South, and would be an addition to any faculty.—*Biblical Recorder.*

'90. Rev. John E. White has been known for sometime as a man who does well whatever he undertakes. The following about his church work goes to prove that he is keeping up his record: "There are people who have heard of our church debt. The public generally is acquainted with the grand edifice in which we worship. I was last Sunday authorized to report to the brotherhood that the Second church is no longer embarrassed on this account. The entire floating debt has been paid off, and the remainder is so easy of management without struggle that the matter is laid aside from our consideration. The past year,

as were other years, has been full of good things in this church. Not including money for this church debt, we reported \$13,000 total contribution to the Association. Additions, one hundred and thirty-nine, of which seventy were by baptism. The Women societies raised \$2,700. At the next Association, when the sinking fund for church debt will be reported as closed, our report of total contributions will surpass \$23,000."

'61. The death of Gen. Thomas F. Toon, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was a shock to the people throughout the State. He was in fine spirits and was thought to be almost entirely well, but after eating breakfast on the morning of February 19th, he was attacked by acute indigestion, which caused his death in a few hours.

General Toon, a native North Carolinian, was born in Columbus County, June 16, 1840. He graduated at Wake Forest College in 1861 with many high honors, and having gained the esteem of both instructors and fellow-students. He enlisted as a private in the Civil War, and before he was twenty-three years old was a colonel. In 1863 he was appointed a temporary brigadier-general, and commanded Johnson's Brigade many months while Johnson was recovering from wounds. After the war he was in the service of the Atlantic Coast Line sixteen years, and then took charge of Fair Bluff Academy. He first married Miss Carrie Smith in 1867. His second marriage was to Mrs. R. C. Ward, who survives him. He made Lumberton his home, and devoted himself to farming and teaching. He represented his district in both branches of the Legislature, though he did not take much part in politics until his nomination for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction.

It may be well said that he was a noble man in all respects, and during the short time that he was in public office, he was devoted to his work and the best interests of North Carolina.

CLIPPINGS.

THE SYMBOL.

In the morning they stood in the garden plot,
 'Mid the flow'rs and the plash of dew;
And, with lofty grace and generous pride,
She gave him a rose she had plucked at her side.
 " 'Tis my heart and I give it you."

"Now, by eve 'twill be dead," said she, "but my love
 For you will never die."
So they parted, they two, in the flush of dawn.
In whose souls the noblest of thoughts was born,
 With never the trace of a sigh.

And now numberless years have passed
 Since they stood 'neath the willow tree;
But the rose still blooms fresh and sweet and fair,
And a conscious blush still lingers there;—
 For it lives in his memory.

—*University of Texas Literary Magazine.*



A little boy and a little girl
Agreed on a plan like this:
"If either of us get's a hurt
 We'll cure it by a kiss."

But all too slow the bruises
Came, nor in the proper places,
So they contrived to hurt themselves
 Right on their pretty faces.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

THE WINDS ARE ROUGH AND WILD.

The winds are rough and wild,
The torn clouds hurry by,
But over all the new-born moon
Looks calmly from the sky.

So love, forever new,
'Mid storms that sin doth bring,
Looks calmly, sweetly over all,
And knows no suffering.

—*The Philomathean Monthly.*



EXAMS.

When a shudder cold creeps o'er you
And your heart beats fast and loud,
When the days loom up before you,
And you walk as in a cloud.

When you sit and gaze distracted
At the *Schedule* on the wall,
With your weary brows contracted
As you think how near you fall.

When you do not dream of sleeping,
But you hold your throbbing head
And all night you sit near weeping,
But you dare not go to bed.

When you're deep in books and papers,
And you only live to cram,
But your brain seems gone in vapors
As you grind for your exam.

—*The Carolinian.*

A SOLILOQUY.

(Uttered by a Senior just before going into exam. Some Freshman had asked his advice and he was debating what to answer. Published without consent):

To ride, or not to ride: that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to walk and to suffer the slings and arrows of outraged professors, or to mount a "horse" and swim a sea of troubles.

To ride, to pass: and by a pass to say we end the heartaches and the thousand natural pains riding is heir to, 'twould be a consummation devoutly to be wished. To ride, to pass, perhaps to remember. Ah! there's the rub; for when we have ridden, what consequences may come must give us pause. Ah! that's the respect that makes so many "bust." For who would bear the whips and scorns of the faculty, the pangs of despised work, the delay of marks, when he might his own mark make with a bare "pony?" Who would fardels bear, to grant, and sweat under a hard exam., but that the fear of something after riding, that undiscovered feeling, whose pangs none knowing ever have discussed, puzzles the will and makes us rather walk and bear the troubles we have than ride, than fly, perchance, to others we know not of.

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."—*The Carolinian*,

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

By RAYMOND C. DUNN, Editor Pro Tem.

SNOW!!

HAVE YOU SKIPPED Gym. yet? If not, why not.

SAY, WHO was that talking during Anniversary? Not but one (?) surely.

WOE BE TO THE LOVER who was not blessed with the presence of his lover-ess during Anniversary. Were you?

IN THE ABSENCE of a regular pastor, Rev. W. B. Morton, of Roxboro, preached to the congregation here on Sunday, February 23.

SINCE PROFESSOR POTEAT'S LECTURE to his Biology class on "How to Pick Out a Wife," there have been "bust ups" and rumors of "bust ups" between the students and their fair ones. We can not understand why such should be the case.

MISS GRACE GALLAWAY, of the Baptist University, visited Miss Janey Taylor during Anniversary. During her stay "The Elms" was a favorite and constant retreat of *everybody*, and the many friends she made while here wish Miss Gallaway to repeat her trip at an early date.

ANDREW JACKSON MEDLIN, Jr., proprietor of the famous Hotel Medlin, of Wake Forest, spent a few hours in Raleigh recently. It is rumored that Mr. Medlin intends repeating the trip next Christmas, but this, of course, is absurd. All hail, thou traveling, genial "Jack"! May you never leave us again!

MISS MARY LOU JOSEY, of the Baptist Female University, spent a few days on the Hill during Anniversary, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Powers.

THE ELECTION for Commencement Marshals was held Saturday, March 1, with the following result: From the Phi. Society, E. J. Sherwood, chief; J. A. Parker, second; Paul Crumpler, third. From the Eu., Raymond C. Dunn, chief; Waverley J. Dickens, second; Walter H. Crabtree, third.

MISSSES EMMIE ROGERS, Emma Harrington, Mary Lily King and Kate Dunn were guests at the "Sikes Mansion" during Anniversary. From what we can hear from Dame Rumor there were several "genuine cases" of real love contracted during their stay. At any rate, we all want them to come again.

MISSSES HESSLOP PUREFOY AND EMMA LEE, of the Baptist University, were guests of Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Poteat during Anniversary. The snow, though deep, could not keep the boys away, and they say that Prof. Poteat received many a request for board during these days. May these young ladies come out often.

THE SPRING MUSE is out in all his glory, and his best production so far is what the esteemed author has chosen to entitle "A Senior's Lament." It is hardly necessary to state that the poet's inspiration is derived from the fact that this year degrees will be conferred "Summa cum laude," magna cum laude," "cum laude," and "cum no-laude-at all":

"Cum, cum, cum, I wish my mark would raise,
Cum, cum, cum, I desire a different praise,
Cum, cum, cum morning, night and noon.
I wish I was a "magna" stead of a cum, cum, cum."

ON THE SECOND of February J. W. Bailey addressed the Wake Forest congregation on "Intelligent Denominationalism among Baptists." He again filled the pulpit here on the 16th. Mr. Bailey has a strong hold on the people of Wake Forest, both students and citizens of the Hill, and he will always find us ready to welcome him with open arms.

WAKE FOREST was favored with the presence of most of the B. F. U. Seniors during Anniversary. Miss Sophie Lanneau brought out with her her friends and classmates, Misses Margaret Shields, Estelle Johnson and Rosa Paschal. These learned young seniors remained until Monday afternoon, and, from arrival to departure, they had a genuine "rush."

DR. HUGH M. MCILHANEY, traveling secretary of the National Y. M. C. A., on February 5 spoke to the student body in interest of the Students' Volunteer Conference to be held at Toronto, Canada, sometime in March. Mr. W. W. Barnes, who was chosen to represent the Y. M. C. A. of Wake Forest at this Conference, set out for Toronto, Monday, February 24.

OWING TO THE DEPTH of the snow Professor Poteat converted his parlors into a *Lea* Laboratory, and, though his assistant lived next door, called in another and more charming one. It is reported that never before was there such good attendance on Laboratory, and that when the train pulled out on Monday afternoon a certain student of baseball fame hastened to his room to write up his *notes*. It is further rumored that these *notes* have not been looked over, as the *note-book* and *comments* have not yet been received by the aforesaid student of baseball fame. Another young man persists in pulling off his hat every time he passes the *Lea* Laboratory. Why is this?

INVITATIONS GALORE were sent, cards galore were received. Why is it that young ladies will persist in sending us those horrid little pieces of cardboard with their names accompanied by a preceding "Miss" engraved upon them? "If that's propriety, excuse me." We had much rather have a sweet little "Thanky" in your own handwriting than one of those formal *steel* engraved cards.

ALL HAIL BASEBALL! Welcome, thou prince of sports! The snow has gone, the rain has ceased to fall, the sun has come out, and every afternoon crowds of eager aspirants for the team can be seen on the diamond. And what a team we are going to have this year! Wake Forest has surpassed itself, and under the skillful management of Marvin B. Sawyer a trainer for the team has been secured. And though the entire State had been searched, no better trainer than John G. Mills could have been secured. He knows the boys, he knows the game, he loves the College, and he will devote his time and skill to making our team a winning one. He is well pleased with the progress the boys are making, and says that he could ask for no better material with which to work up a strong team. And then, what man could have been chosen out of our entire force who would have made a better captain than our genial, jovial "Reddy" Mull? His hard work on the field, his knowledge of the game, his interest in the boys, combine to make him the best of his kind, and with Mills and Sawyer by his side, we may expect wonderful results. All the boys need now is encouragement from the students. They will play the game, if you will do your part. Put up your books for an hour in the afternoon and come out to the grounds and watch the team practice. It will help you,

and at the same time will encourage the players. Again, when the match games begin, patronize them. Go out and lend your voice to the rooters, and don't get mad if the other side wins, which, this year, they are not going to do. Then off with your hats, boys, and give nine "'rahs" for Mull, Mills, and a winning team!

IT IS WITH pain that we chronicle the death of one who, like Mrs. Anna Lewis Mills, has been so long and so intimately identified with the life of our College. For nearly a third of a century she has lived at Wake Forest as the beloved wife of Prof. L. R. Mills, having been, also, before her marriage for several years a resident of the place. She came here, with her widowed mother, soon after the Civil War, to reside with her brother, Gen. W. G. Lewis, who was at that time superintendent of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad. She had previously lived at Chapel Hill, where her mother, after the death of her husband, had made her home with a view to the education of her sons. Here, in the faculty of the University, the uncle of Mrs. Mills, Judge Wm. H. Battle, was Professor of Law, her uncle-in-law, Dr. Charles Phillips, was Professor of Mathematics. She received her education at the historic Salem Academy and College.

She was descended on both sides from old and honorable North Carolina families. Her father was John Wesley Lewis, a prominent physician of Raleigh, and a native of Edgecombe County. Her mother, before marriage, was Catherine A. Battle, daughter of Joel Battle, of Edgecombe County, and sister of Judge Battle of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Mrs. Mills was born in Raleigh, October 4, 1841, and was the youngest child and only daughter of her parents.

Coming to Wake Forest a stranger, she soon won the

friendship and affection of those among whom she was destined to spend the remainder of her days. Her kind and friendly nature, her bright and cheerful disposition, her consideration and sympathy for the extremes of age—the very old and the very young—all tended to make this an easy task. To homes having inmates shut in by old age, or other infirmities, her visits carried sunshine and pleasing diversion, while over the ills of infantile life she seemed to know the secret of casting a soothing spell. She loved music, and found delight in giving pleasure to others by the exercise of musical gifts that she herself possessed.

Until near the approach of life's meridian Mrs. Mills enjoyed vigorous health, and was active in those spheres into which her relations with others brought her. For some years failing health has interfered with her participation in events of a public or social nature, and her life during these years has been passed chiefly within the precincts of the home. Here the sceptre she has borne has been a sceptre of love, and the best witnesses to the success with which she has wielded it are the returns of love, and the lives moulded beneath the roof that has sheltered her as wife and mother.

She was a daughter of the King. On February 25th, 1902, she passed peacefully into His presence.

THE SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY has come and gone. The greatest occasion of the kind on record at the College is a thing of the past. Books were laid aside Thursday afternoon, and all thought of study banished from the minds of two hundred and eighty students, eagerly awaiting the approach of the next day. Crowds of Wake Forest admirers rolled in on every train, and 3 o'clock Friday afternoon found the youth and the beauty, the

age and the intellect of the land, filing into the Wingate Memorial Hall, where the exercises of the day were to be held. The debate in the afternoon was presided over by Mr. F. Q. Barbee, who made a short and appropriate speech of introduction. The query was then read by Mr. B. F. Stafford, the secretary, as follows: "*Resolved, That labor organizations in America and England have been more beneficial than injurious.*" The debate was opened by Mr. Delos W. Sorrell for the affirmative, followed by Mr. Charles M. Beach for the negative. Mr. James Royall assisted Mr. Sorrell in upholding the affirmative, after which Mr. O. P. Dickinson closed the negative side of the argument with a powerful plea. Each speaker was then given five minutes for rejoinder, and the brilliant and witty repartees added spirit to the contest. The judges, Dr. T. E. Skinner, Mr. Robert N. Simms, and Mr. John E. Ray, then retired, and after a few minutes returned and rendered their decision in favor of the negative: "Our sympathy is with the affirmative, but our vote goes to the negative," said Dr. Skinner, in announcing the decision.

At an early hour the doors were thrown open for the evening exercises, and soon the Hall was filled to overflowing. A special train from Raleigh arrived at 6.30, and added hundreds to the already immense crowd. The engagement-fiend had, for over a month, been on the war-path, and that he faithfully performed his allotted task was evidenced by the presence of *escorts*, and the absence of that bane of social life, the stag. The exercises were opened by music from the Hollowbush Orchestra, after which the orators were escorted to the rostrum amid roars of applause. Mr. James C. Little then introduced the orator from the Euzelian Society, Mr. William Albion

Dunn, of Halifax, whose subject was "Backward Glances, Present Tenets, and Future Possibilities." After Mr. Dunn finished speaking, Mr. A. J. Bethea, of South Carolina, orator from the Phi. Society, was introduced by Mr. Robert H. Burns. Mr. Bethea's subject was "A New South in a New Century."

Both of the orations were of the highest type, showing careful study and thorough preparation. Though the speakers were handicapped by the continual buzz of conversation carried on by thoughtless persons in the rear of the hall, yet by that portion of the audience which was fortunate enough to hear them, the orations were pronounced the best for years.

After the orations were over, the audience adjourned to the Society Hall and Library for social gathering. Here, amid these classic haunts, visions of bright eyes and rosy faces flitted to and fro, and the music of ringing voices charmed the ear of many an escort. Here the "Newish," for the first time, told his tale of woe to some fair being; and here the staid and stately Senior, for the fourth and possibly the last time, told the same old story of his (much-abused) love. The "courting gallery" received more than its usual number of visitors, and, for once in its history, the sign of "standing-room only" had to be tacked above its entrance. Gaiety and pleasure held uninterrupted sway until the fast-descending snow-flakes outside gave notice of a dreadful storm. Then there was a rush for home and the "special," and the "Sixty-seventh Anniversary was at a close."



ALL WOMEN

Wine of Cardui is the guardian of a woman's health and happiness from youth to old age. It helps her safely into womanhood. It sustains her during the trials of pregnancy, childbirth and motherhood, making labor easy and preventing flooding and miscarriage. It gently leads her through the dangerous period known as the change of life.

WINE OF CARDUI

cures leucorrhœa, falling of the womb, and menstrual irregularity in every form. It is valuable in every trying period of a woman's life. It reinforces the nervous system, acts directly on the genital organs and is the finest tonic for women known. Ask your druggist for a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

Batesville, Ala., July 11, 1900.

I am using Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught and I feel like a different woman already. Several ladies here keep the medicines in their homes all the time. I have three girls and they are using it with me.

Mrs. KATE BROWDER.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

GO TO

Wharton's

119½ Fayetteville Street,
RALEIGH, N. C.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO FOR THE VERY BEST PICTURES *

Pictures made any size direct from life, or copied from old pictures, miniature to full life-size, finished in plain photography, crayon, pastel, India-ink or water-colors. Special attention given to copying old pictures. Reductions made to schools, clubs, classes and organized bodies of any kind. All work done in the best style, with the greatest care, and satisfaction guaranteed. Samples shown and prices given on application.

J. C. WRIGHT, Agent at College.
MENTION THE "STUDENT."

LAMBE & LYON,

DURHAM, N. C.

Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

Representative visits Wake Forest with samples twice every year. We solicit a comparison of goods and prices with other dealers.

DUNNING & BAGLEY, Agents.

PATRONIZE..... **WATSON'S** Raleigh, N. C.

Photograph Gallery

BEST HIGH-GRADE PHOTOGRAPHS. Prices LOW as the LOWEST for GOOD WORK. SATISFACTION EVERY TIME. A. MICHELOW, Operator.

DANIEL ALLEN & CO.,

✱ **SHOES** ✱

RALEIGH, N. C.

*For Outline and Material
For Essays and Orations.*

Address,

Colchester, Roberts & Co.,

Griffin, O.

Dress Suits

Made to Order
a Specialty.

WE have a large line of samples of the best cloths for Dress Suits, and will guarantee a Perfect Fit and Low Prices. We also have a full line of.....

Clothing, Underwear,
Hats, Shoes, Etc.

LOW PRICES GUARANTEED.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED
CLOTHIERS & HATTERS
Raleigh, N.C.

FOR...



Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles,
New and Second-hand School Books,
Stationery and School Supplies,
Wirt & Parker's Fountain Pens (\$1.25 and \$1 each),
French Candies, Fruits, Cigars, etc.,

GO TO

T. E. Holding & Co.'s
Drug Store.

NEAR DEPOT.

CROSS & LINEHAN,

210 Fayetteville Street, RALEIGH, N. C.

Headquarters for

Clothing, Shoes, Hats.

Our new Fall and Winter Styles are now ready.
Prices Guaranteed the Lowest. Our Agent, Mr.
John M. Brewer, will take pleasure in serving
you. Give him your order, and we will save you
money.

CROSS & LINEHAN,
Leading Clothiers.

H. MAHLER'S SONS,

MANUFACTURING

Jewelers and Silversmiths.

RALEIGH, N. C.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS,
SILVERWARE, ETC.

CATALOGUE OF BADGES AND SEALS now ready, and
sent on application.

Will display a magnificent line of

Young Men's Clothing Furnishings and Hats

At WAKE FOREST HOTEL, during the early Spring season. Date will be announced later. College representatives, Messrs. T. E. Brown and E. S. Green.

Sneed-Markham-Pearson Co.

ONE-PRICE

*Cash Clothiers
Furnishers Hatters*

Durham, N. C.

Representative visits College with full line of samples twice every year. Our goods are new, our styles the latest, and our prices the lowest. Save us your orders.

The International Tailoring Co.

....of NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

THE LARGEST TAILORING COMPANY IN THE WORLD

is now making suits to measure for the same prices that you pay for ready-mades. These clothes combine the latest style, finest fit and best workmanship with the lowest price, and possess individuality not found in ready-made clothing. The "International" line of samples includes everything that is nobby and up-to-date. We would like to have the pleasure of showing them to you.....

A Correct Fit
Guaranteed.

— E. F. WARD,
Agent at College.

BOYS!



PATRONIZE THE CHARLOTTE STEAM LAUNDRY

Oldest, Largest, and Best Equipped
Laundry in the State. Strictly High
Grade Work. All work left with

J. O. SPRINKLE

Shall have our Prompt and most Careful
Attention.

University College of Medicine

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Medicine - Dentistry - Pharmacy

Some Points of Excellence

1. *High Standard*
2. *Broad Courses*
3. *Thorough Methods*
4. *New Buildings*



5. *Numerous Laboratories*
6. *Complete Equipment*
7. *Varied Clinics*

For outline of the courses offered
and degrees conferred apply to

William R. Miller,
Proctor.



WHY?

Not let us make you an
estimate for printing your
School Catalogue?
See if we don't improve on
what you had last year!



EDWARDS & BROUGHTON
Printers and Binders • Raleigh



WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXI.

APRIL, 1902.

No. 7.

ALONE.

H. F. PAGE.

Now fall the shadows full and deep
Across the darkening wold;
Where serried pine trees skyward sweep,
Lie drifts of fading gold.

A sable-fretted dome of light
Now hovers like a dream,
Beneath the frowning brow of night—
Day's lingering after-gleam.

From yonder fen a song-thrush trills
His plaintive evening lay;
The sweet notes die beyond the hills,
And he, too, flits away.

From where the brooklet winding low
Threads many a rocky glen,
I hear a lisping murmur flow
And ebb away again.

Some far-heard voice next lends the vale *
Its gentle rhythmic strain;
I hear it tell some human tale,
I listen then—in vain.

From yonder belfry-crowned hill,
The slow-swung vesper tolls;
Awhile it breaks the twilight still,
And back the silence rolls.

Across the misty meadow lands,
I see a wandering spark—
A torch upborn by unseen hands—
Now lost within the dark.

Along the broom-sedge stark and sere,
Now wrapt in wreaths of frost,
I hear the night-wind stealing near—
It passes, whispering "Lost!"

"Lost! Lost!" an echo of despair
That pierces through my heart:
"For happier days—my angel fair"—
Hush! 'twill rend my soul apart.

An awful, mystic silence—then,
From out the vast unknown,
Strange phantom voices—not of men—
Repeat one word, "Alone!"

THE CASE FOR OUR COUNTRY.*

BY WILLIAM ALBION DUNN.

The history of the past is behind us. The experience of the present is with us. The future, that visionary and unexplored space, is before us. Shall we take up the pessimistic cry of the calamity-howlers of the closing years of the nineteenth century, who mistake "the murmur of their little bourg for the great wave that echoes round the world?" or shall we follow the course of the broad-minded, liberal hero who has ascended Mount Pisgah's majestic height and has seen from aloft, with prophetic eye, our grand old Ship of State, steered by the hand of Freedom, pass softly over shoals upon which other governments have been wrecked, and who, descending, tells us that so long as our helmman remains at his post our harbor is sure and fixed?

If there be any present to-night who are bound by the precepts of the former class, I ask you to bear with me, for it is my purpose to follow the course of our hero, and look, as he has done, with an unprejudiced eye upon the history of the past, the experience of the present, and point with pride to our national prosperity and to the future of a government, rocked in the cradle of Freedom, which has for its foundation Christianity, and for its motto "In God We Trust."

In the beginning the pessimist will confront me with the statement that I am basing my argument upon a barren hypothesis, and assert that neither in the history of the past nor in the experience of the present can we see the signs of a brilliant future for our republic; that

* Anniversary Oration by the representative of the Hazelian Society.

already "it is verily a thing of history—one more splendid failure added to the long list of glorious but tragic attempts of earth's bravest sons to build an enduring State upon foundations of equality and self-government." As a proof of which, they point with glee to Babylon, fallen Rome, and ancient Greece. But never were histories more unlike than that of our republic and those of these countries of ancient fame. And it is time that these ultra-democrats and anti-republicans should learn that like antecedents have like consequents when all conditions remain unchanged, but when all conditions are changed, like antecedents are followed by unlike consequents. In no particular do American conditions reproduce those of ancient republics, and to say that we are living over their lives, their literature, and their thoughts is the greatest libel on the grandest age in the history of the world.

Rome, for example, owed her existence to a fratricide. It was a refuge for the outcasts of the known world, who snatched the Alban maidens from their dreams to become consorts in their wickedness. It was born of tyranny, nourished in superstition, grew up in ignorance, and fell, as it had begun, with the assassination of the one man who might have endowed it with lasting splendor. In bloodshed began the empire; for a time mistress of the world, ruling nations by the glory of arms and the despotism of tyrants, but, worshiping images and persecuting Christians, it finally succumbed to the mighty hordes of Vandals and Huns, agents of an angry God.

Can anything in that nation's history suggest our own? The men who founded our government were liberty-loving soldiers of the Cross. They left their homes in a civilized country and came into the wilds of an unknown

continent that they might worship their God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Imbued with the sublime idea of liberty, our forefathers met the brutal attacks of frenzied savages and hewed out the pathway for the uncounted millions who were to follow, bearing in mind always that "Mightier is He that is with us than all who can come against us." Show me a higher example of patriotic ardor, of noble devotion and of willing sacrifice, and then I may say that there is another people better able to rule us than we ourselves, but not till then.

And so our ancestors, nourished in the forest wilds, loved their liberty as much as the deer which roved about them, and were as unrestrained as the breezes which murmur through the Elysian fields, and when they felt the hand of English oppression weighing heavily upon them, with such leaders as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams, they met in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, and inspired by the words "Give us liberty or give us death!" "the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." Gaining their freedom the thirteen colonies came together and formed a union, the fundamental principles of which are that the Creator has endowed man with certain inalienable rights, and that all men are born free and equal. With these principles holding it to the right, our Ship of State embarked upon a sea tempestuous with discontent, weathered the gales of rebellion, passed safely over the shoals of civil strife, and at last anchored safely in the harbor of Union and Strength.

The war of 1812 was the tie that bound the States in firmer union and strengthened the attachment of the people for the institutions they had founded. And passing over the forty years that followed, years of paper

money, inflated values, and delusion, it is sufficient to glance, in 1860, at the result of fifty years of national growth: America was a land of wonders, in which everything was in constant movement, and every movement was an improvement. Dotted over the land were magnificent cities, where only a few years before were wildernesses given over to the bear and bison and their red pursuer. Our flag was recognized and respected throughout the confines of the world. Even then our trade was competing with that of England, and the golden oars of our commerce dipped the waters of every sea, our untold resources making us sure of a lasting and ever-present place in the roll-call of nations. At that early date Abraham Lincoln had spoken words that are engraven upon the heart of every true American. Speaking of our power, he said: "At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? Shall we expect some trans-atlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined, with all the treasures of the earth in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author."

These words were hardly uttered when the muffled thunder of war, which had been so long rolling in the distance, came nearer and nearer, grew louder and louder, and at last, driven on by the cruel winds of destiny, the storm burst in all its fury upon our old Ship of State, so long riding the tranquil waters of a peaceful harbor, and the flood-tides of conflict dashing savagely upon it tore it from its mooring, drove it upon the bleak rock of dis-

union, and plunged the American nation into four long years of blood and strife.

And here, the calamity-howlers tell you, begins the decline of our republic, when, in fact, the war was our salvation. Slavery was not the cause of that war. It was only the pretense. It was the fight between Puritan and Cavalier with Virginia as the battle-ground; and the victor in the first conflict was victorious now. It was a fight to maintain the Union, to decide whether the great Union, joined with Independence, should be overthrown by the first deep-seated social difficulty it had to encounter, or should stand as an example of priceless value to other ages and other lands. How different was that conflict, waged in behalf of the Anglo-Saxon race, from those of ancient republics inspired by hireling rapine and plunder—over to-day only to begin with renewed violence to-morrow. On the other hand, when the noble Lee surrendered at Appomattox all differences were at an end; when the sword was sheathed that day it was sheathed forever; henceforth North and South were to be one. And the South's purpose may be summed up in the closing words of an address by Ben Hill, of Georgia: "Brave Union men of the North, followers of Webster, of Clay, and Cass and Douglass—you who fought for the Union for the sake of the Union, you who ceased to fight when the battle ended and the sword was sheathed—we have no quarrel with you whether Republicans or Democrats. We felt your heavy arm in the carnage of battle, but above the roar of the cannon we heard your voice of kindness calling, 'Brothers, come back, come back,' and we bear witness to you this day that that voice of kindness did more to thin the Confederate rank and weaken the Confederate arm than did all the artillery employed

in the struggle. We are here to cooperate with you; to do whatever we can, in spite of all sorrows, to rebuild the Union; to restore peace; to be a blessing to the country, and to make the American Union what our fathers intended it to be—the glory of America and a blessing to humanity." And so well has the South maintained that purpose, that to-day she is the backbone and sinew of the nation. It is true that for a time there was sectional strife, but ever disappearing—it was at last buried forever beneath the trenches at Santiago where the sufferings of the Blue were anguish to the Gray, where the sons of fathers who had fought, the one for the North, the other for the South, at Gettysburg, stepping side by side up the deadly heights at San Juan presented to the American nation once more the glad sight of the Stars and Stripes waving proudly over one great and united people.

I need not recount our political history from 1865 to 1895, for it would be merely the story of the issues of two great national parties. It is enough to say that during this period time has swept the Revolution of 1776 down "the dark stream that seaward creeps." England's interests are our interests, and the republic is not to be set upon by a combination of other races and pushed to its destruction without a growl coming from the old lion that will shake the very earth. An "English Speaking Brotherhood" is no longer an Utopian dream, and the day when America, holding aloft the banner of Anglo-Saxon supremacy, shall become the guardian of the nations no longer a thousand years. And it now becomes my duty to survey our present condition and make evident the causes that shall lead to such vital results.

Instead of persecuting our religious sects, burning seats of learning, and overthrowing the republic for a monarchy, what have we done?

To our country all denominations come, and are welcome. And this practice, some say, is the great danger to our republic, that the evils of Catholicism are upon us, that his Holiness the Pope, with his mighty legions, will blot us from the face of the earth. But even in Catholic countries Catholicism is losing its influence over educated minds, and in some cases the masses have already lost faith in it; and in this country the followers of such a creed would soon be reduced to a minimum but for the fact that their number is recruited annually by emigrants who arrive from Europe, for wherever the pure Gospel is preached the Romanist ceases to believe in Romanism. But even were such not the case, I have too much respect for the history of our grandsires who fled from Catholicism to think that their enlightened descendants would so far forget the trials and struggles of a persecuted people as to allow themselves to be subjected, soul and body and mind, to the whim of a Roman pontiff, and the superstition of a religion deep-dyed in the blood of martyrs. And hence I maintain that forever Protestantism shall be our motto, and Protestantism shall be our standard, for, saturating the English language with Christian ideas, it gathers unto itself the best thought of all the ages, and is at once, the great civilizer of man. Nor does it swerve from its mission in America. Ever teaching us to recognize the great truth that "As children of a common providence, we should render to God, our first and our latest vows," it brings us face to face with the words of the immortal Washington, more awful in their truth to-day than when proclaimed by that noble chieftain, standing in the forefront of the nation's life, that "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men

more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency." Every year thousands of missionaries go forth to preach the gospel, and there is every reason to believe that in America, as it extends its Christian influence throughout the confines of the world, lies the salvation of the human race.

As we regard the condition of the American nation, its progress and its power, nothing manifests itself more pre-eminently as the cause of our development than the intelligence of the people. The education of the masses is always of vital interest to governments, and especially is it of importance here in the United States where every citizen is a ruler, the ballot a sceptre, and every tattered hat a kingly coronet. Washington, realizing that the safety of the Union depended upon an educated sovereignty, left as a legacy to the nation he had saved only one command, "*Populus educandus est*," which has been impressed as firmly upon the minds of the American people, and obeyed as effectually as ever that famous saying of Cato of old to the Roman Senate. During the last few years men have waked up to the realization that we of this generation occupy "the Gibraltar of the ages which commands the world's future," and their gifts for the education of our boys and girls—boys and girls who are to make the men and women of the future, have been more liberal than ever before in the annals of man; and although there are men who deprecate the enormous fortunes of our capitalists, yet I am glad that there are such men as Carnegie, Rockefeller, and the Vanderbilts to amass fortunes that they may make old age glorious with their beneficence, bestowing the richest blessings of

wealth upon their fellowman, for during the past year more colleges have been endowed, more libraries erected, and more good literature circulated than during any preceding decade. And the day is not far distant when the American child, like the German, shall cry for an education, when, instead of a rattle, he shall have a Shakespeare, and for a nurse a copy of Milton. Nor is this idle prophecy when you remember that in 1776 there were only a few seats of learning, while to-day we have a university in every State, denominational and non-sectarian schools alike are wielding a mighty influence, and with the sounds of the bells of the public schools ringing from every hill-top and echoing in the valleys, there is just cause to believe that our nation has a noble destiny awaiting it.

Another pleasing feature in our national life which tends to make us sure of the eternal prosperity and welfare of the nation is the absorption of new blood by Anglo-Saxondom. In the second generation all exotic differences have disappeared, the new-comers are more Anglo-Saxon than the original stock, more keenly patriotic and more ready to resent any attack on the liberties of their chosen homeland. From the Atlantic to the Pacific there is one dominant race and civilization, one language and one type of law. That people, that civilization is American to the core; and it is this extraordinary power of absorbing and assimilating the progressive forces of other nationalities that has kept our nation abreast with the times, and which, continued, will forever postpone any decadence such as has befallen its predecessors.

Again, our superiority lies in our commercial characteristics, which ever serving as the *stimuli* to national growth,

point to our continued prosperity and eternal welfare. Few of the nations that have preceded us were traders—they were chiefly military nations. The Phœnicians and Carthaginians were, it is true, great merchant adventurers, and Solomon's galleys penetrated to the remotest coasts in search of trade, but in these isolated cases the merchant was not sufficiently alive for defending commerce against the cupidity of poorer but more military rivals. But the American has so far, chiefly owing to the mixture of blood in his veins, kept alive side by side both the commercial and military spirit; and it is this unique combination of talents which offers the best hopes for the survival of the American nation as the fittest of humanity to defy the decaying process of time.

But yesterday and the American nation was a people of consumers. To-day it reveals its power and its just pretensions to lavish on the other nations of the world its immense natural wealth and the marvellous products of its industry, for the American nation is one mighty "reservoir of seething energy." There is almost nothing that the United States does not possess except political purity, and nothing the American can not do except rest, and, as someone has said, if America has not had time to produce a Lord Kelvin it has given to the world the telephone, and if Prof. Dewar has astonished the world with his liquid air an American trust has been formed to make it effective. No other people on the face of the globe have experimented on so large a scale with new mechanical inventions, and no other people have taken such risks in construction of all kinds. But, as a result, dotted over our vast country are thousands of towns and cities the din of whose factories never ceases, where the hurry and bustle of trade are in perpetual motion. The

quiet of every community is disturbed day and night by the busy wheels of commerce rumbling in every direction over their thousands of miles of trackage, bearing with terrific speed to seaboard cities the rich products of the American farm. And into our ports come the ships of every nation to pour out their offerings upon the altars of our commercial sanctuaries, and, departing, carry with them the choicest products of American soil, teaching the world that the "youngest of the nations is the richest, and the richest as yet only begun to develop its vast resources." Already the truth of Gladstone's prophecy is dawning upon us, and America is fast becoming what England used to be, the head steward in the household of the world. Already New York is usurping London's coveted place in the financial world, and the time has come when London bankers can no longer dictate their terms to Wall Street brokers, and the coveted inheritance of Great Britain shall ere long be our own. But at this point the calamity howler, seeing the crimes of the few, and overlooking the equities of the many, raises another cry of anguish, and tells us that the "greed of gold" which overthrew Babylon, Persia, Carthage, Athens, Rome, and many other mighty races and nations in the past, now threatens our own republic. So far as he asserts that the wealth of the United States surpasses that of any other nation, past or present, he is right, but irretrievably wrong when he attributes that wealth to the "greed of gold," for its true source is honest labor intelligently applied to rich natural resources, and its true incentive, an honorable determination on the part of liberty-loving men to civilize the world. Yet even if the "greed of gold" did threaten our republic, we have in our possession, to counteract its influence, that which the

nations of the past never possessed—the power of democracy. “The voice of the people is the voice of God,” says an old Latin proverb, and for the most part it is true. The masses may err, they may misinterpret their own wishes, but in the end the voice of the people is right, because in the end they are neither self-seeking nor self-serving, always condemning injustice and according merit where merit is due. To prove it I turn to the great Schley controversy. It is true that the noble man stood condemned before the Navy cabal, but throughout the length and breadth of this land there is spread the knowledge of the gross injustice done, and already public sentiment—that sovereign in popular governments—borne on the tide of right has flooded the White House, and ere long the hero of Santiago shall receive his merited reward, and the world shall know that *not* the few but the many are yet supreme in the United States. And no matter what the pessimists may say, the millions of hard-working common people, relying upon the principles of justice, equality, and fair play that are instinctive in us do not believe that the republic is in danger, for at this time America is enjoying a veritable flood-tide of prosperity. Our industry and our trade are increasing by leaps and bounds, and we are at last beginning to realize the truth of Emerson’s words that “America is only another name for opportunity. It is God’s final effort in behalf of the human race.” We have already begun to extend our boundaries, and are pushing forward in search of fresh triumphs, everywhere displaying the keenness, the ingenuity and the almost limitless fertility of resource which have enabled us during the last thirty years to make so prodigious an advance in commerce and industry; and there is now no reason

why our nation, which owes its conception to the little islands in the North Atlantic, should not continue to grow and increase in its prestige and its power till it fills the whole earth with its shadow.

Only two years ago and our responsibilities were bounded by two great oceans. We had never dreamed that it was our duty to carry the sublime influence of freedom beyond our own borders. But suddenly, like a voice in the desert, there arose upon the stillness that seemed to envelop the nations a cry of bitter anguish, which, vibrating through the world, met an heroic response in the hearts of the American people, rejoicing that it lay in their power to carry the priceless principles so dearly cherished in the "Land of Liberty" to a people so long oppressed by the hand of tyranny. As a result of our victory Cuba and the Philippines, with their miserable conditions, are ours. We have received the honors, the burden is not ours to shun.

But no sooner had we accepted these responsibilities than the calamity howler raised the cry of Imperialism, and we were informed that our colonial policy is likely to undermine our republican institutions, destroy the simplicity of American society, and conduct us on the downward road to "that world of shadows where flit the historic ghosts of Rome and Carthage." But expansion is not imperialism, and to use the words of our late President, "No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag." As for expansion, we have been expansionists since the day we became a nation. How else is it that Louisiana, Florida, California, and Alaska, are now of the United States? It

is the policy of our government to expand. It is, and ever has been, the genius of our republic. It is one of the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon, and those who denounce this land-hunger of the Saxon race, who in days gone by attacked Great Britain and to-day are equally aggressive upon the Philippine question, forget that the whole history of the Anglo-Saxon rise and development is to be found in this extension of boundaries. How else did the 120,000 square miles of the British Isles swell to 11,000,000, and the 1,300,000 square miles of the United States territory under Washington increase to 3,600,000 under McKinley? It is true that Rome expanded and fell, but Rome's ever-increasing population was far from homogeneous. Vile despotism was the foundation of her government. The countries she absorbed were, in turn, imbued with her vices. But there is no need for any such fear in the United States to-day for, as President Grant declared, commerce, education, and rapid transit of thought and matter by telegraph and steam insure us against any such danger as has befallen our predecessors. And therefore, as President McKinley has said: "If we can benefit these remote peoples, who can object? If, in the years of the future, they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? I do not prophesy. The present is all-absorbing to me; but I can't bound my vision by the blood-stained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is anguish to my heart, but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the influence of the year just past, shall have become the gems and glories of those

tropical seas, a land of plenty and increasing possibilities; a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education and of homes, and whose children and children's children shall for ages hence bless the American Republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland, and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization."

But with these new possessions have come grave responsibilities. Only a year ago and destiny had summoned America to the Council Board of Nations. Before this mighty assembly the great Eastern question was presented for discussion, and all eyes were turned anxiously to America to ascertain the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon in the unexpected crisis, to see what part our own nation was going to play in what may yet prove to be one of the tragedies or triumphs of time. To one versed in the history of the Anglo-Saxon rise and development, the mission of America was and is plain. Edward Locke tells us that there have been three Anglo-Saxon invasions. The first in the fifth century, when the Saxons and Angles from the banks of the Elbe and the shores of the Baltic to Britain went, expelling the native inhabitants, and laying the foundation for the mighty English nation of to-day. The second invasion took place when our own forefathers, braving the dangers of an unknown sea, to this continent came. The third has just begun. An American, standing upon the rocky promontories of the Golden Gate a few months ago, could have seen an army of invasion leave the sunset coast of our republic for the Orient. This was the mission of America, "to

proclaim liberty throughout all the land"—a mission that is but the fulfilment of Berkley's couplets, that—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offering is its last."

Once more the proud statesman has seen his prophecy overshadowed. The star of empire no longer hovers over the "embroidered strands" of our Western States, but gleams fitfully above a Pacific archipelago, where, intermingled with Christianity, it sheds its rays of liberty over the broad expanse of a trackless ocean, carrying civilization and life to dark and heathen worlds.

On one occasion, when Napoleon had drawn up his troops under the shadow of the pyramids, he pointed to those monuments for all the ages and commanded his soldiers to "Remember that from yonder heights forty centuries look down on you." But Edward Locke,

"Mourning not for vanquished ages,
With their great historic men,"

commands Americans thus: "Men of this generation, from the pyramid top of opportunity on which God has set us, *we* look down on forty centuries! We stretch our hand into the future with the power to mould the destinies of unborn millions," for, as the poet has it,

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

And therefore, as Kipling puts it:

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Balking the end half won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."

Yes, truly the law of life is progression, and the watchwords of the American nation are "Onward and Upward." In reality nothing stands still. The molecules of the hardest rock are in perpetual motion. To appear to stand still is to go backward. There are no signs of such a retrogressive movement in the American nation to-day, and there is no reason why we may not look confidently forward to its future, and hope and pray that there is something after all in the visionary's prophecy that through this nation "all races shall be blessed."

And thus stands the American nation at the beginning of the twentieth century, fully convinced that the responsibilities which they are facing and the achievements which they expect to complete are immeasurably greater than those which have crowned the century of their experiment, for they know that ancient history has no precedent for the United States of America and modern history has no parallel. *The Roman Augur looked to the West to catch in the reflected light of the upper sky the first flush of the coming dawn. So look we to the past of our country for the omens of its brilliant future. We are the most defensible of nations. North and South of us are friends from whom we have nothing to fear. East and West the everlasting seas are moats of our battlements. Within our borders are all the elements of human substance and national greatness. Our ascendency is less endangered from without than was ever that of a great nation. If our problems be mighty they grow out of our might, and have the mighty to deal with them. They come to those who have never been confounded by problems, and who have never dodged one; who have solved problems just as great, and some greater than any

* For a part that follows, the speaker is indebted to a speech of Senator John W. Daniels.

now presented, and have left all behind with monuments of their solution builded over them.

We have been a world-power ever since we tied taxation and representation together and identified in one community the tax-layer and the tax-payer. It was out of that germ that arose our free Constitution. It has quickened the republic movement around the world. It has brought us the homage not only of the down-trodden who welcomed its delivering hand, but that of the powerful who heeded not its forewarning. The world republic is the vision that grows more and more distinct as we go spinning "down the ringing grooves of change." This land is already the radiant centre of Anglo-Saxon power. It is also the radiant centre of that vision. We will cleave to the principle that covered that vision. It is brighter than crowns, it is stronger than scepters, it is higher than thrones. It is longer ranged than cannon, it is sharper than swords and bayonets, it is more august than any army with banners. It marches while armies sleep, it conquers where armies fail, it floats where navies sink. It is the shield of the weak, it is the glory of the strong, it is the faith and hope of the oppressed. It is subtler than policy, it is right, and it is the destiny of nations.

The United States will live, and with them the capital city will live, expanding, multiplying, beautifying, enlightening with every turn of the prodigious wheel of which it is the axle. Our nation is an inventive nation, and will therefore live on forever. It is invention that has made war so terrible that peace foresees its bed of repose at the mouth of the cobwebbed-cannon. It is invention that is to lift our earthly being from poverty, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, unlock the Bastiles, and

open all the doors wherein lie the victims of hardship and oppression. It is invention that, whispering around the world, brings us in touch with each other though thousands of miles apart, and reminds us by its miracle as to the Author of our being, that—

"Closer is He than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet."

It is invention that will one day make the United States of the world fulfill the dream that now hovers over the United States of America. When that day comes the English language will be the universal language. Our Constitution will be the model of the universal constitution. The principle of the Declaration of Independence, that taxation and representation must go together, will be the universal principle. The flag of the stars will be blazoned with the constellation of the nations. Here will assemble the "Parliament of Man." The battle-flag will be furled. The farthest star in the heavens will bear the name of Washington, and the city that now bears the founder's name will be the capital of the universal republic.

Once again our hero, impelled by fate, has ascended the Mount Pisgah of our past, and looking down the rugged files of time, over the broad expanse of the ages strewn with the glorious deeds of heroic men, he is face to face with the Pilot who has guided us so safely and so well across the perilous bar of desolation and ruin, and as he stands there, commanding in presence, awed by the feeling of Omnipotence about him, he looks into the future and beholds, in all power and majesty, America triumphant in her new mission, and

"Beyond the century's swinging portal,
Breaks a new dawn—a thousand years."

TALES TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL.

BY VEGA.

One afternoon four members of the Junior class were lounging lazily across the bed, when someone mentioned the fact that the morrow was the first of April. Of course something must be done. After discussing various plans, it was finally agreed that the bell-clapper was to be removed, melted down, and distributed as souvenirs among our friends.

That night about half-past twelve o'clock four masked men tapped on the door of No. 45, Eu. end. It was in this room that the sexton of the society lived, and he alone possessed a key to the belfry.

"Come in!" he sang out.

And in we walked. He arose from his chair.

"Make no resistance. Your life is hanging by a brittle thread. You are in the power of four desperate and determined men. Hands up!"

"Or, in other words, we want the key to the belfry, John, and took this method of breaking the news to you."

"Well, it seems that I am helpless," said John, holding up his hands. "You will find them in my back pocket on the right."

One of the crowd pulled forth a big bunch of keys.

"All right, men," and the crowd laughingly parted.

"Well, boys, I made all the resistance I could," said the sexton as he turned again to his Livy.

Once in the belfry it was an easy matter to get on the roof, and thence at the bell. Several monkey-wrenches were produced and a bicycle lamp was lighted, and we set to work. Never did we have to work in such a

cramped position. Several times we struck the bell with the wrench; and once we saw someone crossing the campus, and out went the lamp. The wasps, whose homes filled the belfry, buzzed angrily about.

At the end of half an hour Jim poked his head out of the big bell and said: "It's no use, boys. The faculty were a little ahead of us, and they have got the thing bradded and bolted and clamped in a dozen different ways."

We were sorely disappointed. The only thing left to do was to muffle the clapper with rags. Several of us passed up handkerchiefs, and with some other old rags we finally saw the powerful clapper snugly swathed in soft wrappings.

We then descended, returned the keys with the brief news that we had been unsuccessful, and stole quietly to our homes.

Next morning the college periods were all one-half an hour late, and everybody was wondering.

I sauntered leisurely down towards the chapel, but was met by Professor Thomas. As soon as he saw me he began to grin. As he approached this grin turned into a well-controlled chuckle.

"Good-morning, Professor. You seem sorter gay to-day. I believe you had a look into the bottle last night. Confess up. Isn't that the matter with your bells anyway?"

"Now, boss, don't do that. Go 'way." And he slowly pulled from his pocket a blackened, rust-soiled handkerchief, grinned, and put it back. "Boss ——," he said, and for a moment a slow wink obscured his dull eye, always swimming in a sea of tears.

The truth came over me in a flash. My name was on

that handkerchief in indelible ink. I slipped a quarter into his dusky palm. "You are my friend, ain't you, Tom?"

"Course, boss. I always wus."

"Well, burn that handkerchief." And I walked on.

Three years later I visited the old Alma Mater, and again I met Tom in the campus.

"Good morn'ing, Tom."

"Morning, boss. Glad to see you back."

"Now, Tom, you are bluffing. You don't know who I am."

A grin passed over the funereal features; a slow wink dimmed his watery eye; and again a shining quarter was left in his palm.

Of that quarto everyone lived to grace the title of Professor.

* * * * *

Dick and I were chums. We had always been chums. One night, soon after the beginning of the fall term, he and I were strolling arm in arm through the campus enjoying the delightful coolness of the evening, when I suggested that we go up into the dormitory and call upon our old friend Fitzgerald, who had just come in two weeks late. We knocked at his door, and hearing no reply bolted in.

Now, it so happened that Fitz, in the glow of society ardor, had given up his room to a fiery-red headed newish, who, being thus interrupted, calmly turned around and said:

"What do you want in here?"

"Just come to see how you looked, newish. Pard, you had better take that polish back and get some tan. We don't want to spoil the newish's looks." And Dick

carelessly rolled a cigarette between his fingers and bent over the lamp to get a light. As he did so he mischievously blew out the light. In a trice I struck a match, and lo! there was that newish standing above us with a pistol in each hand, one, a glittering Smith and Wesson, pointing at Dick, and a large Revolutionary relic aimed at myself. As I looked down the rusty barrel I could see that it was cocked and that his hand was nervously shaking on the trigger.

"Now I would like to be left to my study," was all that he said.

"Suit yourself," I replied, and backed out the door.

"Old man, have a cigarette," I heard Dick say. "Don't smoke? Well here, take an apple. Welcome." And out he came.

"Dick," said I, "if that newish tells this we will black him as black as a crow."

But he never told it, nor did we.

* * * * *

One hot Autumn night, four Sophomores were sitting in a small, stuffy room around a dirty table heaped with books, laboriously composing a French exercise. The exercise had been plentifully sandwiched with remarks and discussions foreign to the matter in hand, and so, as the work neared completion, the hour of midnight had come on apace. In the next room we could hear a Freshman screaming in his rocking chair and reading aloud the tragedy of "Hamlet."

At last, the exercise finished, chairs were thrown back and cigarettes lighted. As the white smoke rolled up in curls, Tom Boylin said:

"Boys, let's have some fun. I've a scheme in mind which I think will work to perfection. You hear that

newish in that room? If you haven't heard him for the past hour I don't know what's the matter with your hearing apparatus. Now, my idea is to get the skeleton out of the Laboratory and *ne comprenez-vous pas?* How's that for French, Bill?"

When the quarto arrived under the walls of the Laboratory the moon was well hidden under heavy clouds. Throughout the campus there reigned the death-stillness of midnight. The skeleton was upstairs in the lecture room, and the question now arose as to who should go after it. To my alarm, all seemed suddenly agreed that I was just that person. I gave a nervous little laugh and tried to turn their remarks into a joke, but they were as serious as serious could be; indeed, quite sure I was just the person for the job. So, unwilling to show any sign of my inward quakings, I put on a bold face and told them to hoist me up.

Soon I was raising the Laboratory window. Ye gods! How it did scream! I mentally determined to oil that window next day. The more careful I was, the more it seemed to groan and grate and rub against the sides: until, at last, in sheer desperation, I raised it with a slam, when, to my astonishment, it glided up quite noiselessly.

I put my knees on the sill and reached in one hand to feel for the table. It was lower than I thought and I lost my balance and fell inward. Fortunately, the table had not been removed, and so I caught on my hands. But my right plunged into a slimy jar of water. It gave me a cold chill to think of the moulds and ferments and bacteria and hydras that were probably growing in that jar. Carefully moving it to one side, I got on the floor and wiped my hand with my handkerchief.

The first few steps I took I stumbled over several dozen

stools. A warning hiss from the outside and I crouched under the table. I could clearly hear footsteps approaching along the path. They were coming direct to the Laboratory. Through my mind passed all kinds of thoughts: discovery, disgrace, expulsion, my aged father; the home folks in the little home village. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead as I heard the methodical foot-falls stop at the window, then the sound of a match being struck. After an endless period of time, the footsteps passed on and died away in the distance, and I breathed more easily. Shortly I heard a low hiss at the window, and a voice said:

"Only a negro. He lit a cigarette here. We boys will hide out around the building. If any one comes we will whistle. Be as quiet as you can; there are several lights in the dormitory."

I mentally wished I was in my dormitory. But left alone in the empty building, I made my way as carefully as possible into the hall and began to ascend the steps. The stillness was awful. At every step the stairs would crack and creak and groan and pop in a most startling manner. I thought the building must have been very loosely constructed, and I wondered why in the world I had not noticed it every day as I went to class. The climax, however, was reached when I came to the top, for, occupied by these thoughts and many others, I took one step too many, and besides the severe shock to both my physical and nervous systems, the crash of my descending foot reverberated in a most startling manner throughout the empty building.

When stillness again reigned supreme I began to feel my way along the wall between the seats to the place where I knew the skeleton hung. Just as I got near, the

moon came out from behind the darkest part of the cloud, and shone dimly through the window on the white form of the skeleton. Someone had very carelessly left open the window, and the wind was gently swaying the arms back and forth. Never did those eye-sockets look so dark, or the teeth glitter so white! The stillness was intense. I slowly reached out one hand and touched it on the skull. It felt slimy and moist. How I cursed that crowd below, and even that innocent newish screaming in his rocking-chair!

But waiting did no good, and at last I threw the cold slimy thing over my shoulder. Its damp ribs touched my face; its legs tried to trip me up.

Again I began the descent of those screaming stairs. Suddenly I heard something rattling down the steps behind me. I stopped, it stopped; I started and it started. My heart leaped into my throat. Glancing behind me I saw that the long rattling arm of the skeleton had fallen over my back and was dragging on the stairs. I picked up the arm and stuffed its bony hand into my pocket.

Then a specially loud pop on the part of the stairs was followed by the long-expected whistle. For ages, it seemed to me, I stood without moving a muscle. Not a sound could I hear. My legs and arms became cramped, and the skeleton became very heavy. Into my mind came trooping every ghost story that I had ever heard and more besides.

But at last I heard at the window the well known hiss. "All right," said a low voice. "Come ahead. Some fellows came out of the dormitory, but have gone back now."

At last I dumped the miserable thing out the window and heard it rattle to a white heap on the grass below.

Upon our return the newish was still screaming in his chair and reading aloud. He was preparing for his first examination on the morrow. Tom, who knew him quite well, got him on some flimsy excuse to leave his room for a few moments. Bill and I entered with the skeleton. Now the under jaw of the skeleton moved in its sockets and was held closed by means of springs. We had tied a string to this lower jaw so that it could be worked back and forth, or made to clap together. I put Bill under the bed and pulled out the counterpane, which, hanging down, hid him to perfection. A woman would have noticed the disordered bed at once, but a boy—never.

Shortly the unsuspecting newish returned, took up his book and began his monotonous reading. As he read I looked through the keyhole and saw the skeleton noiselessly slipped from under the bed.

Now, as luck would have it, he was approaching the scene in the graveyard just before the burial of Ophelia. When he came to the words:

"*Hamlet.* That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground as if it were Cain's jaw-bone that did the first murder! There's another. May not that be the skull of a lawyer? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel? Ha!"

The jaws of the skeleton came together with a bony clap that made the newish jump. He threw a glance over his shoulder and saw the skeleton apparently emerging from under his bed. He leaped from his chair with such violence as to overturn his lamp, which crashed to the floor and added to the confusion. The Freshman involuntarily called to Heaven for mercy, until catching the sound of hilarious laughter outside his prayers were turned to oaths. But when he saw that his lamp was

not materially damaged, he accepted the situation with a good-natured grin and asked us all to be seated.

It is almost needless to add that he got through with distinction on his examination next day; for the question asked was: "Discuss the uncanny in Hamlet."

THE POETRY OF BYRON.

BY H. H. CRAVEN.

Lord Byron is the poet most representative of an age of denial, unrest, scepticism, and revolt against existing social conditions. His life was a determined and vigorous campaign against the moral, social, and religious order of his day. Mr. Nichol calls him the great iconoclast walking through the world striking at everything that he did not like, and seeking only to destroy. His poems, the natural expression of his life in its varied and inconsistent moods, are full of doubt, scepticism, and unbelief, with no attempt at giving us a saner view of this life, and with no ray of light piercing into the next. His philosophy of life was simply this: pleasure is all; get it as you may. Virtue, religion, society—let them give way to the gratification of the individual. Byron, to be sure, must be counted as a factor in the onward movement of democracy because he arrayed himself, with all the force of his genius, against the oppression of monarchical government and plead for the liberty of the individual. The fault perhaps inherent with him was that he confounded liberty with license. He was destructive always, never constructive. He would tear down all that was holding society up, and then advise each man to rebuild it in his own way. This policy was the worst phase of the Revolution, amounting to little short of anarchy.

Vulgarity, obscenity, and licentiousness, the most gangrenous spots on a great portion of Byron's work, were present in his earliest poems. It seems to have been his delight to shock the propriety of his maligners by giving

utterance to passions more unrestrained than he possessed, and to paint characters suggestive of yet worse than his own. Professor Trent perhaps truly says that in the most immoral of his poetry Byron did not deliberately attempt to corrupt but was merely desirous of shocking society. But while that fact, to a certain extent, extenuates his crime of impurity it by no means excuses it, and we ought not, in our admiration of Byron's splendid personality and fine poetry, to lose sight of or sympathize entirely with him in his worst moods. Here is where one must be on his guard. There is such a splendid rhetorical quality in his verse and such an utter unbosoming of the man's heart that we are prone very often to be swept on by the power of oratory and poetry to the conclusions reached and even to accept them without qualification. Byron's manner and tone inspire confidence and sympathy, if not actual acquiescence, on the part of the reader. To walk under the shadow of this great genius, without a knowledge both of the man and the time at which he lived and of which he was the exponent, is perilous to one's faith and moral character.

But thus far only the darker side of Byron has been uppermost. Let us now take a look at what is best in his poetry, for surely there must have been a great deal of good in the man whom Matthew Arnold rated alongside of Wordsworth as the second greatest poet of the past century, and whom Professor Trent regards as superior to Wordsworth in that he produced a masterpiece, "Don Juan," which connects him with the world-poets, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Milton.

Byron was the poet of nature in its sublime and sterner aspects. His misanthropic spirit seemed to find refuge and solace in the contemplation of wild and gloomy

scenery. He delighted in baring his bosom to the howling storm and in climbing the lofty Alps

* * * * "whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps.
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity."

When describing some magnificent scene or great event and giving utterance to the thoughts inspired by them, his verse rises from the realm of rhetoric into the sublimest descriptive poetry in the language. Instances of this may be found in many places in his work, but especially in the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold." The night before the battle of Waterloo, the description of the Rhine and of Lake Lemman, the storm at midnight, an Italian morning, the descriptions of Venice, Rome, Italy, and the Coliseum; of the statues at Florence, and the noble apostrophe to the ocean—who can ever forget such passages after once reading them?

The two following stanzas, the one on Rome, the other on the dying gladiator, perhaps represent Byron at his best in the "Harold." He calls Rome

"The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago ;
Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
Rise with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress."

* * * * *

"I see before me the Gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who
 won."

Byron's solitary spirit and his love of nature, rather than man, are beautifully expressed in this stanza :

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal."

But Byron was not only good in his descriptions of magnificent scenery ; he was equally apt in hitting off the characters of great men in a few lines. Besides being an art gallery filled with splendid pictures from nature, "Childe Harold" is a veritable Hall of Fame, containing the portraits of Napoleon, Rousseau, Voltaire Gibbon, Petrarch, Tasso, Dante, Cicero, and Horace. The one on Gibbon is probably as true as any. Byron says he was

* * * "deep and slow, exhausting thought,
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
 And doomed him to the zealot's ready Hell,
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well."

Another characteristic of Byron's poetry is its vein of melancholy,—what Matthew Arnold calls "the eternal note of sadness." This appears on every page of his work. There is little doubt but that this note is at times

feigned and exaggerated, for Byron posed a good deal in all his moods. But with all of its affectation, this melancholy note is more sincere than any thing else in his poetry. It may not have come from any remorse for the sins he had committed; it may have been due to a natural morbidity of temperament, to early environment, to the censure of the world, or to his own excesses—maybe to all of these combined. But, whatever the cause or causes of his sorrow, that does not take away the sincerity of his melancholy. And when we view the sadness of his life, "the strife of passion with eternal law," and the wonderful intellect, in connection with the most universally present note in his poetry, we are bound to believe that his heart never had ease; that

* * * "his voice at its best
Gives us (only) a sense of the awe,
The vastness, the grandeur, the gloom,
Of the unlit gulf of himself."

Here is a specimen of what he wrote at thirty-six, which for intensity of sadness can hardly be surpassed:

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

Another note akin to melancholy and characteristic of Byron's verse and age is pessimism. It is perhaps most finely expressed in the following:

"We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice,—'tis the same,
Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame."

Byron is not regarded as a great lyric poet, though he has left several lyrics that rank very high and which prove that he had the capacity to write a true lyrical poem. "There Be None of Beauty's Daughters," and "She Walks in Beauty," are of a very high order. Professor Trent ranks the former along with the best of Shelley's lyrical poems.

The Eastern stories are full of the genuine coloring and passion of the Orient. The "Mazeppa," "Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," and "The Prisoner of Chillon" are generally regarded as his best, the last-named having become a classic long ago. The characters in all of these stories are wild, restless, and more or less tainted with licentiousness. Byron is not to be looked upon as having personified himself in them, however, any more than Scott or any other author is to be identified with his creations. They are ideal and fanciful characters more or less suggestive, it is true, of Byron, but yet not necessarily Byron. The narrative in these Eastern stories is full of

"Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends."

As a satirist and wit Byron is the successor of Dryden and Pope. He is indiscriminate in his praise and censure, many of his passages are tainted by revolting coarseness and blasphemy, but his strokes are always telling and effective. The mighty strength, verve, and vigor of "The Vision of Judgment" and "Don Juan" are a standing monument to the genius and versatility of Byron. The pathetic tenderness and yearning of the stanza in "Don Juan," beginning, "Ave Maria! blessed be the hour," make it one of the most beautiful passages in the language. It is all the more beautiful because of its occurring in a poem of such intense hatred and satiric mis-

anthropy. This is characteristic of Byron. He is always giving us a specimen of "tempest-anger" at one moment, and of "tempest-mirth" at the next. A striking example of his falling from the sublime to the ridiculous, another one of his variations, is readily seen in the two following verses from "Don Juan." What can be more beautiful than this:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words."

How rapid is the descent in the second stanza from the above, when the poet continues:

"Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
 The unexpected death of some old lady
 Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
 Who've made 'us youth' wait too—too long already
 For an estate, or cash, or country seat."

Perhaps the man and what he did are best summed up in these lines from Pollock:

"All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
 All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
 All that was hated, and all that was dear;
 All that was hoped, all that was frank by man,
 He tossed about as tempest-withered leaves.
 Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made."

IF YOU NEVER, NEVER WILL TELL.

BY J. Q. ADAMS, JR.

George Starling's father was a minister, but this did not keep that young man from being the most popular fellow in college. Was he not as handsome as Adonis ; did he not stand at the very head of his class ; and had he not been for the past three years captain of the football team ? Yes, everybody liked Starling. He was of such a happy-go-lucky nature that with Senior and Freshman, rich and poor, he was everywhere a boon champion.

Charles DeLoach was a member of Starling's class, but in every respect his exact opposite. A stern young Puritan, preparing himself for the ministry of Christ, wealthy, aristocratic, severe, he had formed friendships with few of his classmates, and, while not at all unpopular, was regarded as a decidedly peculiar fellow.

During the early days of Starling's senior year his father left the old home, and, strangely enough, went to shepherd the flock of which DeLoach was a member.

From this incident there sprang up between the young men an acquaintance which soon ripened into the warmest friendship. Starling's growing devotion to his new friend was a puzzle to all his other college mates ; but opposite natures often attract each other, and so, perhaps, it was in this case. At any rate, the two became such chums that they roomed together, studied together, and were rarely seen apart.

One Sunday afternoon George picked up the largest State paper and read aloud the following notice :

"WANTED.—By a young lady of culture and good family, to correspond strictly incognito with a young man of equal social standing. Address communication to S, Allsouls, Va."

"I swear," he exclaimed, "that strikes me curiously. Wonder what she's up to?"

"Who's up to?" asked DeLoach, just rousing from a nap.

"Why S. Here, read that. To your pen, O Israel!"

"George, you don't mean to say you are going to write to that woman, do you?"

"Write to S? Of course I am. What is your objection?"

"Objection! You had better ask me what is not my objection. I think such brazenness as that a shame, I mean it, a burning shame to our Southern womanhood; and I am surprised, I am pained, that a friend of mine should regard such a thing lightly, much less encourage it by responding. I am"—

"Charles, crawl down from your pulpit and give me a short message for my dear S."

"If you persist in writing to your 'dear S' please don't mention it to me again." And Charles rolled over for a second nap.

Soon, however, he was aroused by George who read to him the following production:

"MY DEAR S:—I do not know what you call your social equal, but I am of a good old family and a member of the graduating class of this college. I would be pleased to correspond, but, as you say, 'strictly incognito.' If your purpose is matrimony, I am not the person whom you are seeking. If, however, as I believe, you merely

desire the romance of such a correspondence, I shall do my best to make the same interesting.

Allow me now, and henceforth, to subscribe myself simply,
R."

"What do you think of that, sleepy head?"

"To say the least, my thoughts are not very pleasant just at this moment. I want to repeat — hello! two—three—four—five. Five o'clock! By George, I must get off a letter to my sister, or she will never forgive me."

"At least, D.D., I have given you a good theme to preach to her about," was the last parting shot as he passed out the door.

In the course of a few days George received a reply from S, but he prudently decided to keep such communication from his chum. The letter was on delicate blue paper; had just the faintest odor of violet to make it distinctly feminine; and was clearly in a forged hand. It was signed simply "S."

During the next few months letters passed regularly between them. Formality was dropped, romance forgotten; and their communications soon became simple, outspoken letters as between brother and sister. Each felt sure of their incognito and without restraint poured forth their inmost thoughts and feelings.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, a strange influence came over George. He found himself thinking of nothing but S; he found himself dreaming of her, of how she looked, of what she said; and at last he found himself forced to admit that he was in love, yes, wonderfully in love with this unknown personality. And strange to say, the thought to him was not unpleasing.

The one thing, however, that worried him was that in all her letters she had never given the least sign of a

similar feeling on her part. It was always as a sister to a brother that she wrote. He feared to mention, or even to hint his love lest he break the correspondence which thus, like some delicate thread, bound his existence to that of this unknown. He moved heaven and earth to discover her identity, but in vain. Meanwhile her letters were continuing with sisterly gentleness, and he, poor fellow, was striving as best he could, to play his part. Until at last commencement time was approaching, the time at which she had firmly told him their letters must cease. He could no longer delay. He needed advice and he did not know where to find it. Go to Charles, and his Puritanical ideas would spurn the whole affair. His other college friends would laugh, pat him on the back, and say: "Quite romantic, old man; but durned if we know what to say."

George did the only sensible thing he could have done under the circumstances. He had,—for what school boy has not?—a young lady friend, the passion of his Freshman days, who had hitherto proved a sister to him. He took all the letters, went to her, made a clean breast of the whole affair, and with tears standing on his football tanned cheeks, asked her advice.

Oh, the wisdom of women! She simply smiled and said: "You big, foolish old thing! Don't you reckon if you have been loving her for nearly a year that she knows all about it? She knew it long before you did."

When George left her presence that night he had received full instructions how to write his next letter, and this task occupied him long past the stroke of midnight. The old college clock solemnly tolled the hour of two as he glided out of the silent campus and slipped a letter into the postoffice box.

A few evenings later while walking in the campus, Charles gravely handed George a delicately tinted blue envelope. And a moment later he found himself in his chum's powerful embrace. He heard snap successively his pencil and his fountain pen, and then he felt the cold ink dampen his body. But he had no breath with which to make an outcry.

And that night all that a smiling young lady said was: "I told you so!" as she handed back the following letter:—

"DEAR R:—Your letter received. No, I am not angry. Its contents induce me to attend the commencement. Perhaps you did not know that I had a friend there, but I have several. There now, that is a puzzle for you. On Thursday night as the clock in the tower strikes twelve, meet me in the Poet's Corner of the Library by the statue of Shakespeare, The watchword will be *je suis hier*. Until then our correspondence must cease.

As ever, your

S."

"Your S." What did it mean? She had never used that term before. His brain was in a whirl. Could it be? Was she indeed his?

After ages, as it seemed to George, commencement week came. All of his friends were there to see him graduate. But he was not thinking of his diploma, or of his speech, or of the high honors that he had won. He knew that S was to be present, perhaps was already there, and he was busy scanning every face. He imagined himself easily selecting her from the whole crowd by her surpassing beauty and queenly bearing.

But being unsuccessful, George finally turned himself to making Charlie's sister have a good time. Miss DeLoach was decidedly the belle of the occasion, and Charles, it is needless to say, was happy. He had but one sister,

and from the time when first he remembered himself as a barefooted boy sticking his toes in the mud, until the present, she had ever been the joy and pride of his life. And at the college which she was attending she had the reputation of being the prettiest girl that had been there in many years.

George often wondered if S would look like her. Certainly there was no one present who came near her in beauty. But he complacently thought that the week was not yet over.

The task of giving Miss DeLoach a good time proved an exceedingly pleasant one to George. Never had he known a young lady so wondrously charming. Soon he was scarcely willing that any one else assist him. And a few mornings later he awoke to the fact that he was caring a great deal for his chum's sister; that he was, to tell the truth, in love with her. The revelation came as a great shock to him. The very thought frightened him. It seemed an unpardonable sacrilege against the absent. He could almost feel the mark of a Judas sear itself upon his brow. And yet, in spite of his new passion, he felt that he still loved S, that his devotion to her remained still pure and true.

By the end of the week he was the most miserable man in existence. Again he carried his confession to his friend. She was dismayed at the sudden turn affairs had taken, and could give no advice; though she could have cried to see her plans go thus awry.

And so Thursday night came; the last night; a night, which, George felt, would mark a great crisis in his existence. As the ever-meddling Fates arranged, he was with Miss DeLoach. Never had she looked more beautiful. Under the inspiration of the soft music, the gor-

geous dresses, the flitting visions of beauty, and, more than all, the dark eyes of his fair companion, George was tempted to cast the die and end all this strife; yes, to ignore the engagement at 12 o'clock; to allow the mystery of the past to remain a mystery; and to forget—to forget? Ah! how that word stared him in the face! Even then the vague form of an S seemed to twine itself in his brain, and soft, reproachful eyes seemed to rest upon him from a distance.

Hastily he arose and excused himself upon the plea of being unwell. He went out from the hot crowded building into a secluded part of the campus and lay down at the foot of a great spreading oak. The mixed sound of the music and the laughter of the gay crowd could be heard in the distance.

As he lay there gazing into the sky his mind burned as with a fever. Must he now make a choice? He knew full well that he loved them both. To choose one meant to lose the other, and to lose one—— these thoughts were unbearable, and he lay as one dazed, while his mind occupied itself in watching the stars alternately appear and disappear between the swaying limbs of the tree.

At last he was aroused by a single loud stroke of the bell sounding half-past eleven. Scarcely knowing what he did, he stumbled to his feet and unconsciously took the path to the library. The building was entirely deserted. He sat down in the Poets' Alcove at the foot of the statue of Shakespeare, and again was lost in thought.

At last the stillness was broken by the clock as it loudly tolled the hour of twelve. George did not move. His face was buried in his hands. As the last stroke died away, and again the awful stillness seemed to settle around

him, a soft hand was placed upon his shoulder and a still softer voice said : "*Je suis hier, mein R.*"

He sprang to his feet. "Miss DeLoach ! S, S, S !" he cried, sinking on one knee and covering her hand with kisses.

The grim old statue of Shakespeare seemed to hear nothing. But what it could have heard a little later was :

"Yes, George — that is, if you promise me you never, never will tell Charles."

IN THE NIGHT-WATCHES.

C. P. WEAVER.

The night clerk lay dying. His once rotund body was wasted with disease and his usual ruddy countenance was as white as the counterpane which covered him.

Now and then he sank into a fitful sleep, only to wake with a start. Suddenly he raised himself to a sitting posture and holding an imaginary receiver to his ear said :

"All right, 673 ; No. 74 is on time ; No. 43 is fifty minutes late. Thank you, sir."

He dropped his hands to his side with a sigh.

"James," he said, "wake No. 23 at 2:15 and carry some ice-water to No. 30."

He sank back on the pillow exhausted, his face blanched and his hands twitching with excitement.

The door opened softly and with a supreme effort he raised himself again to a sitting posture, thrusting forward an imaginary register with one hand and presenting a pen with the other.

The nurse came to his bedside and offered him some medicine in a glass. For a moment he gazed vacantly at it, then shook his head.

"No, no, Bill ; I shan't drink another drop. I ain't feeling right well tonight, and besides I promised Emma and I don't mean to break my word to her. Take it away, Bill."

Again he sank into a troubled sleep. The cocks began to crow and the east began to grow light. Presently a stray sunbeam stole into the room through the window, and lingered, dancing on the counterpane.

The door opened and the day physician entered the sick-room. The night clerk opened his eyes, and beheld

him on the threshold. A faint smile passed over his wan face.

"Tom,—I'm so glad—you've—come. Last night—was—was mighty—long."

He paused for breath.

"You'll—find—everything—all right—Tom."

The voice grew fainter.

"Good—bye—Tom—I'm—going—to—sleep—now."

And the spirit of the night clerk fled with the departing shades before the rising sun.

THE LAST DAY OF THE RACES.

It is the last day of the races. The good-natured crowd who have bet, lost and won on the races for five long hot days has dwindled down to a handful of drivers, horse-owners and race cranks. The weather is excessively warm and the time made in the morning heats is poor. In the afternoon, however, a new enthusiasm seizes upon the crowd and even the horses feel that something is at stake.

They are approaching the starting point for the third time. Bang goes the starter's pistol and amid a dense cloud of dust they are off. Slowly Firefly sees herself falling behind. It is the last round. Shame of defeat goads her on. She throws her head back. Her feet seem hardly to touch the ground. She has passed two carts already. One still remains in front. The goal is in sight. She has never won a race in her life. She must win this. She gathers all her strength for the finish. It is neck to neck now and ten yards from the goal. Can she win? She must. The goal is passed. The time-keeper's voice rings out: "Half-mile heat, won by Firefly; time 1:11.

Firefly fairly staggers into the hostler's hands and feels his tender caress on her throbbing temples.

Her breath comes in gasps and jerks. She totters to her knees, sways from side to side, trembles all over, falls on her side. Blood gushes from her nose and mouth.

The race course has grown quiet now. The horses are all blanketed and taken to their stalls. Firefly's task is done. She can go to sleep now, and with a sigh of relief she closes her eyes and is dead.

MANITO THE IDOL.

Manito sighed. Even gods get weary sometimes. But Manito had been god for the people a hundred and fifty years and his father had been god only a hundred years; but Manito was made of ash and his father had been made only of pine. True it was that he had spent much of the time in the chief's wigwam, but in all his existence he had never failed to do honor to every feast-day; and what more could be said even of a god.

Manito was resplendent with red paint, for tomorrow the chief married Wannoah and Manito must be in keeping with the occasion. Then, too, there were to be human sacrifices, and Manito went to sleep smiling in anticipation of the warm blood he was to drink.

At daybreak Manito was placed on his throne. The sun flashed on him and he fairly dazzled the eye of his worshippers. The people came in throngs and sang: "Long live god Manito." The victims were brought forward and the priests whetted their knives for the slaughter. Now and then an infant shrieked as it felt the cold steel and then there was silence. The fire on the altar crackled. The fragrant smoke rose pleasantly to the nostrils of the god. The people cried louder.

Presently the door of the chief's wigwam opened. A band of braves issued waving branches. Behind them came the chief and his bride. The hubbub began anew and Manito smacked his mouth for joy.

All day the celebration went on, with new victims every hour, until even Manito was tired of blood. At sunset the crowd had all dispersed. Twilight had settled down and Manito was just getting angry because they did not take him in out of the dew to save his new paint when he heard some one call his name. He raised his head and looked. It was but a woman—the chief's last wife, wringing her hands in despair. "Oh, Manito, Manito!" she cried, "give me back my baby again. It was my only child." And she fell on her knees at his feet grasping his toes frantically.

Manito felt his heart burn for shame and he sighed afresh. The dew was falling now and Manito let it fall on his new paint without a murmur.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.	PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.
W. L. VAUGHAN Editor	J. A. McMILLAN Editor
T. E. BROWNE Associate Editor	P. R. ALDERMAN Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. A. McMILLAN, Editor.

Cecil Rhodes. We do not believe Cecil Rhodes to be the money-loving and soulless being pictured to us by so many magazines ; on the other hand, we regard him as the greatest man of the century. He was strictly a dreamer, but had the determination to leave nothing undone in the realization of his dreams.

Leaving the university at Oxford, on account of his health, he went to South Africa and became rich, returning to Oxford he completed his education and went again to South Africa, where he doubled and redoubled his fortune. But he made his money fairly, in new enterprises in that new and half-civilized country. He used his money in construction of railroads and in the erection of telegraph lines. He dreamed of all of the South of Africa to be united under one government and this under the dominion of England.

But he is charged with what has been called a "heinous and unscrupulous crime," his aiding in the Jameson Raid. He admits it, and it failed on account of some mismanagement, but had this raid succeeded it would

have only brought South Africa under English rule a little sooner. But this blunder, and the fact that he has amassed immense wealth—the latter being the chief fault of Mr. Rhodes—sinks into insignificance when compared with great and noble ideals of this wonderful man. The disposition made of his property in his will shows the man in his true light. He left the greater part of his entire wealth for educational purposes. His great aim being to bring, as he considered, the three greatest nations in the world—United States, England and Germany—in closer relations by having representatives to be educated at Oxford, he left money for this purpose. We do not believe this to be the act of an altogether mean man.

College no
Place
for Boys.

We notice after some years at college that the new men are, on the average, younger than those of the preceding year. It is all very fine to have a boy graduate at seventeen or eighteen, but parents in sending a fourteen-year-old son away from home and home influences, even if it be to some ideal Christian College, are running a great risk.

A college is not the place for boys. There is a man's work to be done at college and it takes a man to do it. And if a young boy comes to college and does this work, it is liable to hurt him for a time, and, as is often the case, for life. And if he is not able to do so much work as some of his associates, he will probably become discouraged and not do himself justice.

A college is not the place for boys. We often wonder if parents realize how many, various, subtle, and hard

evaded temptations their boy is to encounter at college. It makes no difference how high the moral standing of the college may be; it makes no difference how strict the faculty may be; the boy is subjected to the greater temptations of his life and it takes a strong moral character to withstand them. There are boys in every college who do not withstand these temptations, and it is right sad to see a boy, who you know has had the best home training that is possible, waiting for the train with his first cigarette in his mouth, and hunting for a *friend*(?) who is giving him his first lessons in the science of whist, and who, being quite liberal, offers his friends just a taste of fine wine.

Parents, do you not think that a year on the farm would do your fourteen-year-old son nearly as much good as a year at college? Would it not be safer to wait a year before sending him?

Baseball. The managers of our baseball team for the past few years have all made the grave mistake of playing most of the games away from home. It is seldom that one-third of our games are played on the home diamond. The remaining games are played under serious disadvantages. In the first place, it is a well-known fact that a team can do better work on its own diamond than on one it has never seen before. Sometimes there are marked peculiarities: for instance, in one of the games this season our pitcher had to pitch from a mound eighteen inches higher than the surrounding surface. Then, too, the enthusiasm that a team receives from the rooters sometimes wins the game for them. Besides the advantage the home team has in playing on its home diamond, it is due the student-body, who are in-

variably called upon to help the manager financially, that as many games as possible be played at home. But we can not criticise our present manager on this score, for he has had a greater number of games played here than any of his predecessors. Nor do we contend that all of the games should be played here, for we believe a trip off inspires the boys to do better work.

In speaking of ball games, we are sorry to say that there are some of our students who have not enough patriotism to come out to see the games. We place this to lack of patriotism, because we do not believe that there is a man in college who has not time to see some of the games, and further, we do not believe that there is a man in college who is not financially able to see at least some of the games, and we hope that there is not a man in college whose sanctimonious scruples forbid him from attending. Then there is a *small* class who is beneath notice to mention. They are those who view the games from afar off.

Let us have more games on the home diamond and all attend the games. But let those who attend the games from afar off either come out and pay their admission or else hide themselves in their rooms.

A Senior's Anticipations for Wake Forest.

In the current issue of the *North American Review* is an article by President Harper of the University of Chicago on the future of American colleges and universities—an article well calculated to excite thought in any college man. In reading it we have found a swarm of questions suggested in regard to our own Wake Forest. What is to be the future of our College? Is its maturity already attained? Is it to remain a small college, or is it

to grow in endowment, faculty, laboratory and professional school as the interests and needs of its constituents grow? Is it to become a university? Is it to become a satellite of some powerful institution which shall authenticate its degrees, or is it to maintain its independence, standing through all time an untrammelled leader in what is truest and best in our intellectual, social and religious life?

We hope we may be pardoned for saying that such questions often arise in the mind of one whose college life is drawing to a close. The members of our present Senior class, as well as of others, love the College and are jealous of her interests. It is not for nothing that we have spent four years in the beautiful surroundings of this campus. Athletic sports, baseball victories, debates, anniversary exercises, and pleasant associations with fellow-students and members of the faculty, have bound us in stronger and stronger ties to our College. We have our aspirations, too, for the College, and here are some of them.

First, we want Wake Forest always to remain an independent institution. We shall expect its own degrees to be sufficient without any stamp of approval from any higher institution. For this to continue, the requirements for its degrees must be kept up to a high level. We have faith to believe that this will be done and that Wake Forest scholarship will pass at par value all over the world. On the other hand, it is hard to see how there could be much loyalty or devotion to an institution whose identity was merged in that of some stronger and, perhaps, distant university.

Again, we hope that our College has not yet attained its maturity. Wake Forest has never been a small college in the sense in which that term is used by Northern

writers. By a small college they mean a college whose patronage and influence is small compared with that of other institutions in the same region or State. Judged by this standard, Wake Forest is not, and has never been, and, we hope, never will be a small college. It has grown as its patrons have grown in number and influence, and if it fulfills its mission must continue so to grow. We shall expect larger endowment, a more numerous faculty, more laboratories, and, if need be, schools of medicine and theology as well as of law. All of these things mean, of course, more money, but we expect our College to have enough and to spare if the alumni make its needs known to our people.

We hope that our College will have more and more influence on the whole life of our State. We want it to give character and tone to the religious life of our people, to make it free from bigotry, narrowness and intolerance, but aggressive, intelligent, healthful, free as the truth itself is free. The preachers that go from this place are to make the Baptist name respected for these vital points of Baptist doctrine. With such an attitude toward religion, our College will have no small place in the intellectual and scholarly development of our people. It will furnish the writers of some of the most interesting and scholarly books, and the editors of the most influential papers. Here any matter may be discussed in the clear light of scholarly truth, free from any partisanship. In everything that pertains to social betterment, such as free schools, Wake Forest will have an active, sympathetic interest. Her sons in every profession and calling will be diligent to spread her spirit and influence over the State and Nation.

And we hope that all her sons may be loyal. Now, as one thoroughly loyal to our institution, we wish to call

attention to one thing that makes against loyalty. This is the discrimination made in favor of a certain class in regard to tuition fees. We know that our College has rather been forced to this by the action of the schools under State control. But we believe that it is from a mistaken notion of kindness and duty. It is unjust to those who are the recipients of this favor, for it puts them in a false light as a favored class. Then it is felt to be unfair by their fellow-students, ninety per cent of whom, very likely, give their notes for their own tuition to be paid with interest after they leave college. This is a little thing, seemingly, but we speak of it because we believe that it does more to disaffect the loyalty of our students than all other causes. There is in the mind of every student a demand for equality; any infringement of it he resents. We hope that our trustees may soon find some way to get rid of this state of affairs without injury to the institution. It is a matter of serious import, else we should not have presumed to speak of it, nor do we mean to justify disloyalty on account of it. We only mean that if our College is to be a great college in the future, all its alumni and former students must be enthusiastically loyal. The correct spirit may be seen at an intercollegiate debate or baseball game. This same spirit chastened of some of its exuberance, but deepened and strengthened, must characterize the college man in all his future life. In everything that interests his college he will have an interest. He will be proud to be called her son. He will always be jealous to do her a service. It is just such loyalty that we hope every son of Wake Forest will have, rather we have *faith* that he will have. If this be so, we have no fears for the future. Our College will be something greater than we now dream of.

EXCHANGES.

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

The Easter number of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is replete with excellent articles, which show an expenditure of thorough work upon the part of the editors and contributors. It is the best of our exchanges for March.



The Limestone Star, neatly clothed in a white cover with gilt letters, is a welcome visitor. The stories are interesting, but their language is too grandiloquent and bombastic. The editorials constitute the best in the magazine.



The Emory and Henry Era for March is composed of well-prepared articles. "An Ideal Vacation" is a splendid story; "The Testing of a Hero" has a beautiful plot and it is thoroughly executed. The Alumni Notes and Editorials are inferior to the rest of the productions.



It is a pleasure to note the improvement in the *Georgia Tech*, as indicated by the March issue. The essays are mainly of a scientific nature, the poems are numerous and some of them have poetical merit, the editorials are varied, the "Locals" seem to be dry. "In the College World" contains several interesting facts.



The Baylor Literary for March does not come up to its usual good standard. "Martin Luther" is an interesting essay, but too brief for such a prominent person. "A School-Room Tragedy" and "Twin Brothers" seem to be void of purpose and plot. The editorials are poor, and the exchanges show that no great amount of work was expended on them.



The April issue of *The Chisel* is composed of several stories and essays; it has no original poetry. The "Character Sketch of Falstaff" is a carefully prepared essay, in which the writer admirably supplements her statements by quotations. "I Had

a Love, I Found my Love," and "The Yarrow of Wordsworth," are poorly composed. "Elizabeth" is an interesting story and entertainingly written.



The *William Jewell Student* for March is good. The enthusiasm and college spirit manifested in "How it Happened" is very commendable, and written vivaciously. The essay "Arabian Influence on Civilization" shows study and it is carefully written. "The Sheriff's Dilemma" is poorly composed. The "Exchange Department" and "Alumni Notes" show that very little energy was expended in writing them.



The *Wofford College Journal* has the essay, "Napoleon and His Marshals," which is composed of brief biographical sketches. The writer has a subject which ought to be discussed at length, whereas he treats it in a few pages. The purpose in "Reuben—A Story" is creditable, but it is written disconnectedly. "His Sacrifice" is an imitation of a well-known poem. The poem on "Hope" is pretty and well-executed; the editorials show a diversity of reading matter.



The March issue of the *Vanderbilt Observer* is very good, and we regret that we have not been favored with a copy for every month this session. After a perusal of its neatly printed pages, we pronounce the essays, "Cuba's Need and America's Obligation" the best-prepared article in it. "The First Leap Year" is a bright, unique story; "A Suicide" is interesting. "Henry Timrod" is a brief biographical sketch, wherein the writer truly says, "the students and literary minds of the South have to some extent neglected Timrod, and, in fact, all of our Southern authors."



We acknowledge receipt of the following: *Blue and Gold*, *Polytechnian*, *North Carolina University Magazine*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *The Philomthean Monthly*, *The Hendrix College Mirror*, *The Central Collegian*, *The Shamrock*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Roanoke Collegian*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *Howard Collegian*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *The Cento*, *The Carolinian*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor pro tem.

'85. J. A. Beam is Chairman of the Board of Education of Person County.

'87-'90. Mr. Lee Battle is a most successful cashier of a bank in Greensboro.

'97. C. M. McIntosh is Superintendent of Public Instruction of Moore County.

'95. J. L. Griffin is Superintendent of Public Instruction of Chatham County.

'91-'94. Eugene Colwell is manager of a new insurance company in Greensboro.

'86. E. P. Ellington is Superintendent of Public Instruction of Rockingham County.

'96. J. Henley is doing well teaching and as pastor of one of the churches in Greensboro.

Samuel M. Brinson, A. B., '92, has been appointed Superintendent of Schools for Craven County.

'79. Dr. J. T. B. Battle is doing well as physician for a large insurance company in Greensboro, N. C.

'99. Mr. Chas. M. Heck has been elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

'95. Rev. W. C. Newton, pastor of First Baptist Church of Greensboro, is holding a successful revival in his church.

Mr. Tom Murphy, a law student at Wake Forest in 1900, is practicing law in partnership with Solicitor A. L. Brooks, of Greensboro.

'96. Rev. David F. Lawrence has just secured \$15,000 "for erection of a new church at Andalusia, Ala., where his labors have been greatly prospered.

'98. Rev. D. C. Britt writes from Rockingham: "There is a bright future before our church here. We are in touch with three factories and the fourth is to be built soon. New members are received frequently."

'96. Rev. W. C. Barrett has accepted the call to West Durham church. He will retire from Buie's Creek Academy in May. Our denomination has no more substantial young minister than he, and our cause at West Durham is perfectly safe in his hands.

'97. Pastor S. J. Beeker writes from Leaksville: "The Pilot Mountain Union was very good. The rain kept many away, still there was much interest in the work. Some steps were taken to raise our pledges to the University. Our hearts beat loyally to this great work as for every other."

'94. Rev. C. M. Billings resigned the pastoral care of our church at Waynesville, Sunday, after a short and successful ministry. Under his work quite a number have been added to the church, and the Sunday-school has grown considerably. We hope he will remain in our State.

Knoxville, Tenn., March 23.—'44-'45. Robert Redd Swepson, one of Knoxville's richest citizens, died to-day at the age of seventy-seven. He was a Virginian by birth and owned the Richmond, Va., street car system during the Civil War. He removed to Knoxville in 1866. Since coming here he has been a banker and business man. He had been President of the Knoxville Gas Company since 1876. Mr. Swepson never married, and his estate, which is worth probably \$1,000,000, will be divided among his relatives.

'73. Why did not Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., having selected a well-known text from which to draw his title, boldly make it "The Ethiopian's Skin," instead of *The Leopard's Spots*, as he has done? It would have been more appropriate for a story which tells the woes and struggles of the South with the negro from the dark days of "the Surrender," through the darker ones of Reconstruction, down to the present day. It is an historical novel—of that there can be no doubt—and an interesting and valuable one; the Southern point of view is well worth having. The horrors of carpet-bagger, scalawag and negro rule are past; the record is not one for Northerners to be proud of. Mr. Dixon spares us nothing; conditions as they were are placed before us from the standpoint of the Southrons upon whom they were forced; the triumph of the white man is told with restraint, but the problem remains, Mr. Dixon just touching upon Northern

inconsistency, which loves the negro in the South, but ostracises him more pitilessly in its home than is done there. The author sees no solution of the problem. Booker T. Washington's plans, if successful, will but intensify it, he holds; the question of white or negro supremacy will but be made more acute by the civilization of the negro, and his strengthening by material well-being. This book is contemporary history, a serious and, withal, an intensely interesting discussion of the greatest of all internal problems which the American people will be called upon to confront in the near future. It should be widely read in the North, as well as in the South, where it is sure of a large audience.—*The Book Buyer*.

CLIPPINGS.

SPRING.

Icebound rivers break your fetters,
Forest giants live again;
Gird on robes of gentle Springtime,
Shake off winter's icy chain.

Voices may greet thee, Springtime,
Welcoming the emerald sheen
Strewn by thee in places dreary,
Mortal eye hath never seen.

Silent as the dews of evening,
Gentle as a mother's voice;
Comes the merry vernal season;
Greet her coming, shout, rejoice.

—*Philomathean Monthly*



HIS LOST LOVE.

Do you hear the winds a-sighing?
And the creaking limbs a-crying?
'Tis for you they weep.
'Tis for you the forest's speaking,
In the language of its creaking—
Calls you from your sleep.

Listen to the notes of pleading,
Hear! and pass us not unheeding,
Tho' thy form be cold.
Breathe again the words "I love thee":
Whisper that there's naught above me
Like our love of old.

While my coming you're debating,
Whisper that e'n now you're waiting
 With your love for me.
Tell me it will perish never,
That you'll keep it for me ever—
 'Till eternity.

Do you hear the winds a-sighing?
And the creaking limbs a-crying?
 'Tis for you they weep.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. A. McMILLAN, Editor.

APRIL! Cold weather, fires, "straw hats and Oxfords."

MISS MARGARET ETHEREDGE spent some time visiting Miss Mattie Gill, the latter part of last month.

MISS JULIA JOYNER, of Franklinton, was the guest of the Misses Pritchard for a few days in March.

MISS MINNIE HOLDING, who is now living in Sanford, spent a few days with her sister, Miss Nellie, who was sick.

MISS LIZZIE CADDELL, of the Salem Female Academy, was called home on account of the sickness of her father. She will not return.

DR. H. L. MOREHOUSE and Gen. T. J. Morgan, of the Home Mission Society of the Northern Baptists, were visitors here March 14, in company with President Meserve, of Shaw University.

LAST MONTH Dr. Walter Sikes delivered the address before the Cary High School, and spoke at the celebration of the Thomasville Graded School.

MR. ROBERT WALTERS and family, who became so much attached to the Wake Forest people during his stay here as railroad agent, have moved to Florida, where they will make their future home. We regret very much their departure and wish them much success in their Southern home.

PROF. J. B. CARLYLE lectured at the Baptist Female University on the evening of March 1, on "Woman's

Tasks in the Larger Life of To-day." We understand that on this occasion Prof. Carlyle, who is always good, even surpassed himself. The student-body can understand why he should do so well, for he has since been heard to remark upon the inspiration of such beautiful faces.

EIGHT MEMBERS of the Graduating class have been chosen to speak on Commencement Day. From the Eu. society, Messrs. Scarborough, G. T. Stephenson, Sikes and W. A. Dunn; from the Phi. society, Messrs. Bethea, Sorrell, Walker, and Woodruff. As there will be no valedictorian this year, it was necessary to have eight instead of six speakers.

ON THE 24th, Prof. Lanneau gave a lecture in Leigh Hall on "Historic Features of Charleston and Her Exposition." He first told us of the plan and purpose of the Exposition, and then took up the places of historic interest in and around the city. Having lived in the city during his early year, he made his descriptions so real that we almost felt we were visiting the city. He showed by his enthusiasm that he has not forgotten to love the city of his childhood.

WE HAVE had an unusual number of Senior speakings this term, even having two in one month. On the evening of March 15, four of the Senior class made addresses in Memorial Hall, Dr. Taylor presiding. The first speaker, Hartwell V. Scarborough, a prospective farmer, spoke of "The Educated Farmer." Then followed R. P. Walker, who presented "North Carolina's Greatest Son;" Allison W. Honeycutt on "Anarchism and Its Treatment;" W. E. Woodruff on "Columbia's Well-Springs." Then on the 28th came the last Senior speaking of the term. The speakers and subjects were

as follows: G. T. Stephenson, "College Men as Leaders;" L. T. Vaughan, "The Peace Conference at the Hague;" and J. C. Sikes, "A Discontented People." On both occasions music was furnished by the Wake Forest Amateur Band.

FORSOOTH Wake Forest is rapidly becoming a fountain head of oratory, and, despite its past success in this line, it has lately developed one of its most successful lecturers in the person of Dr. Thomas Jeffreys. Dr. Jeffreys has not as yet decided to make lecturing a vocation, but has several times consented to appear before his home people. On the afternoon of March 1, he spoke to a very appreciative audience of students and citizens, and his success was great. He was introduced by Dr. Sikes, who, in the course of his very flattering remarks, said, "Many distinguished men have spoken from this platform. Ransom, Vance, and others have stood here, but never before has this gentleman given us that pleasure." Dr. Tom spoke from manuscript and limited himself to exactly one hour. He was very patriotic, and we think Wake Forest has no more loyal soul than Dr. Tom. We have a copy of the lecture, but for want of space we can not publish it. The lecture was under the auspices of the Amateur Band.

ALTHOUGH we have been without a pastor for several months, we have been recently favored with some very excellent preaching. Rev. A. A. Butler, of the Fayetteville Street Baptist Church, Raleigh, filled the pulpit March 9. On March 16, Dr. W. C. Tyree, of Durham, preached morning and evening, and on Monday morning following delivered a talk to the student-body. Dr. Tyree is one of our strongest preachers, and none appre-

ciated his visit more than the students. On the evenings of March 18 and 19, Dr. Edwin Poteat, of Philadelphia, preached, and on the morning of the 20th spoke to the students in chapel. As the brother of one of our professors, and as one of Wake Forest's strongest alumni, he is always welcomed. On the morning of March 23, Rev. G. T. Adams, of the Central Methodist Church of Raleigh, came over from the District Conference at Youngsville and filled our pulpit. On the evening of the same day, Rev. M. T. Plyler, of Louisburg, preached. These gentlemen are alumni of Trinity College, and have both met Wake Forest on the football field. They are strong men and their sermons were thoroughly appreciated by the Wake Forest people. We hope they will come again.



MOTHERHOOD

The greatest ambition of American men and women is to have homes blessed with children. The woman afflicted with female disease is constantly menaced with becoming a childless wife. No medicine can restore dead organs, but Wine of Cardui does regulate derangements that prevent conception; does prevent miscarriage; does restore weak functions and shattered nerves and does bring babies to homes barren and desolate for years. Wine of Cardui gives women the health and strength to bear healthy children. You can get a dollar bottle of Wine of Cardui from your dealer.

WINE OF CARDUI

143 Market Street,

Memphis, Tenn., April 14, 1901.

In February, 1901, I took one bottle of Wine of Cardui and one package of Thedford's Black-Draught. I had been married fifteen years and had never given birth to a child until I took Wine of Cardui. Now I am mother of a fine baby girl which was born March 31, 1901. The baby weighs fourteen pounds and I feel as well as any person could feel. Now my home is happy and I never will be without Wine of Cardui in my house again.

Mrs. J. W. C. SMITH.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department", The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXI.

MAY, 1902.

No. 8.

PLANTING THE TREE.

G. W. PASCHAL.

[Read at the planting of a tree by the first class of the Baptist Female University.
April 9, 1902.]

Come, class-mates, class of nineteen-two,
Before we leave this loved demesne,
We'll strive some living work to do,
Prophetic to the years unseen.

We plant with loving hands this tree,
This seeming-lifeless, little shoot,
Yet wrapped in it hope still may see
Wide-spreading branch and deep-shot root.

And O, ye winds, pray gently blow
Through all its youthful, untried time;
Enriching rains, your drops bestow
To swell its bud and haste its prime.

And as it lifts its leafy crown
To sun and star from year to year,
May she, our Mother, win renown,
Grown to our hearts dear and more dear.

And here, O tree, beneath thy shade,
'Mid sifting flakes of sun-sown gold,
Shall come to rest the love-lorn maid,
And secret converse with thee hold.

We then shall lie, O living tree,
Where we may hear no rustling gust,
Our message then must rest with thee,
With thee we leave this sacred trust.

O, breathe it true in gentle strength,
That we, our Mother's first-born care,
Send sister greetings down the length
Of all the years, with this our prayer—

“ O, may our College ever grow
In power and truth, and in the love
Of all her daughters, may she know
The guidance of an eye above.

“ So we will strive her work to do,
To beauteous learning lend the mind,
And keep our aspirations true,
To God and life and humankind.”

MEMORY.

BY J. K. HENDERSON.

"Next station's Hamlet! Change cars for Richmond, Portsmouth, Washington, Baltimore, and all points North!" So shouted the conductor on the Carolina Central train as he was nearing the village of Hamlet, in the early days of Reconstruction, when many a brave Southern hero was laboring to reorganize his business and re-establish order and industry in the midst of discord and desolation. One such was among the passengers who changed for the Seaboard train, Col. T. S. Memory, of Whiteville, who was now on his way to New York to purchase a new stock of goods. As he entered the car he observed a well-dressed and intelligent looking gentleman seated by himself; and, approaching him, he said:

"I see you are by yourself, and, if you have no objection, I shall be glad to enjoy your company until your better business calls you to leave me as I have found you."

"Certainly, sir," said the other, "I shall be glad to have your company so long; unless your better business calls you sooner to leave me as you have found me. Sims is my name, and they dub me Colonel in the State of Georgia. I am from the city of Sherman's firebrand, where I long had a lucrative business in merchandise, until Sherman, the foul fiend, with the infernal flames consumed my home and my goods in the general wreck of the city. I am now on my way to New York to buy a new stock and reorganize my business."

"Well, is it possible," said Colonel Memory, "that I have found my second self to furnish me company to New

York and back? I am Colonel Memory of the Old North State, and the little town of Whiteville. And although I have not been burned out, my business has suffered almost as bad a fate by the devouring demons of war and the loss of currency in our defeat. I am a merchant also and bound for New York to replenish my stock; that with a full store and small profits, I may inspire my customers with courage and zeal to pick themselves up and face this new order of things with the same fortitude and cool daring with which they have so long faced the Yankees' hot lead and steel bayonets."

"Then we are happily met," said Colonel Sims, "and perhaps profitably so. If we may make our purchases together, the larger discount which we shall receive will render this a profitable meeting."

They did make such an arrangement, and, in their dealings together, became very much attached to each other before the journey was completed.

"Hamlet!" cried the conductor, as they were nearing this point on their way home. "All out for Hamlet! Change cars for Wilmington."

This was the signal for the colonels to separate; yet they seemed loath to do so, and held on to each other's hand until the train was about to pull out. Then they let go their grasp and Colonel Memory left the platform.

"Remember me," said Colonel Sims, as the train rolled out, "If you can find time to think of so poor a thing."

"As long as my name's Memory, I assure you," said his friend, "and I hope you'll think of me and give me a line occasionally."

"I will," said Colonel Sims, "But you hardly need to have made such a request; for I have been blessed with a good Memory on this trip. And just now I remember that your better business has called you to leave me first,

but not altogether as you found me." The increasing distance between them forced an end to these parting expressions of friendship and left them to other amusements.

When Colonel Memory reached his home he found good news awaiting him. Since his departure his home had been blessed with the arrival of a little stranger, who had come to increase the joys of life and sweeten the toils and cares of the day with new hopes and aspirations.

"What shall we name him?" asked Mrs. Memory, as her husband stood gazing at the little creature wholly lost in reverie.

"Sims," he said as promptly as Zacharias said "John" to his cousins. And Mrs. Memory was as much astonished at his, as they were at Zacharias' answer.

But he soon unfolded to her the secret of his ready decision; and his next pleasant task was to inform Colonel Sims, and here is the letter he wrote him:

"I found in my home a wee boy when I came,
And I have been pleased to give him your name.
Sims Memory we call him; so do not forget
That while Memory lives I remember you yet."

Colonel Sims was not the man to be surpassed in expression of appreciation for deeds of kindness, nor was he out-colonelled on this occasion. When he reached home he was also greeted with the pleasant news of the late arrival of a little girl; and on receiving this recognition from his friend, he wrote the following reply:

"I am pleased to acknowledge your kind recognition,
And inform you of my most delightful addition;
And also to show by a worthy donation
The depth of my feeling and gratification.
I, too, found in my home a wee girl when I came,
And now, say,—do you care for the little girl's name?
Memory Sims is her name, and I give her to you
For the bride of Sims Memory if Memory is true."

Time passed on and brought its changes. The colonels grew negligent and then indifferent and communication between the two men finally ceased. But the children were often delighted, as the years passed by, with the stories told them of the agreement of their fathers ; and as they grew older they cherished more and more fond recollections of these early impressions. The little girl especially was so deeply impressed that her childish fancy created a lover in the very name Sims Memory, which she cherished in her imagination until, as she grew into womanhood, she found herself loving devotedly, for all she knew, a mere name, or the ideal of her own creation which the name represented to her.

Her father had been dead for years and her mother was now quite feeble with age, and what must she do ?

She had finished her education and the gallant young men of the city were offering their courtesies and seeking to gain her favor whenever an opportunity presented itself. Why should she receive them so coldly and dream of the uncertain love of one she had never seen ? Could she not choose from among them a worthy young man to whom she could trust herself, on whom she could look with pride and say, with assurance, "My husband!" When she would thus reason and question her duty, dreams which she had cherished so long would break into her meditation so persistently as to claim for Mr. Memory the right of a marriage contract.

"But what if he's already married or dead, or a worthless jade, despised by all honest people ? I risk too much in yielding to these phantoms and shadowy dreams when many a lad, here at home, whose merits are known and admired, would take me and love me and call me his pet and make me a beautiful home, and never wish for a happier hour than that which he spends in my presence."

Thus she would attempt to forestall her futile castle-building by observing its meager chances for realization in the midst of present favorable opportunities. But feelings are stronger than reason, and this attempt to consider lost or dead or unworthy the only one whom, she fancied, she had ever loved or could love, instead of schooling her into submission to what seemed the wiser course, only brought feelings into activity which were quite beyond the power of reason to subdue or the will to control; and the agitated girl burst into tears and went and locked herself in her room until she could quiet her troubled mind. She remained locked in for some time and then suddenly threw open her door, walked briskly across the hall to her mother's room, and entered with a look of contentment and a pleasant smile on her face.

"What's the matter, daughter?" asked Mrs. Sims, observing her unusual briskness and positive look of decision.

"Nothing, mamma," she said, "only I am going to write to Mr. Memory."

"Nonsense!" said her mother, "what are you talking about? You know you are not going to do any such thing."

"Yes I am," said her daughter, mildly. "I am going to write Colonel Memory and tell him of my father's death, and of the interesting stories he used to tell me of his friend Col. T. S. Memory, whom he met on his way to New York, and of his giving me away the week that I was born for the bride of this colonel's son,—whose name he said was Sims Memory. I shall ask him if the young Mr. Memory is living, and how he bears himself, and whether he ever thinks of the little girl in Georgia who bears his name."

She did write Colonel Memory; and as he read the letter it brought so vividly to his mind his old friend—now in his grave,—the peculiar coincidence of their meeting and after-experiences, and the rapidity with which the years had passed, that his eyes began to fill with tears, and he handed the letter to Mrs. Memory and went to call his son. While Mrs. Memory was reading she heard the voice of her husband calling,

“Sims! Sims! come here, quick!”

Just as she finished, her husband returned, followed in a moment by Sims, who asked rather anxiously—

“What’s up now?”

“Sims, here, read this letter,” said the Colonel, as he took it from Mrs. Memory and gave it to his son.

Sims read with difficulty, trying to seem undisturbed by his mother’s outbursts of laughter as she watched the crimson come and go in her son’s face while he was reading.

“Well, Sims, what are you going to do about it?” enquired Mr. Memory, as soon as his son had finished the letter.

“What are you going to do about it?” demanded Sims, promptly. “It’s to you.”

“But it’s concerning you,” said his father, “and you must answer it.”

Sims consented without much persuading, and, going to his room, wrote the following letter :

MY DEAR MISS MEMORY:—Father has received your letter and turned it over to me; for he says it concerns me, and that I must answer it.

I have often thought of you and wondered if I ever should see you. Many delightful dreams I have had of visits to the beautiful Southern metropolis, where I pleasantly whiled away the time in the most lovely parks and flower gardens, always charmed with your smiling

face and sparkling eyes, and the ring of your cheerful voice, only to wake in disappointment and long to dream again.

But not alone in slumber have I dreamed of the joy of your presence. My imagination has furnished me means of enjoying many a lonely hour; as I have often fancied that all the world were yours and you and yours were mine.

I have brought you to my own little village and showed you our lovely walks, and carried you to lawn parties and picnics, and down to the beautiful Lake Waccamaw. In fact, I have had you on that longer tour, to New York, Chicago, and the Niagara—but no more of this.

I am living, unmarried, and in good health; but as to "how I bear myself," you should learn from another's pen.

I send you my picture with this letter and wish for yours in return, for which I am anxiously waiting. Until then I must be content to dream.

When Miss Sims received this letter she was unable to refrain from weeping, but, like Miranda of the "Tempest," chided herself for weeping for what she was glad of.

She immediately sent her picture, as requested, and wrote Mr. Memory of her delight at receiving his letter, and how well pleased she was with his picture; and informed him that she would be pleased to see the original at his very earliest convenience.

When Sims showed the letter and picture to his father, the old man said, with a twinkle in his eyes—

"Sims, you must be off right away!"

The very next train that pulled out from Whiteville had on board a young man bound for Atlanta, and on that same day Miss Sims received a telegram that put her parlor in artistic style and her in her prettiest dress."

Sims arrived in due time and found a hearty welcome awaiting him; and during his stay in the city he felt that he was more than realizing the fulfillment of his most fanciful dreams. The one subject that claimed their attention most, and the real import of the visit, will appear from what followed.

After two days Mr. Memory returned to North Carolina; but only to make preparation for a still more delightful visit with a more positive purpose in view. Within a fortnight he was back in Atlanta, accompanied by a number of friends. The Sims residence was draped in profuse decoration. A company of merry folk had assembled and were joyfully passing the time when the North Carolinians arrived. Soon the two companies had blended into one and were in the heartiest enjoyment, when a carriage rolled up and a tall figure in clerical costume alighted. There was silence then in the merry company, except an occasional whisper, while Mrs. Sims met the reverend gentleman at the door and showed him into the parlor. Then all were summoned within and silence prevailed for awhile. But anon delightful music was filling the air, for all the world like a wedding march; and on the following day the papers announced that Sims Memory had married Memory Sims.

SOME HINTS ON ATTENTION.

G. F. EDWARDS.

To every student of practical psychology it is evident that often the most progressive students have weak mental faculties for original thinking; while, on the other hand, those who have little capacity for learning rapidly are often very strong students. There may be many causes for this difference in students, but the most patent one is the inability to fix and hold the attention. It has been said that great intellectual achievements turn on the ability to concentrate the attention. Newton claimed that his success was due to this power. Helvetius declared that genius is nothing more than continued attention. It is obvious to all students that attention is a condition of all intellectual achievements, and the power of strong concentration is indispensable to success in any direction.

The failure of a great majority of students to recognize the relative laws of mind and body, as well as those of the mind alone, is responsible for a great deal of mental inefficiency and loss of time. It is therefore the object of this article to point out a few laws that condition attention, and to make some suggestions which the writer hopes will be of some value, especially to young students.

Before attempting to study the student should first satisfy all his physical needs, and, if possible, make himself perfectly comfortable. Many students not unfrequently spend a whole period of study trying to concentrate their attention when, on account of neglect of exercise, it is absolutely impossible. The consequence of this neglect is the prominence of the feelings. Nervousness, mental lethargy, and often indigestion and other

morbid conditions of body, are the outcome of continued neglect of physical exercise. "Feeling and cognition, and therefore attention, are always in inverse ratio," and when the feelings are sufficiently strong to attract the attention the will becomes unable to direct the mind successfully to any other object. When it is known that mental activity and progress in studies are in proportion to the degree of attention, the importance of preparing the mind and body for study will be readily seen. In nearly all schools and colleges in which physical exercise is not compulsory, many students fail to take advantage of gymnastics and outdoor athletics. The most common excuse for this is the lack of time. The truth is that he who works under the disadvantages just described, will accomplish less than he could do in half the time under favorable conditions. Yet there are thousands of students who go through college without realizing that their so-called economy of time is false. Not only should the body be well exercised, but the student should seek some object of attention that will have a pleasing and restful effect upon the mind. Prolonged and straining study leaves the mind in such an exhausted condition, the tendency to reflect upon the studies and to direct the attention towards the consequent feeling of fatigue are so great that rest comes very slowly unless some pleasing and interesting object is brought before the mind. When physical exercise and mental relations are secured by the same means the exercise is ideal.

But with all possible preparation, and with the mind in perfect condition, we are unable to hold the attention closely upon any subject we may choose. Something else is lacking, and that is interest. All persons possess

by inheritance certain natural and native interest; as, for example, the desire for possession, curiosity, ambition, love and fear. To these all other acquired interests must be joined. The student who has no intellectual curiosity or desire for the possession of knowledge finds no interest in text-books. It would be practically impossible for him to study unless he can join the acquired interest of study to some one of his native interests, for where there is no interest no great amount of success can come. On this account the curricula of most colleges have undergone a change, giving the student a very large number of electives. Strictly speaking, it is impossible to create an interest in any subject, yet it must not be inferred that effort and interest are incompatible. In order to become interested in any subject, when it does not within itself yield a pleasing effect upon the mind, the student should determine what part the study of the prescribed subject will play as a means in accomplishing his desired end. As soon as he concludes that the mastery of a particular subject is necessary for his fullest development, or in any way indispensable in securing a desired end, interest will be a natural consequence. Frequently the great incentive to many students is simply to excel, and thus gain prominence among their fellow-students and the respect of the faculty. On the other hand, those who take a broader and more practical view, will see a greater importance of a prescribed study and will generally possess a deeper and more lasting interest. Again, it should be remembered that a pupil, on fixing his attention upon what seems at first uninteresting, may find his thoughts gradually attracted and chained. While the effect of novelty in attracting and holding the attention is very great, it is nevertheless

true that the better acquainted we become with a subject the less exertion of the will is required to hold the thought upon it. This is more evidence that interest and effort are compatible.

One of the most common habits of young students, and one that is very fatal to mental efficiency, is that of thought-wandering. If the chosen object of attention is not very absorbing, or if the mind is fatigued, the tendency to seek other objects of attention is very strong. It is impossible for even a well-disciplined will to hold the attention continuously upon any subject for a great length of time. But young students often take a delight in this change of objects of attention, and encourage, rather than restrain, the habit of thought-wandering. Even in studying so absorbing a subject as mathematics, the untrained mind is constantly flitting from one thing to another, and the student finds himself not infrequently enjoying the memory of some pleasant experience or building an aircastle. The extent to which this habit can be cultivated is remarkable. It is needless to add that every one who follows an intellectual life should strive to overcome the habit of thought-wandering. It may require years of study before one becomes able to hold his attention upon the unimpressing, but since it is one of the great objects of education to acquire this ability, we should not be discouraged, however great the difficulties may be.

While the function of the will is to direct and hold the attention, the will can not perform its work unconditionally. One of these conditions, and perhaps the most important one, is the change of subject. If the mind is centered upon one subject that does not change, unconsciousness is an immediate consequence.

It is evident from this that attention, which is intensified cognition, is made stronger in proportion to the rapidity of change of subject. When once the freshness of novelty is exhausted, it requires more and more effort of the will to hold the attention on the chosen subject, and the stage is soon reached in which the mind absolutely refuses to prolong its exertion, no matter how great the power of will is brought to bear. Since the subject must change in order to win the attention, it is advisable that the student carry several lines of work at one time and that he make frequent changes in his study. Every one has observed that the mind, completely exhausted by one subject, can often be strongly attracted by another. In this connection, however, we must not fail to recognize that what is often attending to one thing, is the following of a series of connected impressions which give a continuous chain of stimuli to the mind. For example, in the study of a mathematical problem the *centre* of attraction is constantly changing; or even in a prolonged attention to a small material object, as a flower, there is a continual transition of mind from one aspect to another.

Again, attention comes by beats. It is rare that any mind is strongly and continuously applied for a great length of time. Hence it is very necessary that the student should not apply his mind too long, but with all possible intensity. The necessity also of making one's environment congenial to study is obvious, yet students are often very careless in the selection of their rooms and in taking other useful precautions against mental distraction.

It has been already remarked that one of the great aims of education is to discipline the will until it becomes

the master of attention. Nothing less than rigid discipline will accomplish this, and we should not suffer the effect to be marred and counteracted by the habit of "skimming" or inattention. It is often necessary to glance through the columns of a newspaper to get a general idea of the news, but if this practice is carried too far in our studies it will be detrimental to any student. Students, especially in the department of English, not infrequently read light matter in a careless, unsatisfactory manner in order to pass an examination. There is also more or less "cramming" done for examination.

Indeed, some students become so expert in this that, with even a vague idea of a subject, they can, by cramming, pass a creditable examination on it. A systematic review, in which, of course, the attention is strongly applied, is not only beneficial but very necessary for the highest success of a student. It almost indelibly impresses the subject upon the mind. But loading the mind with a mass of matter for the sole purpose of passing an examination is not only worthless as a means of mental discipline, but retards intellectual growth.

In conclusion, I would urge students to spare no pains in preparing the mind for study and in satisfying the needs of the body that the feelings may not attract the attention; to try in every way possible to join the acquired interest to the native interests; to avoid thought-wandering and to concentrate the attention; to make frequent changes from one study to another when the mind becomes fatigued; not to attempt to study long at a time without resting the mind; to avoid "skimming" and the necessity of "cramming"; and, finally, to cultivate the habit of introspection and thus determine the best ways and means by which the greatest amount of work can be accomplished in the shortest length of time.

EXPERIENCES OF UNCLE MOSES.

BY G. R. KORNEGAY, JR.

"Now heah you come," said Uncle Moses as the little boy rushed into the cabin knocking over Uncle Moses' shoe tacks, "jis ez soon ez you gulp down yer supper ter pesterfy me er'gin. No satisfaction fer you. Well, I'se gwinter tell you er tale. Den you gwinter be hollerin' an' screaching all night, an' low de witch er riding you right *frew* dat cat hole under de do'. You jes wait 'tel I fill dis heah pipe, den I gwinter tell you er tale 'bout de jack' melantern an' den I specs yer ma' 'el be calling yer fer ter come go ter bed.

"Jes lemme git dis pipe er going an' take er puff er two an' my membrance 'll come ter me, den be ready fer ter go on wid dat tale. Ef I doan tell you one you'll worry de soul right out er dis ole lame body, an' dat am de gospel trufe. Ez I wuz gwinter ter say, leastwise what my membrance brings me ter mind, a long time 'fo' de war. Dat 'minds me of my young mistis, Miss Sallie. She married Marse Jeems Ball. She wuz de likeliest 'oman in dem parts of de country, an' rich, blessed mars-ter, she wuz rich ez cream. Dis man he wuz po' as Job's old turkey hen, but he dress mighty powerful fine wid he stobe-pipe hat and spike-tail coat, an' he sho' shine so bright you see yerse'f in 'im. He so fine you think he wuz king Solomon. He wuz er clerk in de town store. Ev'y time de white fo'ks go ter de meetin' house dis dandy Jim wuz rite dar, an dat wuz ev'y fourf Sunday.

"Marse Jeems wuz in lub wid Miss Sallie an' he come ter de meetin' house ter take 'er home. He bow an' scrape so w'en he say good evening to Miss Sallie, he

fairly make de dus' fly. He der finest looking gemman I ever seed an' he lay all de udder young gemmans in de shade.

"One day he drive up ter de meetin' house wid Miss Sallie an' I hold he horse so he kin he'p 'er out. He went steppin' ter de meetin' house jes like 'er ole gander w'en de goose come off wid de goslings, den he come back ter de buggy an say he mighty much-er-blige ter me. Den he feel in he pockets an pull out de finest hank'-chief an gin hit ter me an' er quarter too. Gemmans! I could hardly stay on de groun', I wuz de happiest nigger ever wuz 'ceptin' dat one whar ole Noah had in de packet whar made de fust banjo. I tole de udder niggers dey hatter git back in de cool now. I low he de finest gemman ever been to de big house. Dat's w'at dey use ter call de house whar de white fo'ks live, nowadays dey say res'dence. Yer see quality fo'ks *didn't* put on airs in dem days, dey call ev'y thing jes ez hit wuz.

"Well twan't long atter dat 'fo' dey say dey gwinter git married. Sho' 'nuff dey did, an' dat supper, yass dat supper, I'll never fergit it. Dey *doan* put er li'le piece on de plate no bigger dan yer thum' and make pretend yer has plenty, dey give it ter yer plum full. Atter de weddin' ole marse gin 'er 'er share of de property an' de niggers he gwinter gin 'er. Bless de Lord, I wuz one er de niggers. Niggers is w'at de white fo'ks call us den days, an' dat's pint blank w'at we iz. Any pusson call 'em dat now er days dey try ter turn up der flat noses. I wuz 'er happy nigger dat day, w'en I find dey gin me to Miss Sallie. Gemmans I wuz tickled clos' down ter de pegs in my shoes. You see, honey, I thought Marse Jeems gwinter keep on givin' me money an' hank'chiefs an' w'en I git wid de gals I cut a heavy swell. I soon found out do' dat de chune gwinter change an' I hatter

make quarters fer 'im. He wuk me sho', kaze he de wustest man atter money I ev'y see. Miss Sallie, she wuz er saint drapt down wid de dewes of heabin', but Marse Jeems he wuz kin ter dat evil one dat pesterfy Job so.

"I wuk hard endurin' de week, but w'en Saddy night an' Sunday come de gals wuz runnin' in my mine. One Sunday I started out ter de meetin' an' ez I wuz right er gin de forks of de road, one of de neighbor fellows come sportin' 'long wid de sweetest gal I ever seed. My heart almost jump out at dat vision of lubliness. I walk up an pass de time er day wid 'im, an' den he sez, 'lemme give you er knockin' down ter Miss Lucy'. I makes er powerful bow, jest like I seen Marse Jeems do, den I sez, 'how yer coperite seem ter graduate.' Den she sez 'quite jolly calloo'. Den I sez, 'if you is not defensible I'll strut erlong wid you ter de meetin' house'. I had hearn Marse Jeems say dem same words ter Miss Sallie 'fo' dey wuz married an' dey wuz jes bou'n ter fetch 'er.

"Twan't long 'fo' I ax 'er ter be my juncy, an' she kinder drap 'er head an' sez she hain't no rejection, so we sot de time an' we wuz made one, dat's w'at de white fo'ks sez, but dey wuz two of us jes de same.

"Well, ez I wuz gwinter tell you, one night me an' some mo' niggers went 'possum huntin'. We had de best dogs in dem parts an' twan't long 'fo' we had de coon an de 'possum too, an' we start back home. Jes ez we go ter git over de fence one of de boys sez, 'blessed lan', look yander'. We looks an' low an' behold dar wuz de ole Jack-er-molantern jes bobbing up an' down. Well, my teef 'gin to chatter so I couldn't say nuffin'. I wuz dat skeered I wuz mos' paralyzed. It wuzen't mo'n er week since he ketched er nigger right dar in dat same place. Ef you go long ter dat place in de night you kin

year dat nigger moanin'. Gemmans, we boys burnt de wind, an' de dogs dey knowed dar wuz somefin' in de wind too. Dey stuck de tails 'tween de legs an' dey jes tar down de cotton stalks like er hurricane an we wuzen't fer behind 'em. I hope I never see er nuther oue 'till I leave dis yearth.

"W'en I gits home dar sit de ole 'oman an' de picker-ninnies all scrunched up in de corner. I sez:

"In de name of Jehosephat, w'at am de matter, Lucy?"

"W'at de matter, geewhilikins, de spirit of ole Aunt Diana been year dis night. Somefin' been pawin' on de do', den shake de house so all de things fall off de table an den he come roling on de 'flo' like er pumkin' an' wid teeff like grubbin' hoes an' eyes ez big ez horses eyes. Den he riz up an' grab hold of de cover an' pull hit off e'ry bed. Den he went right out de chimney an' we wuz most skeered ter def."

"Dat nuffin' but de nightmar. You jes 'magine dat, doan come tellin' me no sich. I wuz skeered mo' ter def but I 'tend like I ain't feared er nuffin."

"Dat wuz ole Aunt Diana sho'. Kaze she say de day 'fo' she died she gwinter put er spell on me, but she die 'fo' she kin cunger me, so she come back frum de debil's house to haint me sho'."

"Honey, I b'lieve I sleep on de back of de bed ter night so you kin 'tend ter de chi'luns."

"Yass, by jingo, you's skeered an' gwinter git whar de sperit can't git you, blest ef you do."

"Well atter all wuz quiet somefin' fell er gin dat do'. I never year sich er fuss. I stick my head way under de cover. Ole 'oman say:

"Git up, Moses."

"I lay low an' say nuffin'. Den somefin' kotch 'olter

de quilt an' giu hit er pull. I pull too. Den hit jerk all cover off an' tu'k an' put hits cole hans on my face. Jerusalem! hit had eyes ez big ez de moon an' dey looks like balls er fire an' sich teef and mouf I never seed. I jes roll right over de ole 'oman an' den under de bed. W'en I got under dar it mew jes like er cat an' hit look like my heart wuz tryin' ter git out of my mouf, an' my har do' hit wuz wrapped wid string hit wuz tryin' ter stand up."

"I sez, "good mister debbil, please suh, marster, spare me." Den hit crawl'd closer. I jes happen' ter think ef you cross yer hands over yer heart hit go 'way. I like never foun' hit do', fer hit wuz skeered out on hit's place. Atter I done dat hit riz up an' den come down an' went right out de cat hole under de do'.

"Taint long atter dat 'fo' ole marse gits mighty sick. One night I had been ter de big house ter wait on de company w'en ole mistis tole me I could go home. I felt mighty skittish w'en I start but nuffin' doan pester me, fer I keep bof hans cross over my heart. I got home I did, an' push up de chunks an' smoke er li'le an' while I settin' dar mediatin' somefin' come by ker-swish. Hit mos't freeze me. Den de dogs 'gin to howl, de cow ter lowin' an' de horses wuz whickerin'. Den de ole jack he put in an' hit sound jes like he say: Ole marster, ole marster, is gone, is gone. Den de ole rooster he set in an' peared to me like he say de same thing." I know right den ole marse gwinter pass out an' he did an' I allers b'lieve dat wuz de evil one come atter ole marse.

"Atter ole marse's def mistis let me be de oberseer an' e'ry thing went on jes like hit allers did. I tried ter keep e'ry thing pushin' an' shovin'. Mistis of'en tell me: "Moses, you wuf your weight in gol'." "I try ter do e'ry thing ter keep 'er from disposin' 'er se'f. She

wuz an angel sho'. She read de Word ter us an' tell us 'bout de lubly manisions up yander. We all lub dat lady.

"Mistis didn't live moan er year atter ole marse die. She wuz tuk in de fall wid de enfluenza. One day I went ter tell 'er 'bout de crap, ez I allers did, an' de minute I see 'er dat mawnin', I knowed she wuz er boad de ship of Zion, an' lookin' right in ter dat city dat am paved wid gol'. She look at me au say 'faithful Moses.' Den she call 'er li'le dauter an' say, 'dear chile mammy is guinter ter leave you, Jesus calls me an' I mus' go.' Den she kiss 'er an' 'gin ter sing 'Jesus lubber uf my soul.' Peared like den we hearn the sweetes' music an' somefin like rustlin' of de angels' wing. Den it soun' like de harps er playin'. Sich music I never has hearn. W'en it ceasted one of de angels stoop down an' tuk mistis up ter de heabenly lan' ter walk dem streets of gole.

"Dat wuz er time. Miss Rose she say: 'O, dear mammy how kin I live widout you, dear mammy doan leave me.' My heart seem like ter me hit wuz bustin' ter see dat lubly child grieving so an' de loss of dear mistis tergedder. I jes fell down on my knees an' beg fer he'p. I say 'blessed Jesus doan mine dis ole nigger, he's nuffin' but de dus' of de groun', but look down on dear li'l missis, as de heart pant fer de water brook so thustest my soul fer thee dis day. Lord save dis chile with thy magic power, she blindfold wid grief, she loaded wid er heavy burden, fer de angels come down an' tuk 'er mammy 'way. Keep yer lubbing arm er roun' 'er an' he'p 'er bar' dis great clamity. Have mercy dear Jesus on dis po' li'l aufin'.'

"Dem wuz turrible times. I knowed mistis wuz gone ter heaben an' dat wuz mighty comfurтин'. I knowed she wuz happy an' jinen' in de song mid de angels in

dat city whar de streets am paved wid gol'. But I doan know 'bout ole Marse, I reckon de Lord doan let 'im go dar. Kaze he might pesterfy wid dat gol'.

"Wul, de property has to be 'vided 'twix de chiluns. Po' me, I wuz sole ter de spec'later down in Souf Calliny. I have ter leave de ole 'oman an' de chiluns, dey wuz wailin' an' 'nashin' of teef dat day sho'. I never lose de membrance of dat day, hit mind me of de days of Soddom an' Gomorrow. Well I grieve fer dem mo'n three months, an' no man wuz mo' griefed.

"One day as I wuz settin' on de turpentine berrel bowed down to de yearth wid my load of grief, I hearn somefin break out in er jollisome laugh. I look up an' dar wuz de lubliest young gal, jes plum an' lubly ter look on. She says, 'how you do, suh? you looks mighty moonful.' She ax me fer to come 'round an' see 'er fo'ks Sunday. Peard like from dat time I gin ter cherk up. I kep' goin' to see 'er fo'ks till finally I got de gal.

"I ain't never hear frum de ole homested since dat day dey sole me. I spec' po' Lucy done dead by dis time an' gone ter de promise lan', whar de milk an' honey flow. I ain't have no honey since mistis pass off de yearth.

"How my mind ramulatin' ter night, gwine way back 'fo' de war. I spec hit won' be long 'fo' de boatman come ter take me too ter de yudder shore. Der I gwinter ax 'im to take me ter dat mansion w'at got rit over hit in gol', 'Norf Calliny.'

"Now heah I ez been talkin' an' ain't tole no jack-ermorlantern tale wuf er cent; law sakes er live, dat chile done gone fas' er sleep. Wake up honey, yer mammy's callin you."

With that Uncle Moses gathered the little boy up tenderly in his arms and carried him to the house.

EVEN-SONG.

BY H. F. PAGE.

The sun has gone beyond the hills,
Twilight is fading away,
Some far-off singer softly trills
A song of parting day;
Entrancing low the gentle strain
Drifts o'er the valley afar,
I listen—and the soft refrain
Dies toward the Evening Star.

The singer's name I can not tell,
Who sings so sweetly for me,
Yet as I hear o'er hill and dell
The music flowing free,
My spirit, by its spell upborne,
Sweeps past the shimmering bars
To realms of song to earth unknown,
Beyond the Sunset Stars.

I hear and dream of that far home
Where shadows gather no more,
Where fadeless flowers ever bloom
Upon the golden shore:
Ethereal rifts of angel song
Come wafted over the sky,
And then—the dream and song is gone
Beyond the stars on high.

The gold is fading from the skies;
Along the shadowy West
A lonely bird in silence flies,
Seeking its nightly rest;
Its flight I follow and I know,
When life's sun fadeth away,
I, too, shall fly from here below
To rest in realms of day.

VOLTAIRE AS REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS.

BY ROBERT R. FLEMING, JR.

Every great genius in the realm of thought has stepped beyond the common ideas and beliefs of his time and has thus incurred the abuse and persecutions of his people. Voltaire, likewise, with his far-seeing wisdom, brilliant intellect, and wonderful talent, reached far ahead of his contemporaries and found truths that conflicted with the opinions of the time and thus suffered persecutions from church and state.

But the case of Voltaire is unlike that of any other man who has been persecuted for the sake of truth. Subsequent ages have in general made haste to mourn the wrongs of their fathers, to change the words of abuse into praise, and to herald abroad the glories of their heroes; but we find that to the popular mind of to-day the name of Voltaire is only a synonym for infidelity and atheism. To determine a true estimate of the great Frenchman, let us look with unprejudiced mind at the character of the man, especially as revealed in his letters.

Voltaire, for all his long life, was a physical weakling, but never did so frail a body display such ceaseless activity. Few men have shown such ability and achieved so much in the many branches of literature and knowledge as he. He had a sharp and ever-ready wit and keen sarcasm. Indeed, in satire, raillery, wit, and sarcasm, he was superb.

Yet he was not cruel with his rare wit. He did not apply its sting to the defenseless, as few men who have possessed this art have failed to do. His sympathetic nature would not allow him to display his power against

the weak and unprotected. This humane and sympathetic spirit was one of the most striking things in his character. Ordinarily, men who have soared in the higher circles of usefulness have not deigned to do their alms among the lower classes. Voltaire, however, could lend a helping hand to the lowest of God's children. Unlike a distinguished philanthropist of to-day who—"can't afford to give away his money by retail," Voltaire found no real need too small to gain his sympathy. In fact, more than one-tenth of his letters show his benevolence toward the needy and distressed.

Living as he did in an age of enmity and strife between religious sects, when tyranny and oppression were prominent; when justice had few exponents and religion itself was at a low ebb, Voltaire was a potent factor in the maintenance of the rights of the poor. As a champion of justice he has no equal. He was ever ready to devote time, labor, and money in his efforts to secure justice to the lowest and feeblest of humanity. He sacrificed nearly his whole fortune and years of labor to prove the innocence of Jean Calas, a poor shopkeeper, who had been executed for murder, and to rehabilitate his disgraced family.

Again, after the revengeful execution of Comte de Lally, Voltaire, with his money, talent, and wit, was the foremost among those who used their means and influence in behalf of justice. After years of untiring effort a revision of the trial was secured and the unfortunate man was found guiltless. When the news reached Voltaire he was dying. He wrote the following letter to the son of the vindicated man: "The dying Voltaire revives on hearing this great news; he embraces very tenderly Monsieur de Lally; he sees that the king is a defender of justice; he will die content."

No less ardent was his love for what was true and beautiful in literature, and, strange to say, even in this field he also suffered persecution, as we find him in a letter to Rousseau thus declaring: "If anybody ought to complain of literature it is I, since in all times and in all places it has served to persecute me; but it is necessary to love it, as it is necessary to love society, the charms of which so many wicked men corrupt; as it is necessary to love one's country in spite of the injustice one is exposed to by it; as it is necessary to love and serve the Supreme Being in spite of the superstitions and the fanaticism that so often dishonor His worship."

But why is it that Voltaire's name has always been associated with atheism and infidelity? Because his giant intellect could not be confined within the narrow bounds of the Catholic Church. He claimed the right to examine things independently of tradition and authority whether of church or state. He did not recognize the right of the church to hamper science in its progress. His philosophic mind demanded a better explanation of a phenomenon than simply saying, "Because God willed it so" and set itself to the more difficult task of finding the reasons for the existence. He recognized God's hand in the making of the universe, but sought to know the process by which He made it. Voltaire knew that the oft-repeated explanation that the church gave to the various phenomena of the universe would not suffice the progress of knowledge.

But he has been accused of writing against the church. We acknowledge the truth of this accusation, but can not forbear to say that we should have very little confidence in his religion if he had not reproved the church for many of its wrongs. He that sanctions an evil simply because

the church committed it is unworthy of even the church that committed it. He did reprove the church for the cruelty, covetousness, licentiousness, and lasciviousness of the priests, for compelling the poor peasant to pay to the church one-tenth of his portion of the crop, which was in fact one-fourth of what he made, and for its trespass upon liberty. Indeed, do we not censure the church of the eighteenth century for those same evils more severely than did Voltaire? Can we not allow one who had to live in the midst of these evils to say aught against them?

But, though he censured the church for its wrongs, he could not but love it for the good that he found in it. He loved the members of it whom he believed to be conscientious and consecrated. As long as he lived he had a fervent devotion for his Catholic instructors at the *College Louis Le Grand*. He had confidence in their religion and always expressed his love for them and acknowledged his great debt to them, saying that whatever success he achieved he owed very largely to them.

There are, besides, numerous passages in his correspondence that show a reverence for the true church and a longing to live according to its principles. In one of his letters to Porél, after declaring his love for him, he says, "I desire your esteem not only as an author, but as a Christian." He says in his letter to De La Tour, "I want to live and die tranquil in the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman church, without attacking anybody, without injuring anybody, without sustaining any opinion that can offend any one." Several of his letters reveal his carefulness in bringing up in the way of the Lord the niece of Corneille, whom he had taken to rear and educate. He tries to bring her up in the Catholic faith. When Benjamin Franklin took his little grand-

son to Voltaire, we find him giving him his benediction by calling his attention to the two majestic words, God and Liberty.

Hear him express the unity of the church and the invocation of the saints.

"The church always one, and everywhere extended. Free, but under a chief, worshiping in every place, in the goodness of her saints, the grandeur of her God."

Note his belief in transubstantiation: "Christ the daily victim of our sins, living sustenance of his cherished elect, descends upon the altar before his dismayed eyes and reveals to him a God under a loaf of bread which is no more." He thus defines the Trinity: "Power, love with wisdom, united and divided, compose its character."

Are not these words worthy of the most devout Catholic of that age?

That he was by no means indifferent to religion is also proved by the fact that he erected a church in his community near Geneva, which bore the inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire*, and when he removed to Ferney he set himself to erecting another.

While it is impossible to hold up all of Voltaire's life for emulation, yet in the face of these facts it appears to be absurd to denounce him as the arch-heretic and infidel of France. Nay, we may even go farther and be devoutly thankful that such a cultured man as Voltaire, with his keen conception of the right, was not driven away from all religion by the exceeding perverseness of the Catholic Church. In general, his faults were not his, but those of his age.

Voltaire, a man of brilliant intellect, sound wisdom, and ready wit, living in a period of rapid transition, when old ideas and theories were being ruthlessly swept away

by the swelling tides of science and philosophy, caught the inspiration of the age and ennobled it. His name is written large upon the whole century. In every branch of literary culture, in philosophy, and in science, he taught his people. By those who know him he is still hailed with fervent enthusiasm as the champion of liberty, tolerance, justice, and as the adversary of political, social, and religious tyranny.

THROUGH CHANGES.

BY I. N. LOFTIN.

Down in the lowlands of North Carolina, where the Neuse grows into a large, spreading river, and plenty fills the homes of the farmers, dwelt some years ago two families. Though not more than two miles apart they knew little of each other, for between them lay a strip of woods which seemed to act as a dividing line between the neighborhoods. Finally a good old Baptist preacher built a church in the center of this forest hoping thereby to unite the two communities.

Ceborn Wilson, on the west side of the church, owned a large farm of well-cultivated fields, and for years had seen his wife, son and daughter, as he thought, happy, for to him plenty meant happiness. He never thought that his little family longed for social companionship, which his soul had long forgotten, and he allowed himself and family to make up a little world of their own. George, a large boy when his sister first could run the walk with him, soon felt that boyish desire to get out; yet he was mild, kind and true. He loved his mother and sister; they were his joy and home. But still there was an empty place in his soul, and often his mother looked into his deep blue eyes and knew that they were longing for that which they had not found, and that his mind was picturing the world as she had taught him to see it—one of beauty and love.

Let us now cross the strip of woods and get a glimpse of Major Brinson's family. He, for years, had been a cripple from a bullet which lodged in his right leg while he held his post at Appomattox. He loved that cause, and ever felt a soldier's pride in telling that one-half of

the muskets laid down there were from the hands of North Carolina soldiers. Years before, his farm had gone down for the want of attention; still his aristocratic pride was as strong as when he ruled many negroes and his fields yielded their abundance. Now in his old age his greatest joys were in thinking of the success Frank and Ed, his two eldest sons, had made in Texas. And when either of his daughters were by his side a smile of fraternal love dwelt on his face. The youngest son, Gordon, had been sent to college by Frank, and it was only a matter of time when he would be called to enter the business which Frank and Ed had established. In the presence of this family one felt their high aspirations, and was called upon to stand only on merit and aloof from the blustering manners of the flippant country wags in which the neighborhood abounded.

For two years now the church had stood in the woods and many of the people were beginning to attend the services. On a certain occasion, when the congregation had all been seated and the first hymn was being sung, a young lady entered the door. George Wilson, who was sitting near the aisle when she marched toward the front, thought he had never seen any mortal more perfect in beauty. She was tall and walked with the grace of a queen; her black eyes flashed with pride; her hair in great black rolls shaded her flushed cheeks. Not far away, by the side of an old lady, the girl took a seat, and in vain did George try to hear the words of the old preacher, but his eyes and mind were centered on this lovely vision before him. For an instant George seemed startled as he saw her head drop on her shoulder, and seeing the old lady trying to support her, he rushed to the girl and helped the old lady to lay the beautiful form on the floor.

Disorder prevailed, but soon the old minister, in a clear, steady voice, said: "She is only overcome by heat; the brethren will retire so the ladies can better revive the sick one." George went at the bidding, at the door he came into a crowd assembled there. Several said to him: "You are quick to help in a time like this. If she did not try to dress as if she was better than everybody else, she would be liked more. If they will loosen her clothes the faint will soon be over."

George replied with hot words as he went to the well, where he stood burning with rage over the words until he noticed that on the grounds was not a horse and buggy. Everybody walked so that the farm team could rest from the week's strain of work. How is she to get home, he thought. George started for a conveyance, but at that moment Loula Brinson came out of the church attended by a few ladies; they all took seats under a large oak near the well. George had gone but a few steps, and stood as if held unwillingly from his purpose, when he heard the words, "No! No! we have a good breeze now, and I can go without any trouble." The voice was sweeter to his ear than the girl's face to his eyes.

The minister announced that the services would be continued. The congregation again entered the church. Loula came near the well and turned down the road. In a moment George was by her side making some apology for his presence and asking that he might go with her.

She studied him silently for a moment while a blush rose to her then pale face. George's saying, "you might get sick again" decided that he might go. But, with a little sarcastic smile, she asked, "If I were to, what would you do?"

"I could at least keep you from falling," he answered.

Her face shone bright with indignant rage until she met his honest gaze, then her eyes lost their repelling anger and she said, "I remember now; you caught me as I fell in the church. It is now my duty to thank you,"

George knew not how to reply—he felt lost, yet he was glad to be near her. The breeze had cooled the air and Loula had entirely recovered. Her beauty and ease of conversation made George feel more awkward. But by this time they had reached the gate that led into Major Brinson's large grove. George wanted to accept her invitation to go in, but felt that he must not, so with a few words they parted.

That week passed like a dream to the boy, yet through it ran the vision of Loula Brinson. He longed for Sunday evening, hoping that she would again attend the services. But his hope was vain, for week after week passed, during which time he saw nothing more of her. Still he cherished the vision that dwelt in his soul.

In the autumn when the leaves first begin to turn yellow, when the low grounds take on their garb of gold, an invitation came to George to attend a picnic on the banks of the Neuse with the Brinsons and a few of their relatives.

That day George met Gordon Brinson; each felt at a glance that they were friends. After dinner all sought seats on the bank. George spread a buggy robe and sat for two hours with Loula in perfect happiness, except that the thought would come to him that the time must end. After the picnic many evenings George spent at the Brinson home. He and Gordon grew to love each other as brothers, and soon became members of the little church. When summer days came again they were

often together on the river or in the river, for each with sweeping strokes liked to swim the current. Happy days were those, only to pass too quickly. For now Frank's health failed and Gordon must go. The boys parted, neither thinking it unmanly to shed tears.

George now felt, since Gordon was gone, that he could not see Loula so often, but a few mornings later when he stepped in to see her she said, "You will now have to be my brother."

George eagerly said, "Let me be your brother," but could say no more. That morning as he rode home George waged war within himself. "Why did I not tell her? Oh! that I were a man," was the cry of his soul. "Why have I never been to college? Did God make me to love this way and at the same time to know that I was not a complete man! I can never tell her my love until the man is grown."

Thus reasoning within himself he vowed to go to college. With some difficulty he gained the consent of his father, and to college he went. His last summer at home before graduating found the farm in a wreck. He heard, before seeing Loula, that Frank had died, willing each of his sisters fifteen thousand dollars.

That summer George had intended to tell Loula how he had loved her since the day she fainted. But his poverty now checked him. The thought of his father's cares made his conscience smite him as he remembered the money taken from the farm to keep him in college.

The vacation had nearly passed and George sat with Loula for the last time in the old home parlor. She told him that the family would soon go to W—. They recalled pleasant memories and spoke of their new home in Texas. George asked her to sing. She went

to the piano and sang the old song, "In the Gloaming." While she sang George felt that it was unjust that man was made to live such a life. But his spirit of manhood commanded him to keep silent. He must start for his last year in college next morning. Fear, love, and all their passions rankled in his soul, while her voice, soft and sweet, filled the room with a touching melody.

Leaving the piano, she asked, "Are we to forget each other because I have to go West?"

Falteringly George said, "Is it possible that God has destined for us to live, one on the coast of the Pacific, the other on the Atlantic?" He bethought himself and continued. "No, our days together will ever be pleasant recollections." He beat down his love, told her goodbye, and went home to spend a few sleepless hours before taking his final leave.

That year passed, and with it George learned that it was useless to go back to the old home. Failure had worked many changes there. He saw North Carolina in a transitional period. He determined to enter the factory and utilize every opportunity it offered for promotion. He plunged in to work like a mad man, for his vow to keep secret his love while poverty held him in its thralls had nearly frenzied his mind. Often he saw the shuttle match the filling through the warp at the rate of one hundred and sixty times a minute and would exclaim almost above the clank of shuttle boxes and roar of cog wheels, "Loula, that fast does thy vision haunt my soul."

Three years had passed. Machine after machine he had mastered when the Mason Machine Company gave him the long-hoped for position as master machinist for the putting in of textile machinery in newly built

mills in the Southern States. Soon after, his company ordered him from Cedertown, Ga., to Galveston, Texas. The thought of getting into the State where Loula was, filled him with hope, yet fear, for she may have by this time become the wife of another man. However, he resolved to go to see her. For he felt that it could not be, and that God would yet have the right done even in a man's love.

Three weeks later, after finishing in Galveston, he arrived in W—. That night, lodged in the hotel, he thought,—“It is joy to know I am in the same city with her.” He resolved to try to learn something of her before he asked to call, so next morning, long before guests generally rise, he was prepared to explore the city, find where she lived and try to see her when she knew it not. While dressing, he noticed on the bureau, a paper of recent date. Carelessly he picked it up and read some of the city happenings. Suddenly his eyes fell on the words—“Married.—Miss Loula Brinson to the popular young banker, Mr. Francis Young. The bride and groom are to spend some few days in Rome, Ga. They will visit North Carolina and return, we hope, to a long and happy life in the city.”

George knew not where he went nor how long he walked. All that he knew was that his last hope on earth was gone. Finally, the busy street brought him to himself again. He turned a quiet corner and walked toward the cotton palace. Even then he was not where he went, and heard nothing until a voice came clear, right near him. “It is surely George Wilson.” He knew that it was Loula Brinson before she finished speaking. She was alone. George gasped, but could say nothing except—“I—I thought you were in North Carolina.”

Loula laughed, though, not a laugh of merriment, yet a little joy in its ring. She understood, she saw the pain on his face.

George trembled; his manhood was gone. He now had to ask where was Mr. Young. This time Loula laughed with the same old ring of joy and sweetness, while turning away she said, "The crowd comes toward the palace."

George asked to accompany her, and not far had they walked when he told her how life had been misery to him because she was not near.

"But you forget that you speak to Mrs. Young," she said, moving farther away from him. She saw the agony on his face that told of love which words could never convey. Her soul was glad to say, "No, George, I am Loula Brinson, Mrs. Young is my cousin you didn't know. I am as free as I was the night that I asked you could we forget because I had to go West."

George now took charge of one of the largest Southern manufacturing plants. Loula, now his wife, often says the church united them. He has raised the care from his father over farm trials, and his mother and sister love George's home, but not quite so well as they do their own; for the little church has made theirs more pleasant and George's is a happy one; for love rules.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.		PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.	
W. L. VAUGHAN	Editor	J. A. McMILLAN	Editor
T. E. BROWN	Associate Editor	P. R. ALDERMAN	Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. A. McMILLAN, Editor.

Public Speaking.

On his return from the Southern Baptist Convention, President Taylor made some remarks on public speaking, saying that many otherwise good speeches and sermons made at the Convention were ruined by being too long.

His remarks were enthusiastically received, and we hope may bear fruit in future Conventions. There may have been a time when sermons an hour and a quarter long were profitable. We have heard that they are listened to to-day among the Chinese. But in the busy life of American long-spun discourses of whatever nature are no longer heard with any pleasure. The speech or sermon that tells is the short one. We are glad that this point in regard to public speaking has been brought so strongly to our notice.

Another point was made by Rev. E. M. Poteat at the Alumni Banquet in Asheville. That was that the day of high-flown bombast in public speaking is over. Just this kind of speaking has held too long in the South and is still in force among some of our colleges. The

speaker saws the air with his hands, runs his sentences into flighty periods, and bedecks his discourse with all manner of incongruous and needless ornaments. Besides, the speaker uses a tone as monotonous and distasteful as could well be imagined. Such speeches annoy us beyond measure. It is an insult to any audience to be compelled to pay respectful attention to them. Yet we understand that such methods of speaking found some exponents and champions at Asheville. Dr. Poteat, on the other hand, insisted that the speech of the present day must appeal not to the emotions but to the intelligence. The statement must be clear and concise, and in as simple language as the subject will admit. The speaker's voice must be natural and flexible.

These two cardinal points of good speaking, brevity and natural appeal to the intelligence, we commend to all would-be orators. O, may we never again hear of the glories of Greece and Rome, nor the glorious history of our country from the lips of a young Cicero! We almost hate Greece and Rome and our country for what we have already heard. O, ye orators, have something to say, and having said it, quit.

The recent educational meeting at Athens, Ga., is peculiarly significant of the movement for the betterment of rural schools. The fact that the Southern people have begun to realize the great need for better schools, also of the willingness of the wealthy Northerners to aid in the banishment of ignorance in the South. The convention has given a great stimulus to the educational movement, all over the South, especially in our own State, where it is sorely needed. There has been educational agitation by some of our people for

several years and no great improvement in the system yet, but the movement now on foot for the betterment of public schools in the rural districts have too many moneyed and determined men to be only a passing wave of ineffective enthusiasm. The convention at Athens, the recent one at Charlotte, and following, the association among students forbid us to believe that it will not amount to great good for our State. No State can boast of more able men, of purer Anglo-Saxon blood, but along with all this is the stigma of being the most illiterate State in the Union. If any people are capable of the highest state of education it is the North Carolinians, a great many of whom are now growing up in ignorance. Indeed the State's pride lies in great men, but how much longer would the list have been if they had had even fair educational advantages. Men capable of being rulers have lived and died in ignorance. If our great men are our pride, the lack of development of thousands of men possessed with great minds is our shame.

We hope that the students will join themselves with other forces in the State in the advancement of this great movement.

Leopard's
Spots.

"The Leopard's Spots," the first attempt of Thomas Dixon in the literary world, should be especially interesting to Wake Forest. In the circle of novelists Wake Forest is not prominently represented. And the work of Mr. Dixon, whether it be great, should be appreciated by us. Indeed we have so few novelists in the South that much encouragement should be given Mr. Dixon or any Southern writer. Now what are the merits of the book? Does it rank with the best of the modern novels? Is it a good book for the

Southern youth to read? Whatever may be said about the book it is very evident that it is Mr. Dixon up-and-down. If the reader has seen and heard Mr. Dixon, he will at times forget the story and have Mr. Dixon delivering an eloquent lecture before his mind.

On the whole, the story is intensely interesting. He does not allow the story to lag, in order to make place for detailed descriptions—and yet there is a sort of unevenness in the book that detracts. We feel as if there is something lacking, and can hardly say where the defect lies. Somehow we have a feeling that the latter part is most too modern.

Some might object to the recalling of the horrors of reconstruction days. But after all it is true, it is history. Further, the crimes perpetrated by the negroes of to-day, as the novel indicates, if less frequent, are no less hideous. It is true that the book takes up a darker side of reconstruction days than does Page's *Red Rock*. But does that make it bad if truly historical life is portrayed? Hardly. Whatever may be said about the literary value of the book it must be admitted that, so far as the romantic love story and the role played by the Southern negro is concerned, the book is a success. After all, is it not up to the standard of the work of the average modern novelist?

EXCHANGES.

PAUL R. ALDERMAN, Editor.

The essay on "Macbeth" is the best article in the *Cento* for April and May. "For Honor's Sake" is readable, but the plot in "Won—By a Foot or Two" is weak. The editorials are good.



The April issue of the *William and Mary College Monthly* comes to us with an attractive cover and neat printing. The various poems interspersed among its several articles reflect credit to the editors. The editorials are weak in thought.



The best features of the *Clemson College Chronicle* for April are its poems and editorials. "A Freak of Fate" is an entertaining love story, but the plot is too simple. "Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign" is a good review of this period of his life.



The *Philomathean Monthly* for April is very meritorious. The Editorial and Exchange departments seem to be neglected. It is gratifying to see an essay on "Chaucer and His Work." "Killarney's Children" has a beautiful plot which is well-developed.



The April issue of *The Carolinian* is not quite up to its good standard. Doubtless the editors will make up this small deficiency and also give us the best issue of the session in the May number. It needs two or more essays; the poetry has poetical merit. "Her First Love Story" is finely done, but it has a sad ending. The editorials are varied and interesting.



It is a pleasure to note the improvement which the *Blue and Gold* has made this session. "The Muse in Romeo and Juliet,"

is a good portrayal of the Muse's character. "One Hunt Too Many" is an interesting boy's story; "The Lost Vein" has an unusual plot, but the writer gives too many minute details. The editorials are lacking in diversity, but those published are good; the Exchange Department is poorly written up.



The *Central Collegian* for April contains some good essays in the "Literary." "Henry Clay: the Great Passificator," is written in grandiloquent style. The articles show that the writer or writers are well acquainted with the subjects of the themes, but they are for the most part written incoherently and grandiloquently. The lack of neatness and the poor quality of the paper are two attributes vividly pictured by this magazine.



The April issue of the *Winthrop College Journal* furnishes reading material of a high order in its two essays, two stories and other productions. The poem "In the Spring" is one of the prettiest on this subject we have read in our exchanges. "The Child Labor Question" shows a thorough study of the subject and it is delightfully written. "An Innovation" is a pleasing storiette with a unique plot. One thing is especially praiseworthy about this magazine—its articles deal with new subjects and are, for the most part, free from that sameness which pervades several of our college magazines. The editorials might be increased; they are well-written. The notes of the *Alumnæ* and Exchange Department could be increased also, without detriment to the magazine; out of ten exchanges the editors criticised only two.



We acknowledge receipt of the following: *Richmond College Messenger*, *The Mercerian*, *The Guilford Collegian*, *The Henarix College Minor*, *The Georgia Technique*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The College Message*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Buff and Blue*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Stetson Collegiate*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Polytechnian*, *University of Virginia Magazine*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor pro tem.

'90. J. A. Hollomon has been managing editor of the *Times-Union and Citizen* of Jacksonville, Florida, since September, 1900.

'00. Mr. Archie Dunning is now located at his home, Aulander, N. C. We hope for him much success in his chosen profession.

'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, of Fort Smith, Ark., is now sole proprietor and editor of *The Baptist Advance*, published at Little Rock, Ark.

'92. Rev. I. S. Boyles, of *Religious Herald*, returns to the pastorate. He has accepted a call of the Randolph Street church, Richmond, Va.

'78. Rev. W. T. Jordan is the pastor of the Calvary Baptist church of Denver, Col. He is also chairman of the Executive Board of the Trustees of the Colorado Woman's College, located at Montclair, a suburb of Denver, and now in process of building.

'96. One of Wake Forest's most brilliant young alumni, Mr. Harry Heck, is now pursuing studies at Columbia University and will go up for his degree in June. Mr. Walter H. Page, editor of the *World's Work*, while in the State recently, commended in very high terms the excellent record he is making there.

The Republicans of Gastonia, N. C., claim the privilege of naming the nominee for Congressman and are discussing the name of L. L. Jenkins ('83) as the probable candidate. It is argued that if the Republicans can nominate a man who is closely identified with the manufacturing interests of the country he will be sure of election. Mr. Jenkins fills these requirements, being president of the First National, president of the Modena Cotton Mills, vice-president of the Trenton Cotton Mills, vice-president of the Arlington Mills, and postmaster of Gastonia.

Howard Lee Jones, pastor of the Baptist church of the Epiphany, New York, was born at Lexington, Va. He spent one season at Wake Forest, N. C., and was in business in Atlanta when he, too, was stirred up by the preaching of his brother Carter Helen, to give himself to the ministry. Spending a session in Washington and Lee University, he then entered the Seminary and then became pastor of David's Fork, the famous old church near Lexington, Ky. From David's Fork he went to the Baptist church of the Epiphany, New York, where he has labored for over four years with a zeal, devotion and consecrated tact which, under God's blessing, have greatly built up and strengthened the church. He is also very much in demand for extra sermons and addresses.—*Baptist Argus*.

'83. E. S. Alderman, the brilliant young president of Bethel College, has been unanimously called to Warburton Avenue church, Yonkers, N. Y., one of the largest and wealthiest of Baptist churches. The parsonage is said to have cost \$39,000, and the church building is handsome in proportion. The salary is very liberal and moving expenses have been voted. President Alderman was in New York city seeing the Education Society about his college endowment interests and was asked to supply a Sunday for his church. It seems that he captured the people completely. We were not surprised at that, as we have held and often borne witness to our belief that he is one of the very best preachers in the South. His style is quick, vigorous, clear, incisive, and his thought fresh, fearless and wide in its reach. No man in Kentucky is more companionable, more beloved by those who know him well. Mrs. Alderman will grace the pastor's mansion so as to reflect credit upon the South. They have three children. It is understood that Brother Alderman will accept the call. While we can not but grieve if he does, yet we will heartily congratulate the Yonkers brethren. The time mentioned for the change is June 1, after the college's session closes.—*Baptist Argus*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI BANQUET.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 7, 1902.

TOAST-MASTER, W. V. SAVAGE, VIRGINIA.

To the College :

I am sure my love's
More richer than my tongue. I can not heave
My heart into my mouth.—*King Lear*.

Response, President C. E. Taylor.

*Voices :*I hear a sound of voices.—*Prometheus Unbound*.

First Voice (from the East), E. M. Poteat, Pennsylvania.

Second Voice (from the West), N. R. Pittman, Arkansas.

Third Voice (from the North), M. V. McDuffie, New Jersey.

Fourth Voice (from the South), W. S. Splawn, Texas.

Fifth Voice (from the Waters under the Earth), D. W. Her-
ring, China.*Professions :*

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.

—*King Lear*.

1. *Law*.—A lawyer is a man whom you hire to protect you
from another lawyer.—*The Philistine*.

Response, E. J. Justice, North Carolina.

2. *Pulpit*.—Lawyers, preachers, and tomtit eggs,—there are
more of them hatched than come to perfection.—*Poor
Richard's Almanack*.

Response, Lansing Burrows, Tennessee.

3. *Medicine*.—Doctor once dubbed—what ignorance shall balk
Thy march triumphant? Diagnose the gout
As colic, and prescribe it cheese for chalk—
No matter! All's one: cure shall come about
And win thee wealth.—*R. Browning*.

Response, Geo. W. Purefoy, North Carolina.

4. *School*.—For in my mind is fixed, and touches now
My heart, the dear and good paternal image
Of you, when in the world from hour to hour
You taught me how a man becomes eternal.
—*Dante, Inferno.*

Response, E. S. Alderman, Kentucky.

5. *Letters*.—I half resolve to tell thee, yet I blush,
What set me off a-writing first of all.
An itch I had, a sting to write, a tang.
—*R. Browning.*

Response, Thomas Dixon, Jr., Virginia.

CLIPPINGS.

THE VILLAGE WINDMILL.

OLIVER.

The village windmill swiftly turns
While Northern breezes blow,
And limpid water lightly runs
From fountains hid below.

So many a hidden fount of life
Is full of beauty rare,
And needs but a touch of power to show
The treasure hidden there.

— *Vanderbilt Observer.*



A PRAYER.

When through the budding roses scattered wide I go
In the glad spring-time of the year
And see the flow'ring sweetness swaying to and fro,
What song is it that greets me clear?

For through the leafing woods and down the winding streams
A melody is borne to me
That fills my heart with longing and my brain with dreams,
In the warm spring-time wild and free.

— *The Buff and Blue.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

C. R. WEAVER, Editor pro tem.

OH! that *tired feeling*.

EXAMINATIONS! and then!

MR. JOE ADAMS spent a Sunday on the Hill last month.

MRS. E. Y. WEBB, of Shelby, is spending some time with Mrs. Simmons.

DR. PASCHAL and Prof. and Mrs. Crittenden attended the May Festival in Raleigh, May 3d.

MISS HAZEL ALLEN, of Raleigh, spent a few days in Wake Forest visiting Mrs. George Gill.

MR. JOHN PULLEN, of Raleigh preached for the Wake Forest people Sunday night, April 20th.

MISSES VIRGIE EGERTON and Mary Ray, of Raleigh, were guests of Mrs. Vann a few days last month.

MR. F. C. SAMS, better known as "Knotty," has been elected manager of the Euzelian Club for next year.

MR. JAMES ROYSTER spent the Easter holidays at his home in Raleigh and came out to see his old friends at Wake Forest one day.

REV. FOREST SMITH, of Louisburg, preached two excellent sermons in the Memorial Hall on Sunday, April 27th. Rev. Mr. Smith is one of the foremost young Baptist preachers of the State.

THE FIRST and only game of the season played by our second team was played on our diamond Friday afternoon, April 25th, with the second team of A. and M. College. The score was 13 to 2 in favor of our second team.

EXAMINATIONS this spring promise to be "linked sweetness long drawn out." The faculty have decided to continue the plan followed last spring, that of having the examinations on each study divided into three periods of one hour.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF of the STUDENT next year will be: Mr. H. E. Craven, first editor, and Mr. E. J. Sherwood, second editor, from the Phi. Society; Mr. R. C. Dunn, first editor, and Mr. A. C. Gentry, second editor, from the Eu. Society.

THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN have been elected Senior speakers for commencement: Messrs. A. J. Bethea, H. W. Sorrell, R. P. Walker and W. E. Woodruff, from the Phi. Society; Messrs. W. A. Dunn, H. V. Scarborough, J. C. Sikes, Jr., and G. T. Stevenson, from the Eu. Society.

HOW METROPOLITAN we are getting! We can now boast of a photograph gallery which rivals the work of any photographer in Raleigh. The business is conducted by Mr. Michelow of Watson's gallery, who will be out several days every month for business. Have your pictures taken in the new gallery "in the shade of the pine."

A SMALL-SIZED wreck occurred here on the afternoon of the 5th inst. An incoming southbound freight became uncoupled and the detached portion, gathering velocity

on the down-grade and outrunning the engine, collided near the baseball diamond. Happily no one was injured, but two coal cars were demolished and their contents dumped along the track.

ON APRIL 8th Wake Forest sent a delegation to the Charleston Exposition under the chaperonage of our Mayor, Hon. Sol. Allen. The party consisted of the following gentlemen: Messrs. C. H. Jenkins, R. H. Burns, Harry M. Cook and Will Wall. The visit was most opportune for it fell at the time when President Roosevelt and Governor Aycock were both at the Exposition. They report a most enjoyable time.

ANNIVERSARY speakers were elected by both societies May 3d. The result in the Phi. Society was as follows: Mr. E. B. Fowler, orator; Mr. T. A. Allen, first debater; Mr. I. N. Loftin, second debater. In the Eu. Society Mr. W. S. Privott was elected orator; Mr. E. M. Harris, first debater; Mr. W. H. Whitehead, Jr., second debater. Mr. W. H. Stevenson, of the Eu. Society, was elected president, and Mr. W. A. Segraves, of the Phi. Society, secretary of the debate.

MR. E. G. WILSON, Assistant State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., addressed the Association Monday night, April 21st, in the interest of the Southern Students' Conference, to be held in Asheville, June 14-22. The result of his address was that about \$16.00 was raised upon the spot, and more will be raised, to defray the expenses of two delegates from Wake Forest to the Conference. The object of the Conference is to train Y. M. C. A. leaders for more efficient work among college students.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION for the betterment of Rural Public Schools is the long but rather unique name of an organization recently formed by Prof. Carlyle, with Mr. C. M. Beach, of Caldwell County, as president and Mr. J. M. Justice, of Henderson County, as secretary. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted and signed by sixty-one students representing forty counties:

"The undersigned students of Wake Forest College, believing that the welfare of our State depends on the efficiency of our rural public schools, hereby form ourselves into an association for the furtherance of the following purposes in our respective committees:

"1. To secure and distribute information in the form of books, pamphlets and statistics calculated to deepen and direct interest in the public schools.

"2. To foster sentiment in favor of better school-houses and the consolidation of weak school-districts into strong ones.

3. To promote earnest and unceasing agitation for the adoption of the principle of local taxation."

THE BASEBALL SEASON is over. Out of ten inter-collegiate games we have lost only two. Our team has made a splendid record this year, thanks to the efficient training of Mr. John Mills, but our inherent weakness in batting still clings to us. The following is a record of the season's games:

March 22, Wake Forest vs. Wakefield, home diamond, score, 8 to 0; March 29, Wake Forest vs. Wakefield, home diamond, score, 11 to 2; March 31, Wake Forest vs. A. and M. College, Raleigh, score, 4 to 0; April 7, Wake Forest vs. A. and M. College, home diamond, score, 7 to 0; April 14, Wake Forest vs. Trinity College,

Durham, score, 7 to 0 in favor of Trinity; April 18, Wake Forest vs. Oak Ridge, home diamond, score, 7 to 2; April 19, Wake Forest vs. Oak Ridge, home diamond, score, 4 to 1; April 22, Wake Forest vs. Trinity, Raleigh, score, 8 to 0 in favor of Trinity; April 23, Wake Forest vs. Richmond College, home diamond, score, 5 to 3; April 24, Wake Forest vs. Danville Military Institute, home diamond, score, 6 to 5.

PROF. J. B. CARLYLE represented Wake Forest at the Southern Educational Convention, held in Athens, Ga., 23-27. It was perhaps the most representative educational meeting ever held in the South. Every Southern educational institution of any note, female as well as male, had representatives there; a large number of County Superintendents of Public Instruction, Governors of two States and a number of Congressmen. Among the Northern visitors were such men of wealth and fame as Robt. C. Odgen, President and Chairman of the Convention; Wm. H. Baldwin, President of Long Island Railroad; the benevolent Geo. W. Peabody, who has made such liberal donations to our own State Normal College; Hugh H. Hanner, the wealthy steel king of Indianapolis; Albert Shaw, editor of *Review of Reviews*; Walter Page, editor of *World's Work*; and Hamilton Mabie, of the *Outlook*.

FIELD DAY was held on April the 29th. While there were but few entries competition was lively and the records in general were good. The following men were champions: Pritchard, C., mile run, time 6 minutes 23 seconds; Segraves, 100-yards dash, time 11 seconds; Hobgood, throwing base-ball, distance 111 yards 2 feet 7 inches; Segraves, 440-yards run, time 1 minute 4 sec-

onds; Mangum, half-mile race, time 2 minutes 45 seconds; Segraves, 220-yards dash, time 23 4-5 seconds; Harwood, putting 16-pound shot, distance 30 feet; Howard, S., 220-yards hurdle, time 32 1-5 seconds; Newton, W., standing high jump, 3 feet 10 inches; Newton, W., running high jump, 4 feet 16 inches; Anderson, standing broad jump, distance 9 feet 6½ inches; Anderson, running broad jump, distance 19 feet ½ inch; Boyce, J., throwing hammer, distance 86 feet 10 inches; Bagley, pole vaulting, record, 8 feet 4 inches; Price, club-swinging; Turner, potato race. Without a doubt the most interesting and exciting event of the day was the relay race run by four runners from each class. The Juniors, represented by Messrs. Craven, Fowler, Goode, and Segraves, won the laurels and were presented with a banner, the gift of the young ladies of Oxford Seminary in '93. The all-round athlete medal was presented to W. L. Newton, who won the largest number of points, 22, of all the events entered.

WE ARE GRIEVED to record the death of Dr. W. C. Lankford, which occurred Saturday afternoon, April 5th. He was born in Franklin County about sixty-eight years ago. He laid the foundation for his medical education while a student at the University of Virginia, and later received his diploma from the University Medical College of New York. The beginning of the Civil War found him practising his profession in his native county, but feeling it his duty to take an active part in the struggle for Southern independence he organized a company and as its captain joined the Forty-seventh N. C. Regiment, where he fought valiantly until the South succumbed. Twice he was promoted, first in March, 1864, to Major, and in August of the same year to Lieutenant-Colonel.

In 1865 he married Miss Ella Brenan, of Suffolk, Va. They resided in Franklin County until 1880, when, together with their three daughters, they moved to Wake Forest. While a soldier of the Confederacy he enlisted under the banner of the Cross and was baptized amid the scenes of war by the stalwart patriot and chaplain, Dr. J. Wm. Jones. He was an earnest, devoted member of the Masonic Lodge. He was appointed postmaster here under President Cleveland, and for a number of years was resident surgeon of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad. He leaves a wife and three daughters. The STUDENT extends to them its sympathy in their bereavement.



HOUSEWORK

Too much housework wrecks women's nerves. And the constant care of children, day and night, is often too trying for even a strong woman. A haggard face tells the story of the overworked housewife and mother. Deranged menses, leucorrhœa and falling of the womb result from overwork. Every housewife needs a remedy to regulate her menses and to keep her sensitive female organs in perfect condition.

WINE OF CARDUI

is doing this for thousands of American women to-day. It cured Mrs. Jones and that is why she writes this frank letter:

Glendean, Ky., Feb. 10, 1901.

I am so glad that your Wine of Cardui is helping me. I am feeling better than I have felt for years. I am doing my own work without any help, and I washed last week and was not one bit tired. That shows that the Wine is doing me good. I am getting fleshier than I ever was before, and sleep good and eat hearty. Before I began taking Wine of Cardui, I used to have to lay down five or six times every day, but now I do not think of lying down through the day.

MRS. RICHARD JONES.

\$1.00 AT DRUGGISTS.


For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

University College of Medicine

===== RICHMOND, VIRGINIA =====

Medicine - Dentistry - Pharmacy

Some Points of Excellence

- | | | |
|----------------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| 1. <i>High Standard</i> |  | 5. <i>Numerous Laboratories</i> |
| 2. <i>Broad Courses</i> | | 6. <i>Complete Equipment</i> |
| 3. <i>Thorough Methods</i> | | 7. <i>Varied Clinics</i> |
| 4. <i>New Buildings</i> | | |

For outline of the courses offered
and degrees conferred apply to

William R. Miller,
Proctor.



WHY?

Not let us make you an
estimate for printing your
School Catalogue?
See if we don't improve on
what you had last year!



EDWARDS & BROUGHTON
Printers and Binders *** Raleigh

374 Main Street

The Hub

Norfolk, Virginia

Will display a magnificent line of

Young Men's Clothing Furnishings and Hats

At WAKE FOREST HOTEL during the early Spring season. Date will be announced later. College representatives, Messrs. T. E. Brown and E. S. Green.

Sneed-Markham-Pearson Co.

ONE-PRICE

Cash Clothiers
Furnishers Hatters

Durham, N. C.

Representative visits College with full line of samples twice every year. Our goods are new, our styles the latest, and our prices the lowest. Save us your orders.

The International Tailoring Co.

....of NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

THE LARGEST TAILORING COMPANY IN THE WORLD

is now making suits to measure for the same prices that you pay for ready-mades. These clothes combine the latest style, finest fit and best workmanship with the lowest price, and possess individuality not found in ready-made clothing. The "International" line of samples includes everything that is nobby and up-to-date. We would like to have the pleasure of showing them to you.....

A Correct Fit
Guaranteed.

E. F. WARD,
Agent at College.

BOYS!

PATRONIZE THE CHARLOTTE STEAM LAUNDRY

Oldest, Largest, and Best Equipped
Laundry in the State. Strictly High
Grade Work. All work left with

J. O. SPRINKLE

Shall have our Prompt and most Careful
Attention.



GO TO

Wharton's

119½ Fayetteville Street,
RALEIGH, N. C.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO FOR THE VERY BEST PICTURES -

Pictures made any size direct from life, or copied from old pictures, miniature to full life-size, finished in plain photography, crayon, pastel, India-ink or water-colors. Special attention given to copying old pictures. Reductions made to schools, clubs, classes and organized bodies of any kind. All work done in the best style, with the greatest care, and satisfaction guaranteed. Samples shown and prices given on application.

J. C. WRIGHT, Agent at College.

MENTION THE "STUDENT."

LAMBE & LYON,

DURHAM, N. C.

Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

Representative visits Wake Forest with samples twice every year. We solicit a comparison of goods and prices with other dealers.

DUNNING & BAGLEY, Agents.

PATRONIZE..... **WATSON'S** Raleigh, N. C.

Photograph Gallery

BEST HIGH-GRADE PHOTOGRAPHS. Prices LOW as the LOWEST for GOOD WORK. SATISFACTION EVERY TIME. A. MICHELOW, Operator.

DANIEL ALLEN & CO.,

✱ **SHOES** ✱

RALEIGH, N. C.

*For Outline and Material
For Essays and Orations,*

Address,

Colchester, Roberts & Co.,

Griffin, O.

Dress Suits

Made to Order
a Specialty.

WE have a large line of samples of the best cloths for Dress Suits, and will guarantee a Perfect Fit and Low Prices. We also have a full line of.....

Clothing, Underwear,
Hats, Shoes, Etc.

LOW PRICES GUARANTEED.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED
CLOTHIERS & HATTERS
Raleigh, N.C.

FOR...



Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles,
New and Second-hand School Books,
Stationery and School Supplies,
Wirt & Parker's Fountain Pens (\$1.25 and \$1 each),
French Candies, Fruits, Cigars, etc.,

GO TO

T. E. Holding & Co.'s
Drug Store.

NEAR DEPOT.

Cross & Linehan Co.

New Tucker Building....
234 and 236 Fayetteville
Street.

**Clothiers
Men's Furnishers and
Outfitters**

We extend to you a cordial invitation to call and see us during your visit to our city. We will endeavor to make your stay pleasant.

Respectfully,

Cross & Linehan Co.

RALEIGH, N. C.

B. J. SHERWOOD and
J. C. LITTLE, Agents.

H. MAHLER'S SONS,

MANUFACTURING

Jewelers and Silversmiths.

RALEIGH, N. C.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS,
SILVERWARE, Etc.

CATALOGUE OF BADGES AND SEALS now ready, and
sent on application.